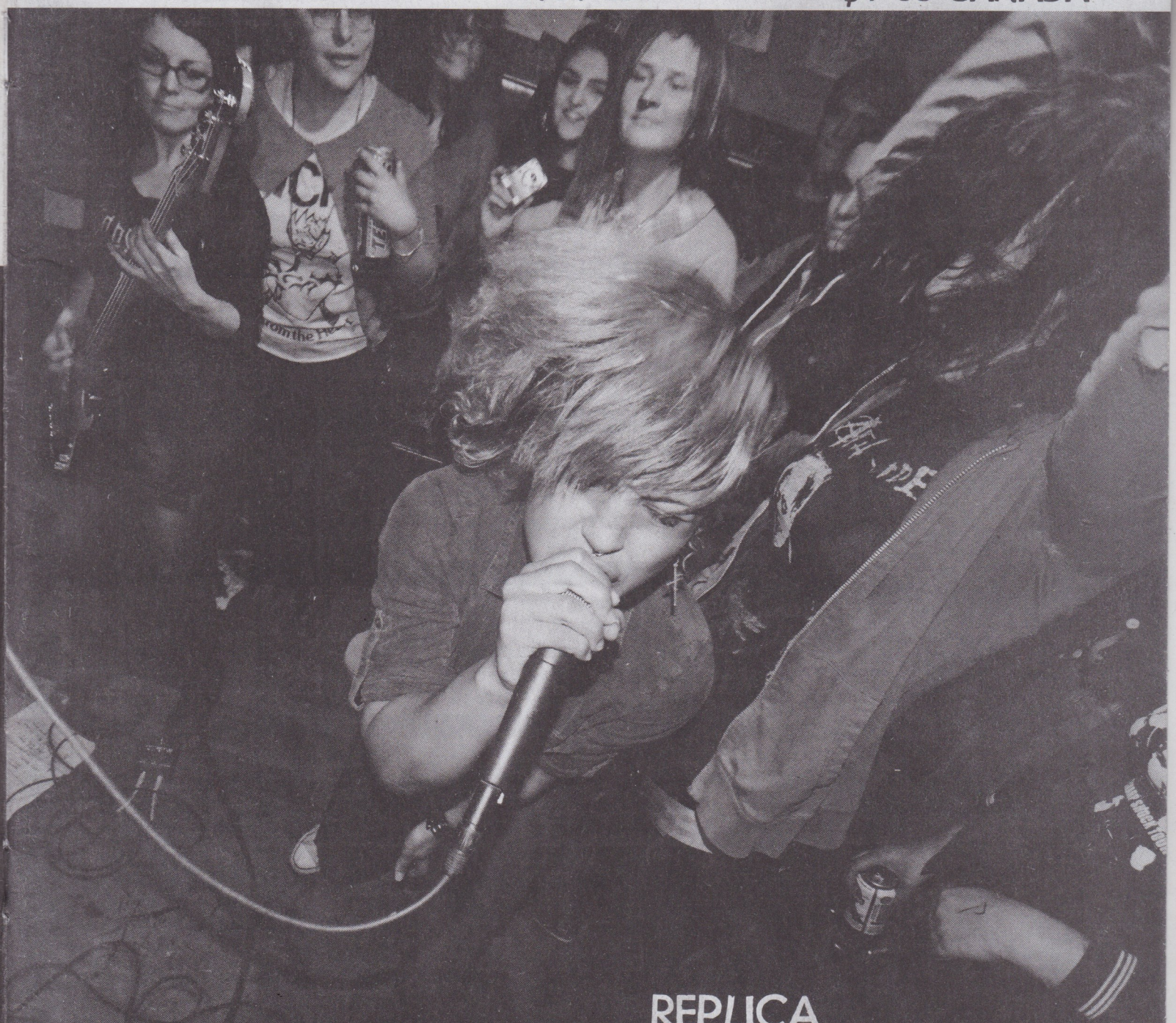
MAXIMUM ROCK NROLL

NOVEMBER 2012 NO. 354 $4 US-CANADA



REPLICA

ANCIENT FILTH SYNTHETIC ID

MAXIMO VOLUMEN O INIMIGO

THE SPLITS OHMWAR BEARTRAP

VICTIMS TOUR DIARY GIRTH RECORDS

11

7 25274 99286 7

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

Subscriptions to *MRR*, back issues, bulk orders, ads, books and shirts can all be purchased on our website: www. maximumrocknroll.com

SUBSCRIPTIONS & single issues (postpaid prices):

•US Rate: $4 each for current issue. ($3 for back issues.) **6 issue sub for $24. 12 issue sub for $42.** In California, send $4.34 for single copies, $26. for 6 months, or $45.92 for 12 months (w/tax).

•Canada & Mexico: Current issue $5 (Canada) or $7 (Mexico) 6 issue sub for $30 (air). 12 issue sub for $57 (air).

•Everywhere else: $10 each (air). 12 issue sub for $112 (airmail only). 6 issue sub for $59 (airmail only).

Let us know which issue to start with!

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
186, 188-191, 195, 197, 202, 206, 234, 236, 238-247, 249-251, 254-259, 260-290, 291-295, 297-306, 308-313, 315, 316, 318, 319, 322-328, 330, 332-339, 340-353
See page 4 for pricing and other info.

★★ AD RATES & SIZES!! ★★
1/6 page: (2.5" x 5") $33
1/3 page long: (2.5" x 10") $90
1/3 page square: (5" x 5") $110
1/2 page: (7.5" x 5") $165
Full page (7.5" x 10") $400
Back Cover: get in touch for rates

AD DEADLINE: (with payment) is the 15th of the month. Issue comes out by the 2nd week of following month, and the cover date is the month after that.

AD FORMAT: Please send a JPEG or TIFF (300 dpi), EPS (w/ type outlined), or PDF (w/ fonts embedded)—or send on paper at the correct size.

AD CRITERIA: We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps that include major label bands.
We reserve the right to refuse ads for any reason at any time!

COVER PHOTO: Martin Sorrondeguy

SELL MRR AT GIGS: In the US, get 5 or more of one issue for $2 each plus shipping, cash up front. Contact us for non-US orders.

NEWSSTAND DISTRIBUTION through Ingram Periodicals 18 Ingram Blvd, PO Box 7000, La Vergne, TN 37086, (800) 627-6247, magorder.sales@ingramperiodicals.com

Also available from: Armadillo, Ebullition, Revolver, Small Changes, Subterranean, Last Gasp, Ubiquity and Marginal. See pg. 5 for foreign distro info.

Please send all records, zines, letters, articles, scene reports, photos, subscriptions, interviews, ads, etc., to:

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
PO BOX 460760
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146-0760

Phone (415) 923-9814
www.maximumrocknroll.com
mrr@maximumrocknroll.com

For what it's worth, here are some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

TOP 10

MARIAM BASTANI

- BRAIN TUMORS-EP+live
- MANIC-EP / VAARALLINEN-EP
- ADAPTIVE REACTION-EP / PERMACULTURE-EP
- DAYLIGHT ROBBERY-LP / EPOCA DE RECLUTA-EP
- BIRTH DEFORMITIES-10" / MALE NURSES-45
- POLYKARPA Y SUS VICIOSAS-LP
- HUNTING PARTY / NO STATIK / EFFLUXUS-live
- REPLICA / GAG / SYSTEMATIK / WRITE OFF-live
- VACANT STATE / HUMMINGBIRD OF DEATH-live
- PLREASURE CROSS / INDEX-live

WILL BLOMQUIST – NEW TOP TEN!!!

- VARUKERS-Another Religion, Another War-LP
- PUTREFACTION-Blood Cult-LP
- POLYKARPA Y SUS VICIOSAS-LP
- HAMMERS-Vardøgr-10"
- THE NORTHWEST COMPANY-45
- STARING PROBLEM-Seed-EP
- VAARALLINEN-flexi / SATANIC ROCKERS-45
- DEATH CRISIS/SAME-SEX DICTATOR-split EP+live
- BÜMBKLÅÅTT / YADOKAI-live
- ORDSTRO/HUMANXWASTE/REIVERS-live

MITCH CARDWELL

- LAMPS-All Seeing Eye/G.B.D.-EP
- EVENING MEETINGS-LP
- THE NORTHWEST COMPANY-45
- POISON IDEA-both LPs
- ENGLISH SINGLES-Disaster-EP
- A PASSING FANCY-45 / BENT WIND-45
- IRON CROSS-Skinhead Glory-EP
- LIXOMANIA-Violencia & Sobrevivencia-EP
- E.C.S.R./UV RACE-split LP
- GUEULE OUVERTE-LP

ROBERT COLLINS

- DEATH CRISIS/SAME-SEX DICTATOR-split EP
- VAARALLINEN-flexi
- STARING PROBLEM-Seed-EP
- AMEACA CIGANA/HOMEM ELEFANTE-split EP
- DROPDEAD-live
- PERMANENT RUIN-live
- HYSTERICS-live / BÜMBKLÅÅTT-live
- REPLICA-live / INDEX-live
- PAZAHORA-CD
- MAAILMANLOPPU-LP

LAYLA GIBBON

- HONEYSUCK-Grey Area-EP
- EPOCHA DE RECLUTA-EP
- POISON IDEA-both LPs / MUNCHAUSEN-EP
- DAYLIGHT ROBBERY-LP / KITCHEN'S FLOOR-LP
- STARING PROBLEM-Seed-EP /MANIC EP
- UV RACE side of split LP with E.C.S.R.
- WEIRD TV / HYSTERICS / INDEX-live
- AMERICAN SPLITS / SYNTHETIC ID-live in SF
- SPIDER IN THE WEBS / CRUDE THOUGHT-live
- GAG / NEONATES / PERMANENT RUIN-live

DAN GOETZ

- POISON IDEA-both LPs
- VARUKERS-Another Religion, Another War-LP
- SLUGZ-Empty Space-EP
- BIRTH DEFORMITIES-Suburbanized-10"
- MUNCHAUSEN-Suburban Squares-EP
- THE REACHAROUNDS-Take to the Streets-EP
- INDEX-live
- MANIC-Land of Nod-EP
- MALE NURSES-G.I. Jock/Wanna Play Doctor?-45
- BRAIN TUMORS-Fuck You Forever-EP+live

GREG HARVESTER

- PERMACULTURE-Swallow What You're Given-EP
- DIVERS-Glass Chimes/Montrose-45
- LOW CULTURE-demo
- SYDNEY DUCKS-EP
- ENGLISH SINGLES-Disaster-EP
- ZIPPERS TO NOWHERE-Take It Easy-EP
- HARD FEELINGS-Grey Days-EP
- OVERNIGHT LOWS-45
- MALE NURSES-G.I. Jock/Wanna Play Doctor?-45
- SICK SICK BIRDS-Gates of Home-LP

KENNY KAOS

- THE SENSIBLES-Open Book-EP
- MASKED INTRUDER/TURKLETONS-split EP
- TOWN BIKE-When Good Kids Go Bad-EP
- LAMPS-All Seeing Eye/G.B.D.-EP
- FRIENDS OF CESAR ROMERO-45
- ENGLISH SINGLES-Disaster-EP
- MURDER BY GUITAR-D.O.A.-EP
- BOOZE & GLORY/HARRINGTON SAINTS-split EP
- WHITE PAGES-Please Kill Them-EP
- THE SORE THUMBS-Fool's Errand-LP

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL IS A MONTHLY PUBLICATION. ALL WORK IS DONATED AND NO ONE RECEIVES ANY SALARY.
ANYONE IS WELCOME TO REPRINT ANYTHING FROM *MRR*, BUT ONLY IF IT'S NOT-FOR-PROFIT.

TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

CAROLYN KEDDY

- OVERNIGHT LOWS-45
- WHITE PAGES-Please Kill Them-EP
- THE NORTHWEST COMPANY-45
- BAISEBALL-Hot Stuff-EP
- UNHOLY TWO-45
- LAMPS-All Seeing Eye/G.B.D.-EP
- DAYLIGHT ROBBERY-Ecstatic Vision-LP
- DICKS-These People-LP
- A PASSING FANCY-45 / KITCHEN'S FLOOR-LP
- E.C.S.R./UV RACE-split LP

SAM LEFEBVRE

- MURDER BY GUITAR-D.O.A.-EP
- THE NARCS-Long Hot Summer-EP
- LAMPS-All Eye Seeing Eye/G.B.D.-45
- STRAWBERRY SAVAGE-Too Cold to Cry-EP
- POISON IDEA-The Fatal Erection Years-LP
- POISON IDEA-Darby Crash Rides Again-LP
- SLUGZ-Empty Space-EP
- DICKS-These People-LP
- E.C.S.R./UV RACE-split LP
- EVENING MEETINGS-LP

RAY LUJAN

- BABY GHOSTS-CD
- BEDFORD FALLS-CD / DEAD MECHANICAL-LP
- DEKODER-LP / ENGLISH SINGLES-EP
- EPIC PROBLEM-EP / LOW CULTURE--EP
- MARY'S KIDS-LP / NORTH OF GRAND A-CD
- PARASOL-45 / PERMACULTURE-EP
- SICK SICK BIRDS-LP / STEVE ADAMYK BAND-LP
- SWEARIN'-LP
- TOWN BIKE-When Good Kids go Bad-EP
- REFUSED / AVENGERS / MUTANTS / ZEROS-live

KEVIN MANION

- BRAIN TUMORS-Fuck You Forever-EP and live
- DEKODER-Betwen the Walking and Dying-LP
- KALASHNIKOV-Vampirizzati Oggi-EP
- DAYLIGHT ROBBERY-Ecstatic Vision-LP
- VAARALLINEN-Hautausmaa-flexi
- LAMPS-All Seeing Eye/G.B.D.-EP
- CRACKBOX-Couldn't Get Worse-LP
- MALE NURSES-45 / NERVOSAS-EP
- LIXOMANIA-EP / IRON CROSS-EP
- RED DONS / ESTRANGED / VIOLENT CHANGE-live

LYDIA PHELPS

- EPOCA DE RECLUTA-Evolucionando Bajo...-EP
- KALASHNIKOV-Vampirizzati Oggi-EP
- LIXOMANIA-Violencia & Sobrevivencia-EP
- VAARALLINEN-Hautausmaa-flexi
- ADAPTIVE REACTION-Scream the First Few...-EP
- DEKODER-Between the Walking and Dying-LP
- BRAIN TUMORS-Fuck You Forever-EP and live
- HAMMERS-Vardøgr-10"
- MURDER BY GUITAR-D.O.A.-EP
- RED DONS / ESTRANGED live

FRED SCHRUNK

- CRACKBOX-Couldn't Get Work-LP
- HARD FEELINGS-Grey Days-EP
- ZIPPERS TO NOWHERE-Take It Easy-EP
- DAYLIGHT ROBBERY-LP
- PERMACULTURE-Swallow What You're Given-EP
- DIVERS-Glass Chimes/Montrose-45
- SLUT RIVER-Off White-EP
- HONEYSUCK-Grey Area-EP
- NERVOSAS-EP
- UNFUN-Caroline-EP

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

- BIRTH DEFORMITIES-Suburbanized-10"
- DESPERAT-Början På Slutet-EP
- MANIC-Land of Nod-EP
- SLUGZ-Empty Space-EP
- MALE NURSES-G.I. Jock/Wanna Play Doctor?-45
- DRY HUMP-Fist Your Heroes-EP
- VAARALLINEN-Hautausmaa-flexi
- BRAIN TUMORS-Fuck You Forever-EP
- POISON IDEA-both LPs
- LIXOMANIA-Violencia & Sobrevivencia-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

- *Gevena 13 #17*
- *Nowhere #2*
- *Fastcore Photos #3*
- *New to Everything #9*
- *En Los Nervios #1-4*
- *Upheaval #15*
- *Blinkos' Army #2*
- *Broken Pencil #56*
- *Toinen Vaihtoehto #240*
- *Middle Finder Response #4*

MRR SHITWORKERS

Mariel Acosta
Sam Alvarado
Matt Average
Matt Badenhop
Michael Beck
Heidi Marshall Booth
Justin Briggs
Saira Chhibber
Matthew Collado
E Conner
Tayla Cooper
Arwen Curry
Emma Deboncoeur
Donny
Brian Dooley
Amelia Eakins
Robert Eggplant
Juliana Ferreira
Jonathan Floyd
Travis Fristoe
Hèctor Garcia
Bob Goldie
Danielle Gresham
Vernon Hadley
Tom Harding
Beenie Haydl
Mike Howes
Jesska Hughes
Clara Jeffers
Kenny Kaos
Brad Lambert
Pat Libby
Lorena
Jesse Luscious
Kevin Manion
Erin McWilliams
Tyler Moazed
Mateus Mondini
Paco Mus
Golnar Nikpour
Isaac Pirie
Spencer Rangitsch
Ted Rees
Keith Riley
Steve Scanner
Martin Sorrondeguy
Tress
Adachi Hiroyuki
Arlian Amend-all
Peter Avery
Michelle Barnhardt
Will Blomquist
Julia Booze
Mitch Cardwell
Bidita Choudhury
Robert Collins
Rob Coons
Sarah Crews
Craigums
Mark Dober
Alex Dorfman
John Downing
EthanXEdge
Andy C. Fellows
Lowell Fletcher
Teresa Foglia
Steve Funyon
Dan Goetz
Gemma Greenhill
Dan Gudgel
Jason Halal
Greg Harvester
Robin Horne
Jill Hubley
Sarah Janet
Ramsey Kanaan
Nick Kiniris
Max Lavine
Mike Longshot
Ray Lujan
Hal MacLean
Jeff Mason
Jeremy Meier
Tony Molina
Rachel Moore
Adam Nelson
xCarlos El Pasox
Langford Poh
Rotten Ron Ready
Casey Ress
Ken Sanderson
Kat Smith
Amelia Tith
Thera Webb

CONTRIBUTORS

Shiva Addanki
Chuck Barrels
Bryony Beynon
Mykel Board
Kat Case
Layla Gibbon
Felix Havoc
Carolyn Keddy
Marissa Magic
Brontez Purnell
Ted Rall
Fred Schrunk
Kat Smith
Andrew Underwood
Murray Bowles
Matt Carroll
Kayla Castanon
Coreu Cunningham
Reid Haithcock
Terminal Picnic Jorge
Carlos Sartana
Gareth Smith
David Tighe
Ariel Awesome
Brace Belden
Imogen Binnie
Graham Booth
John Fahy
Tony Gunnarsson
George Impulse
Sam Lefebvre
Allan McNaughton
Al Quint
Alex Ratcharge
Jessica Skolnik
George Tabb
Viktor Vargyai
Will Butler
John Cates
Joni Contecioso
Roxana Dushkeich
Travis Igler
Jason Romero
Mark Schiebelbein
Emma Suominen
Frank Webber

DISTRIBUTION COORDINATOR

Francesca Foglia

WEB COORDINATOR

Paul Curran

ZINE COORDINATORS

Mariam Bastani Lydia Phelps

MRR BACK ISSUES!

$3 EACH IN THE USA
$5 MEXICO
$7 CANADA
$10 WORLD

CASH/CHECK/M.O TO: MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
PO BOX 460760 • SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146

OR GO TO WWW.MAXIMUMROCKNROLL.COM

BUY 5 THE 6TH IS FREE! (USA ONLY)

6 ISSUES FOR $22 FOR INTERNATIONAL ORDERS

#186/November '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#188/January '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/February '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/March '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#195/August '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#197/October '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#234/November '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235/December '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Anti-war guest columns. Anti-war scene reports. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/January '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, Artcore, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/March '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/April '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, Snakepit zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/August '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/September '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, Trust zine.

#245/October '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/November '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/December '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#249/February '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/March '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/August '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/September '04. Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/October '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, Boss Martians, Reactionary 3, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/November '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/December '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/January '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/February '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September '05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, Baboon of Sickness zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, Trust fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Pt 1, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (Avow zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Pt 2, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen & Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, We're Gonna Fight zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. MRR 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?, The Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston & Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, & more.

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas,Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April '09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#315/August '09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

#316/September '09. Amebix, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocker, Something Fierce, Mutating Meltdown,Altercado, Anal Warnead, Nick Toczec, Cowley Club, Albany Scene Report.

#318/November '09. Destino Final, Ratas Del Vaticano, Hex Dispensers, John Joseph/ Cro-Mags, Explode Into Colors, Ratos De Porao, Stupids. Antidotum/Czosnek Tour Diary, Disco Assault. Fuera De Linea

#319/December '09. The Fix, Slices, Nodzzz, Brilliant Colors, Positive Noise, Gun Outfit, Pink Reason, Scrotum Poles, Gandhi's Cookbook, Goner Fest Photospread, Punk On Kuollut, Eläköön Hardcore: A Personal History of Finnish Hardcore

#322/March '10. MRR Review Staff's 2009 Top Tens, Japanese artist Sugi, Death, Dry-Roy, Druid Perfume, Kim Phuc, Defensa Absoluta

#323/April '10. The Spits, Face the Rail, Battletorn, Scatha, Dadfag, Attentat Sonore, Partibrejkers, Mob Rules, Last Pogo, John Paull Williams from Really Red, Chuck Warner.

#324/May '10. Bruce Roehrs memorial,, Kleenex/Liliput, Necro Hippies, Isterismo, RVIVR, Iceage, Tubers, Rot Shit, Beefeater, Cairo IL.

#325/June '10. X (Australia), Daylight Robbery, Ty Segall, Morne, Nü Sensae, Pollution, Th' Inbred, Bad Sports, Wankys, Rakosi, Lotus Fucker

#326/July '10. U-ron from Really Red, Slang, Bunny Skulls, Trash Kit, Sedition, High Castle, Marcel Duchamp, Street Eaters, Circle Pit, Mehkago NT, Random Conflict, New Orleans & Calgary scene reports.

#327/August '10. Os Estudantes, The Curse, Pekinska Patka, Venereans, Thou, Italian Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#328/Mocktober '10. Deathrats, The Conversions, Agnostic Front, Puffy Areolas, Super Wild Horses, Rape Revenge, Bernays Propaganda, New York and Czech Republic Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#330/November '10. Forgetters, Acephalix, Foreign Objects, Hank IV, Pheromoans, La La Vasquez, Credentials, Bukkake Boys, Negative Lifestyle, Tyranna, Katriina Etholen, Ireland Scene Report.

#333/February '11. The Welders, Touch & Go Fanzine, Rai Ko Ris, Dolly Mixture, Hitman, Straight Arrows, Eskapo Phillippines Tour Diary, Venezuela Scene Report, Olympia Scene Report w/Weird TV, White Boss, Milk Music, Hpp, Hysterics, Son Skull, Rvivr, Hail Seizures, Broken Water, Gun Outfit.

#334/March '11. 2010 Year End Top Tens, A State of Mind, Useless Children, Straight Arrows, Sober Living for the Revolution, DC Scene Report

#335/April '11. Siege, Crazy Spirit, 1981, Mauser, Devour, Icon Gallery, Sunshine SS, Timmy's Organism, Whitney House, Attention Span, Michigan Scene Report.

#336/May '11. Kriegshög, Steve Ignorant, Teargas, Tantrum, Hygeine, Shoppers, Chris Walter, Adrenalin OD, Spastic Panthers, Hungarian Scene Report.

#337/June '11. Destroy All Movies, John Morton/Electric Eels, White Fence, Ydinperhe, Nux Vomica, Vanya Bonecrusher, Black Feet, Uzi Rash, This is LA not L.A.:'80s Hardcore Flyers in New Orleans, Buffalo NY Scene Report.

#339/August '11. Head Cleaners, Midnite Snaxxx, Cokskar, Small Bones, Xcentric Noise Records, Grown Ups, Youth Avoiders, Tomek Lipinski/Brygada Kryzys, Afternoon Gentlemen, Czech Punk History pt 2.

#340/September '11. Demokhratia, GG King, Ivan Brun, B-Lines, State Poison, Jeremy Hush, Love Triangle, Unlearn, Deaf Club Oral History, Final part of the Czech Punk History.

#341/October '11. Brian Walsby, Plates, Decraneo, Diet Cokeheads, Royal Headache, Ed Nasty & the Dopeds, Black Mamba Beat Tour of South Africa, Unfit Scum, Mongrel Zine.

#342/November '11. Kyushu Noisecore Summit, Brown Sugar, Vapid, No Rest, Brain Killer, Roach Motel, Brain F, IFB, Nekromantiker, Aires & Graces.

#343/December '11. Porkeria, Descarados, Peace or Annihilation, E.A.T.E.R, Poly Styrene, Severence Package, Katorga Works, Unwanted Christmas Presents, Resist Her Transistor. Motel, Brain F, IFB, Nekromantiker, Aires & Graces.

#344/January '12. OBN IIIs, Social Chaos, Neo Cons, Alice Bag, Vaginors, Bloodkrow Butcher, Wartorn, Shitty Limits Last Show Report, Wretched, Zero Progress Tour Diary Part 1, Means to an End Fest Slick 46, Toughskins, No Gods No Matress Zine.

#345/Febuary '12. 2011 Year End Top Tens, Big Eyes, Terrible Feelings, Zero Progress Tour Report pt 2, The Unruled, Rapid Loss.

#346/March '12. Barchen Und Die Milchbubies, Who Killed Spikey Jacket, Kromosom tour of Japan, Globsters, Night Birds, Tribal War, Give Praise, Refuse records.

#347/April '12. Ron Paul Special Issue, Carburetor Dung, Dark Times, Neon Piss, Kruel, Lapinpolthajat, Criminal Code, Slice Harvester zine, Iron Hand, Indigesti, Damnable Excite Zombies, Hawaii Scene Report.

#348/May '12. Seein' Red, Disorder, Lebakko, Da vs. Wax Idols, Anitmob, Leprosy, Acid Baby Jesus, Crimson Scarlet, Nasa Space Universe, Apache Dropout, Konton Crasher, Negazione, Defy.

#349/June '12. Omegas Zyanose, Antisect, Negative Standards, No Statik, Your Pest Band, Eutanasia, Appalachian Terror Unit, Power Age, Only Fumes and Corpses, Skizophrenia, David Ensminger, Greek Scece Report.

#350/July '12. The Photo Issue: Justine Demetrick, Ricky Adam, Jeanne Hansen, Don Pyle, Chris Boarts Larsen, Maria da Piedade Morais.

#351/August '12. 30th Anniversary Issue: MRR's worst & best, the Tim Yo covers & the story behind Greentaping, Napalm Raid, God Equals Genocide, Stressors, American Sun, Ferocious X, Stripmines, Skitsystem, Jyan y Diëgo, Banran.

#352/September '12. Stagnation, Luta Armada, Vaarallinen, Frozen Teens, Brain Slug, Noisecore Roundtable #2, Kohosh, Kvoteringen, Gritos de Resistencia, Alabaster Choad, Dipers, Murder in the Front Row, Support NYC.

#353/October '12. Brain Tumors, Effluxus, Anti Cimex, the Cravats, Unlearn, Warsong, Sick/ Tired, To Live A Lie records, Stories from the Punk Underground in Peru, Bad Daddies, Imminent Destruction records with Lastly, Desperdicio, Against the Grain, Disturd.

foreign distros

BELOW IS A LIST OF SOME OF THE MANY NON-US DISTROS THAT CURRENTLY CARRY MRR. WE PROVIDE THIS LIST SO YOU KNOW WHERE TO GET MRR INTERNATIONALLY! WE DO OUR BEST TO COVER AS MUCH TERRITORY OUTSIDE OF THE US AS WE CAN, BUT WE STILL WANT TO DISTRIBUTE TO MORE PARTS OF THE WORLD! WE NEED YOUR HELP IN ESTABLISHING CONTACTS WITH PUNKS WHO ARE INTERESTED IN CARRYING MRR. IF YOU DO A DISTRO, WANT TO SELL MRR AT SHOWS, OR JUST WANT TO GET A CHEAPER POSTAL RATE BY BUYING WHOLESALE, EMAIL DISTRO@MAXIMUMROCKNROLL.COM FOR MORE DETAILS! ADDITIONALLY, **ACTIVE DISTRIBUTION** CAN DISTRIBUTE WHOLESALE IN EUROPE.

EUROPE

AUSTRIA

FIST A FERRET
VIENNA
WWW.FISTAFERRET.TK
ELCH@ANARCHOI.ORG

CROATIA

DOOMTOWN RECORDS
MATE LOVRAKA 17/1
10040 ZAGREB
DOOMTOWNREC@GMAIL.COM

CZECH REPUBLIC

SILVER ROCKET
PO BOX 378
111 21 PRAHA 1

VOLTAGE RECORDS
LESNICKA 48
BRNO-CERNA POLE / 61300
INFO@VOLTAGE-SHOP.COM
WWW.VOLTAGE-SHOP.COM

FINLAND

COMBAT ROCK SHOP
VAASANKATU 7
00500 HELSINKI
INFO@FIREINSIDEMUSIC.COM

PSYCHEDLICA RECORDS
IKOULUKATU 3 A 6
90100 OULOU
JMEISTAM@GMAIL.COM
WWW.PSYCHEDELICA.FI

FRANCE

CRAPOULET RECORDS
@ LOLLIPOP RECORDS STORE
FIRMINHAC
39A RUE JEAN DE BERNARDY
13001 MARSEILLE
COOL@CRAPOULET.FR

JOIE DE VIVRE/JULIEN QUEMAR
48 BIS, RUE BICOQUET
14000 CAEN
HTTP://JOIEDEVIVREZINE.TUMBLR.COM/DISTRO
STELLAPUNXHXC@HOTMAIL.COM

STONEHENGE
B.P. 30005
33037 BOURDEAUX CEDEX
FRANCE
WWW.STONEHENGERECORDS.COM
SUBSCRIPTIONS AVAILABLE

SYMPHONY OF DESTRUCTION
MORIN JONATHAN
POUL AR GURUN, 29190 BRASPARTS
SYMPHONYOFDESTRUCTION.ORG

GERMANY

LA FAMILIA RELEASES
PO BOX #105824, 28058 BREMEN
STACHEL@LAFAMILIARELEASES.COM
WWW.LAFAMILIARELEASES.COM

STATIC SHOCK MUSIK
BURKNERSTR. 6
12047 BERLIN, GERMANY
SNUSMESTERE@WEB.DE

TAKEN BY SURPRISE
C/O KOPFECK
LANDSBERGER STR. 3
80339 MUNICH, GERMANY
WWW.TAKENBYSURPRISE.NET

TRAPDOOR TOURZ
WWW.TRAPDOOR-TOURZ.DE

X-MIST
ZELLERSTRASSE 20/1
72202 NAGOLD, GERMANY
ARMIN@X-MIST.DE
WWW.X-MIST.DE

GREECE

MOUNTZA FANZINE
WWW.MOUNTZA.COM

SCULL CRASHER
SCULLCRASHERDIS.BLOGSPOT.COM
SCULLCRASHERDIS@GMAIL.COM

IRELAND

HOPE
31 HAZEL YCARNEY,
DUBLIN 9, IRELAND
NIALL@THUMPED.COM

DISTRO-Y RECS
WWW.DISTROYRECORDS.COM
MEDISTRO@YAHOO.CO.UK

ITALY

AGIPUNK/TETANUS
C/O BORYS CATELANI
VIA BOLOGNESE 127
50019 MONTORSOLI
SESTO FIORENTINO (FI)
BORYSC@TIN.IT
WWW.AGIPUNK.COM

BASEMENT CITY RECORDS
BASEMENTCITY.BLOGSPOT.COM

RADIATION RECORDS
C.NE CASILINA 44
00176 ROMA
WWW.RADIATIONRECORDS.NET
INFO@RADIATIONRECORDS.COM

NETHERLANDS

CRUCIAL ATTACK DISTRO
C/O FRANKE VISSER
BURG. ALBERTSTR. 11
8715 JE STAVOREN, NETHERLANDS
WWW.CRUCIALATTACK.NL

DON'T BUY RECORDS
DONTBUYRECORDS.BLOGSPOT.COM
DONTBUYRECORDS@GMAIL.COM
SUBSCRIPTIONS AVAILABLE

NORWAY

TIGER RECORDS
HAMMERSBORGGATA 18
0181 OSLO
WWW.TIGERNET.NO

POLAND

REFUSE RECORDS
C/O ROBERT MATUSIAK, PO BOX 7
02-792 WARSZAWA 78, POLAND
REFUSERECORDS@GMAIL.COM

RUSSIA

OLD SKOOL KIDS RECORDS
PO BOX 64
109147 MOSCOW, RUSSIA
WWW.OSKRECORDS.COM
INFO@OSKRECORDS.COM

SPAIN

BOWERY RECORDS C/O SANTI
C/ DIVINO PASTOR 13 5º IZQ
28004 MADRID, SPAIN
WWW.BOWERYRECORDS.ES
BOWERYSHOP@GMAIL.COM

CINTES PODRIDES
C/O HECTOR GARCIA LORENTE
PO BOX 24042
08080 BARCELONA, SPAIN
CINTESPODRIDES@GMAIL.COM

ANGEL FRESNILLO
AVENIDA DE ULIA 5 6IZQ
20110 TRINTXERPE GIPUZCOA

LUCHADOR RECORDS
FERLANDINA 39, BARCELONA
LUCHADORRECORDS@GMAIL.COM

SOLO PARA PUNKS
APDO. 1030
28905 GETAFE (MADRID), SPAIN
JORGE@RADIORUIDO.COM

TRABUC RECORDS
PO BOX 160 46740 CARCAIXENT
VALENCIA SPAIN
TRABUCRECORDS@NODO50.ORG

JIMBO RECORDS
PO BOX 39147
28080 MAD, SPAIN

SWEDEN

BLINDEAD PRODUCTIONS
KALLGATAN 24 B, 671 30 ARVIKA
WWW.BLINDEADPRODUCTIONS.COM

SWITZERLAND

RINDERHERZ RECORDS
POSTFACH 1401
CH-2501 BIEL/BIENNE,
RINDERHERZ@GMX.NET
WWW.RINDERHERZRECORDS.CH.VU

TURKEY

MERHABA YARENLER
PK 40 BAHCELIEVLER
06501
SEMIHAKSI@GMAIL.COM
HTTP://MERHABAYARENLER.BLOGSPOT.COM

UNITED KINGDOM

ACTIVE DISTRIBUTION
BM ACTIVE
LONDON WC 1N 3XX, ENGLAND
WWW.ACTIVEDISTRIBUTION.ORG
WHOLESALE/SUBS/BACK ISSUES

DIRE RECORDS
80 LILFORD ROAD
LONDON SE5 9HR U.K.
WWW.DIRERECORDS.COM

STATIC SHOCK RECORDS (UK)
13 BENNETT COURT
LONDON N7 6BE
STATICCSHOCKRECORDS@GMAIL.COM
WWW.STATICSHOCKRECORDS.COM

AUSTRALIA/ASIA

AUSTRALIA

ENDLESS BLOCKADES
PO BOX 3023, SOUTH BRISBANE BC
QLD 4101, AUSTRALIA

NO PATIENCE RECORDS
PO BOX 39, HINDMARSH
SOUTH AUSTRALIA, 5007
NOPATIENCE.ORG
LEWIS@NOPATIENCE.ORG
WWW.NOPATIENCE.ORG

RERESSED RECORDS
356 KING ST
NEWTOWN NSW 2042, AUSTRALIA
WWW.REPRESSEDRECORDS.COM
INFO@REPRESSEDRECORDS.COM

RECORD COLLECTORS CORNER
LEVEL 1, 387 BOURKE STREET
MELBOURNE, VIC, 3000
NICKCOLLECTORS@GMAIL.COM

MALAYSIA

HAMMERCHARGE
PO BOX 7126, 40704 SHAH ALAM,
SELANGOR, MALAYSIA
WWW.HAMMERCHARGE.COM

SINGAPORE

TEMPUS PRESS
VANESSA VICTORIA
STARSHE.FETISHA@GMAIL.COM

NO/SO AMERICA

CANADA

HAMMER CITY RECORDS
228 JAMES STREET NORTH
(REAR OF BUILDING)
HAMILTON, ON
HAMMERCITYRECORDS@GMAIL.COM

BEAUMONT FILM & RECORD
430 20th ST. WEST
SASKATOON, SK S7M 0X4
INFO@BEAUMONTSHOP.COM

BRAZIL

PEDRO CARVALHO
RUA FRADIQUE COUTINHO, 294
APTO 171B
05416-000, SAO PAULO, BRAZIL
XPEDROCARVALHOX@GMAIL.COM

RADICAL LIVROS
CAIXA POSTAL 2255
SÃO PAULO, SP
01031-970
WWW.RADICALLIVROS.COM.BR

CHILE

SARRI SARRI DISTRO & RECORDS
SAN IGNACIO 75
LOCAL 31 / SANTIAGO
WWW.SARRISARRI.ORG
SARRISARRI.RECORDS@GMAIL.COM

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

SUBSCRIBE TO MRR!

12-issue subscription for $42
($45.50 for California Residents)
6-issue subscription for $24
($26.60 for California Residents)

Canada and Mexico Rates (airmail)
12-issue subscription - $57
6-issue subscription - $32

Everywhere Else in the World (airmail):
12-issue subscription - airmail $112
6-issue subscription - $59

Send checks/money orders, or concealed cash to: MRR PO Box 460760 San Francisco CA 94146-0760 or subscribe online: www.maximumrocknroll.com

NAME:
ADDRESS:

12 MONTHS? ☐ **6 MONTHS?** ☐

LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed.

Hi Maximum—
This is Matt from Bad Daddies. We just wanted to say thanks for running our interview in the latest issue. The layout looked great and it was really a fun moment for us as a band to see ourselves in *MRR*. We really appreciate what you do and wish you all the best.
—Matt

Thanks for submitting to the magazine, Matt, and even sending a little thank you reply! Glad you enjoyed your interview and good luck with your endeavors. We are always looking for new contributions, so readers remember: if you would like to see something in this here magazine, send it over!
—Lydia

Hey punks!—
I had the great honor of compiling the last New Blood in *MRR* #353, but forgot contact info for the bands! So here it is. Contact DEADLINE at punkaliverecords@gmail.com. METH SORES at methsores@gmail.com, or at lifesuckerproductions@gmail.com. STOIC VIOLENCE at 7890 E. Spring St. Unit, 23 F Long Beach, CA 90815 USA. PISSHEADS at hammeringthenails@hotmail.com. All these bands are killer and full of great people.
Thanks,
—Kat

Thank you Kat! I'm sure both bands and readers alike will be happy you sent in this information.
—Lydia

Dear MRR—
First of all, thank you for the good Bill Bondsmen reviews, both for this last record (Overcrowded Control b/w Untitled) and in the past. While looking at the contact info in issue #350, I noticed that the street number was typed wrong. I checked our records to make sure I didn't make a mistake, but that wasn't the case. The correct address is 15106 Paris Detroit, MI 48101. We have another 7" (Nineteen b/w Things Fall Apart) on the way and we'll be sending you copies soon.
Thanks,
—Armado Guadarrama

Thank you for these corrections Armado and we look forward to receiving your new material in the mail soon!
—Lydia

MRR—
I sent you a letter about Damaging Noise records and the wheeling and dealing from Fabian who is running this record label and former distro shop. In April this year, Fabian released his latest record, an LP by Japanese band People. All of a sudden Fabian was in the e-mail air again and apologized for not sending a bunch of paid-for records to me and a friend of mine from Bong records and distro. I also paid for this new People LP, always positive thinking that Fabian would finally post this package of records. The waiting has started again.

Well, it's September right now and nothing from Fabian and Damaging Noise. His releases have been mentioned here in the *MRR* records section and Andrew Underwood and Tony Gunnarsson had his music in their columns. I just have to warn everyone who wants to buy records from this guy: you are definitely not sure that you will ever get your records! You can call it punk, but I call it fraud.
—Rob van Zoen,
Den Haag, the Netherlands

Hi there Rob—
Thanks for letting us know about this situation. There is much to be said of people who infiltrate the punk scene and try and make a profit from it. I am not insinuating that this is the case with Fabian but, however bad a situation, it's always made better with sufficient communication. I hope your records show up soon and I hope things work out for everyone waiting on orders from Damaging Noise. It's unfortunate when things like this happen, as it really mars the ethic upon which all of us work. By nature I give people the benefit of the doubt, but sometimes you just want what you paid for… nothing more, nothing less.
—Lydia

Dear MRR—
Greetings from Columbus, Ohio! I renewed my subscription to *MRR* a few months ago and I am surprised at how stoked I am when I come home from my stupid job and see it in the mail! I'm so glad *MRR* exists. It's honestly one of the only resources I use to discover new bands (besides going to shows). The internet is just so saturated and overwhelming and I don't really find out about international punk from the internet—which is kind of weird…

Anyway, now that I've kissed your ass and bugged you, here is the Nervosas' *Rev* 7-inch, named after our cat Rev. Hopefully we will soon have records to honor Nannybear, Lil Bebe and Farber (our other cats). Our drummer Nick recorded these songs in his kitchen on one-inch tape and our friend Mark put it out on his new label Meth Mouth records. More songs are up to listen to for free on our bandcamp, including a Dead Moon cover set. Please review and listen when you have the time/space.

And thank you for the review of our cassette tape I sent a few months back. It was wonderful. We appreciate any feedback, good and bad.
I apologize for not including lyrics in the record. I am still convincing my band mates that people care about lyrics!
Take Care,
—Mickey

Hey Mickey!—
Thanks for your lil' letter and for sending us your record. I love to hear about people who record their own shit in their own a-typical ways (like on a one-inch tape in your kitchen) and cats are way cool and definitely make life a little better. So, while naming your homemade EP after your cat might be considered a weirdo move for some, I think it's kinda cool and bold!

But hey, that's why we're punks, because we aren't normal, typical, conventional or traditional—so there! Up the animal loving punx! Up the ALF!

Oh, and while we're on the subject of animals—punx, don't bring your dogs to indoor shows: they don't like the noise and they can't leave until your sorry ass is ready to. Please, if you really do love animals, don't torture them with 150 dB of loud punk music; their hearing is four times as good as ours, that's just four times as much harsh noise for them. Think about it.
—Lydia

Maximum Rocknroll—
Greetings! My name is Neil Carter and I'm writing from the luxurious Orange Country Jail. A friend of mone in here gave me #346. Said he used to put ads in your mag. You address is the only address I have to the real outside world. I am thrilled die hards of the scene still believe in DIY snail mail. So hopefully you can help. I am into many forms of underground extreme music: crust, grind. But I am looking for any physical address resources that could connect me to zines, regarding Death & Black metal.

I'm hoping you could hook me up with an old or new MRR as well. I know MRR is not free, but I'd be completely indebted to you. For the

future could I possible send you stamps for your newest issue? If not I could write reviews of thousands of albums I've got locked in my soul; anything; name it. But I'm going to be here a long time fighting my bogus case. And I am always close to losing my mind around the musically limited population in here. I mean for the "so called" outcasts of society you think over time I could find someone into some brutal shit. I have been extreme drumming since the age of twelve (now 30) and year after year I keep getting more intense with my obsession for Dark, Apocalyptic, Musical Art. Some of my respected bands are: Xasthur, Gorgasm, Skitsystem, Phobia, Dark Funeral, thorns, Dystopia, Disgorge, Leviathan, Deinonychus…etc,…etc,…etc…

Reading your magazine definitely brought some light to my depressing situation. I greatly appreciate any assistance you can offer me regardless.

Misanthrope in Torment
—Neil Carter AKA BodyBag
P.S.: D.I.Y. Fuck Fame, Fuck Money. NO FUN!

Neil Carter #2688291
501 S.City Dr.
Orange, CA 92868
http://bit.ly/OTEg6m

Hi Neil!—
Thanks so much for your letter and for getting in touch! Hail snail mail! It means a lot to us that you find solace in MRR *and that we can provide you with an escape into the outside world and help you stay connected. Yes, indeed, stamps will work and in the future you can send us stamps in exchange for a magazine ($4 worth of stamps for one issue).*

I thought about compiling a list with people and zines you could contact, both about music and also prisoner support groups, and then I realized it would be much easier just to send you a copy of a few zines that have a bunch of contact lists in them! In addition, here is that free copy of MRR you were wondering about! Since your letter was published, it is only fair that we send you your personal copy! :)

I hope people who see this will get in touch with you and I hope you can establish some good contacts! And some who are also into the brutal, dark, apocalyptic stuff you descibed! All the best fellow misanthrope, stay strong, stay punk! No borders, no prisons!
—Lydia

Lydia—
Hey, just got your letter, along with the pics Nick picked. Thanks you guys so much. That was really cool of you guys. I wish I had a camera to send you some pics of the tattoo portraits. I had one done of Wendy that really turned out just like the photo, and then a more cartoon version of GG. Anyway, funny this letter just caught up to me because I was in the process of writing. First I wanted to let you guys know I'm in the hole, waiting transfer, and that one of the magazines sent finally did catch up to me. Issue #352, it says September 2012, so either it's a misprint or you've skipped August all together. Either way I'm glad to be back in contact and look forward to more issues.

Beside that, I liked the information you provided on the up and coming amendment of the California Three Strike Law. With all the changes we see going on in here, within CDC-R administration, I'm sure this year it will be easily over-turned. But only to work for whatever new ideas the system is deciding or has to do. That's just me observation and opinion, but it's just gonna be too much a coincidence, ya know!

Who know though, maybe their monopoly within this penal system is really crumbling and the *real* people affected will have more influence on crime and punishment in our society and communities. That would be nice but more so wishful thinking.

I do know the Correctional Officers Union was one of the strongest in California for a long time and as "corrupt" as hell. Their day is slowly coming to an end; that's *for sure*! You hear a lot of these pigs a-grumping. Yeah, seems the winds of change are definitely coming from all directions. I know I've changed and see things differently. I know I've become more jaded with my own peers in here, or maybe just less tolerant of the bullshit. Hate to admit it, but the truth of the situation in here as far as unity and helping ourselves, don't look good.

A typical day in here brings a litany of complaints, I deserve this…the food is disgusting, *poor me*! These mattresses are too thin…*it's endless*. Spoiled punks and wannabe tuff guys. Everybody in here wants to be top dog. Over the smallest, meaningless shit egos are hurt and fights break out. Not to mention the haves and the have notes. A little material properly really makes the shit fly out of these people. Yeah, it's all here… selfishness, envy, ignorance, greed, hate. So I'm pretty disgusted with the human race myself, especially the ones that call themselves the Convict-Race!

Anyway, sorry for the ranting. I don't know why I do this. Does it really matter? I think it does! But I need support from other like-minded silent individuals in here seeing the same reality. With that said, the inmate from San Quentin in your letter section, David Valencia, is a old punkrock comrade of mine. If you guys could print this, or get my address to him, feel free to. If you read this (or chops from "The Army of Dukes") you can write me at my street address at: Greg Busby, 6218 Rebel Circle, Citrus Heights, CA 95621, USA.

Thanks MRR, Lydia, Nick and the rest of staff/ friends. Be careful feeding the animals, because believe me, you get too close or end up in their cage, they may be eating *you*!
All mu punkrock love
—Alfred Busby

AG 8589
CSATF E1-112
PO BOX 5242
Corcoran, CA 93212
www.prisoncensorship.info/prisonprofiles/CA/

Dear Alfred—
So nice of you to write back to us! Yes, Nick was nice enough to help pick out some cool designs for you, I'm glad they look good!

As for the lost issue, we did send it out, but maybe it hasn't caught up with your new address? Or perhaps those "correction" officers kept it…it often happens and I'm afraid we have no way of knowing about it until it is too late.

I will make sure David Valencia gets your address and I hope you can soon find other like-minded people to either share time or correspondence with.

It is indeed tough when you feel like you've lost you respect for humanity; when you feel disgusted like you said, at all we've done to destoy ourselves and our planet. There are enough reasons to despair, that's for sure.

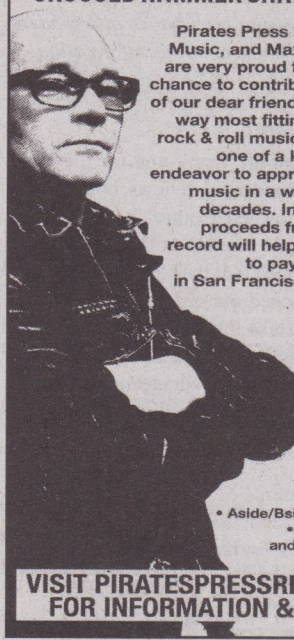
Yet, instead of letting this get to us, we should unite and find support in each other. Whether that is through punk rock, or letter exchanges, or just remembering the families of those affected by the Three Strikes Law (remember this November to vote YES in favour of its amendment punks!) "The winds of change are difnitely coming from all directions" indeed and I hope punks wake up and realize that we are the force that will bring about this change. Not some magic puppet that will show up to save us all; not some faux hero that will redeam us of any responsibility. We are the force! On that Star Wars note, I will close with a quote by the almight Master Yoda: Do or do not. There is no try.

Alfred, I hope this find you well and your magazines continue to find you too. Fuck prisons, fuck the system! Stay strong, stay free in your mind!
—Lydia

A VINYL FUNDRAISER FOR THE BRUCE ROEHRS MEMORIAL FUND

FEATURING...

BOOZE & GLORY / HARRINGTON SAINTS CROSSED HAMMER SHAPED 12" VINYL

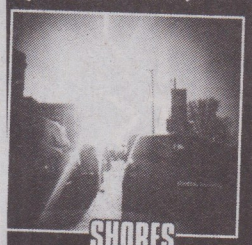


Pirates Press Records, Longshot Music, and Maximum Rock N Roll are very proud to offer this special chance to contribute to the memory of our dear friend Bruce Roehrs in a way most fitting to him – through rock & roll music! With this special, one of a kind record, we will endeavor to appreciate and support music in a way as Bruce did for decades. In addition, all of the proceeds from the sale of this record will help to provide a place to pay respects to Bruce in San Francisco's Columbarium.

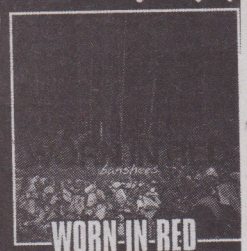
AVAILABLE IN 4 VINYL COLORS!
- Claret Vinyl
- Blue Vinyl
- Aside/Bside Claret & Blue Vinyl
- Clear w/ Claret, Blue, and Gold Splattered Vinyl

VISIT PIRATESPRESSRECORDS.COM FOR INFORMATION & ORDERING

NOIDEARECORDS.COM

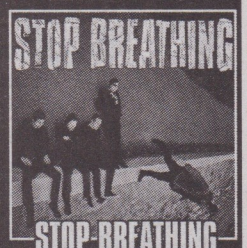


SHORES
"Leavening" LP/CD



WORN-IN-RED
"Banshees" LP/CD

POST TEENS
"The Heat" 7"



STOP BREATHING
LP/CD

BLACK GOD
"II" 7"

BURNING LOVE
"Black Widow" 7"

NO IDEA
MAILORDER!

WRENCH ★ RECORDS

ON THE WRENCH LABEL:

TITLE:	PRICE:
FUNCTIONAL BLACKOUTS Raw Dawg 7"	£2.40
HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE Patmos Or Bust 7"	£2.95
JOHNNY THROTTLE Lost Sputnik 7"	£3.50
JOHNNY THROTTLE Stukas Über Shoreditch 7"	£2.95
LIL BUNNIES Bunnie Hole 7"	£2.95
LOUDMOUTHS / HOT ROD HONEYS Split 7"	£2.25
PARKINSONS Up For Sale 7"	£2.40
RANCID HELL SPAWN Abolition Of Orgasm 7"	£3.50
RANCID HELL SPAWN Gastro Boy 7" (last few)	£2.95
RANCID HELL SPAWN Teenage Lard 7"	£2.00
RANCID HELL SPAWN Scalpel Party CD	£6.95
REAL LOSERS Time To Lose CD	£6.95
SEXUAL ABOMINATIONS R'n'r Meat Hook 7"	£2.00
SUPERHELICOPTER LTD. Indicted 7"	£2.25
TRONICS What's The Hubub Bub CD	£6.95

ON OTHER LABELS:

TITLE:	PRICE:
ABORTED Mushroom Sunset 7"	£3.75
ALICJA POP I Play The Fool 7"	£3.95
ILLS I Kill Me 7"	£3.50
JAKE STARR I've Got Mine 7"	£3.75
LEADERS State Of Shock 7"	£3.50
POWERCHORDS More Than Me 7"	£3.75
RAMMA LAMMA Gimme Gimme 7"	£3.95
RATIONS How Much Land Does.. 7"	£3.75
RED MASS Suicide 7"	£3.95

POSTAGE RATES FOR 7" EPs: UK: First copy £1.50, 20p each extra. Europe: £3.30 first copy, 70p each extra. USA and rest of world: £4.20 first copy, £1.25 each extra.

POSTAGE RATES FOR CDs: UK: First copy £1.50, 50p each extra. Europe: £3.30 first copy, 90p each extra. USA and rest of world: £4.20 first copy, £1.50 each extra.

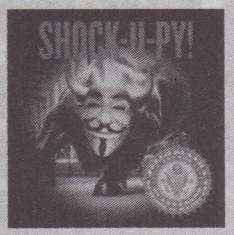
UK Customers- pay by UK Cheque/P.O. payable to Wrench Records. Credit Card orders accepted by PAYPAL (www.paypal.com) – send your payment to **mail@wrench.org**.

WRENCH RECORDS, PO BOX 67353, LONDON N8 1BQ, ENGLAND
Email: mail@wrench.org

FULL CATALOG (1000+ RECORDS) AT WWW.WRENCH.ORG

REVOLVER USA DISTRIBUTION

www.midheaven.com • since 1992



JELLO BIAFRA & the Guantanamo School of Medicine "Shock-U-Py!"
Jello's tribute to the Occupy movement precedes their upcoming 2nd album

mailorder: 10"/CD - $9.25

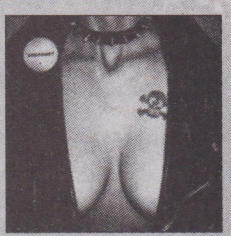
LAMPS "Under the Water Under the Ground"
"...straight-up gorilla goon shit" courtesy of In The Red

mailorder: LP - $13 / CD - $12

LORELEI "Enterprising Sidewalks"
Sophomore LP from '90s DC indie band on Slumberland Records

mailorder: LP - $13

SFH "WDYHM?"
Toronto punkers' third album (and first on DOA's Sudden Death Records) includes the tracks "Jesus Got Wood" and "F**k Buddy"



mailorder: CD - $9.50

We also carry hundreds of releases on the following labels:

ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES • IN THE RED
BROKEN REKIDS • BONER • GONER
DISCHORD • FLYING NUN • HOLY MOUNTAIN
SILTBREEZE • SUDDEN DEATH • NEUROT
20 BUCK SPIN • YOUNG GOD • etc.

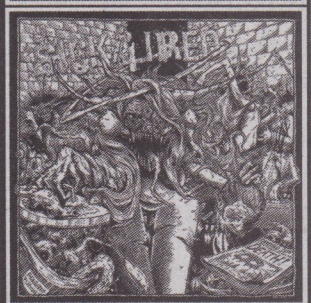
Plus many other punk, garage, noise, and indie titles in stock! Check our website.

REVOLVER USA titles available from Midheaven Online Mailorder

415-241-2437 • www.midheaven.com

DEFIANCE MUSIC BASTARD SYSTEM!

MISANTHROPIC BLACKENED HARDCORE



SCHIZOPHRENIC RECORDS!

www.schizophrenicrex.com

LEGION DCLXVI - THE FINAL DAYS .....LP
GUNNAR HANSEN / U.T.I. SPLIT .....LP
OXBAKER / SICK/TIRED SPLIT .....7"

Schizophrenic RECORDS
HAMILTON ONTARIO CANADA
INSPIRATION KRUMINS

When in Hamilton visit **HAMMER CITY RECORDS**
228 James St. North Basement @ Rear off Robert St.

PUNK STUFF .COM

PUNK
CRUST
METAL
HARDCORE
HORROR

SHIRTS
HOODIES
LONGSLEEVES
PATCHES
GIRL SHIRTS

WWW.PUNKSTUFF.COM
HUNDREDS OF DESIGNS! UPDATED WEEKLY!
WE DO WHOLESALE AND CUSTOM PRINTS

FLESH LIGHTS

New DOUBLE 7 inch from the
Fleshlights

super secret records
www.supersecretrecords.com

FORCEFIELD

OUT NOW:

WINDHAND
"S/T"
12" LP / CD

UNHOLY THOUGHTS
"THE ATTIC"
12" LP
180 GRAM VINYL AT 45RPM

THE CATALYST
"VOYAGER"
12" LP
3 COLOR VARIANTS

UP NEXT:

BASTARD SAPLING
"DRAGGED FROM OUR RESTLESS TRANCE" 12" LP

HUMUNGUS
"DRINKIN' A BEER" 7"

EARTHLING
"DARK PATH" 12" LP

FORCEFIELDRECORDS.ORG

OUT NOW ON INSANE SOCIETY RECORDS
www.insanesociety.net

WARHEAD

"NEVER GIVE UP" LP

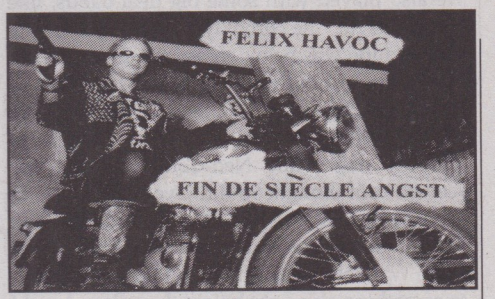
WARHEAD come from the former capital of the Empire, Kyoto, and there's no doubt they're among the top classic hard core bands from the Land of the Rising Sun. Insane Society now releases the most important of their 1991-2004 work on one LP wrapped in a cover by well-known japcore artist Sugi - 22 songs from their out-of-print and hard-to-find 7", split and compillation releases, boasting remastered sound (as heard on a CD previously released by Blood Sucker Records). The first song, "Cry of the Truth", is a solid punch in the face right off and this maelstrom of the most frantic hardcorepunk won't let you go until the needle has come to the last groove of the record. Maniac vocals mixed with massive sung-along refrains, guitars in the red, roaring bass, rabid drumming and cymbals sounding like a whiplash - all this makes for an incredibly loud and energetic mix, supported by lyrics full of defiance and desire to never conform and to never give up!

plans:

SEE YOU IN HELL - Jed - LP
ROXOR - Obraz doby - LP
M:40 - Diagnos - LP
DESPERAT - ? - LP
CONTRAST ATTITUDE - Black or White - EP
PROTES BENGT - In Bengt We Trust - EP
DISCARD - Death from Above - EP
GRIDE / SIDETRACKED - split 10"

check website for more info and hundreads of records, CDs, shirts, backpatches etc.

COLUMNS



This month we'll talk about one of my favorites of the UK punk movement of the late '70s, the Buzzcocks. The Buzzcocks' ability to mix super catchy melodies with the energy and drive of early punk rock was truly epic and in my opinion they are still the best band of the genre, often imitated, never equaled.

Prior to writing this column I dug deep into my record collection and spun a lot of Buzzcocks records. Like a lot of people, the record I always reach for is the *Singles Going Steady* LP. This LP of A-sides is basically the greatest hits collection and it's been widely available in all formats for decades. To be honest as much as I like this band, I hadn't listened to the LPs much (especially the *Love Bites* LP) in some years. I've been writing a lot of about very well known bands in this column lately. Don't worry, I will soon return to writing about more obscure Finnish bands, but it's been interesting to turn the microscope on the bands you thought you knew all about and gain a greater appreciation for the ones that have stood the test of time. Likewise, a lot of bands that I used to think were pretty good seem second or third tier after not paying much attention for many years; more on that shortly.

Buzzcocks, as we all know, formed in '75-'76 and spearheaded the punk scene in Manchester, organizing the first Sex Pistols show there. Since they were one of the very first punk bands, Buzzcocks had no one to copy and created a unique and highly influential sound that is still resonant. I am on the record as not liking almost all "pop punk". To be honest, I find stuff like Fat Wreck Chords mall punk to be some of the worst music ever. I would rather listen to Disco, Country or Opera than Lagwagon or the White Kaps. However, there are leaders and there are followers, and it's indisputable that the Buzzcocks were the leaders when it came to mixing pop melodies with punk energy. These guys also had the raw talent that many songwriters lack. If the Buzzcocks came around today they would probably be an indie pop band; but lucky for us they came around in an era where music was dominated by a few major labels and commercial sounds and found their only outlet of expression on the fringes in the emerging underground punk scene.

The Buzzcocks were pioneers of DIY punk by starting their own label and pressing their own first 7" the stellar *Spiral Scratch* EP. At the time, a band pressing their own record was pretty radical and this revolutionary act helped catalyze bands like Crass to start their own labels and blaze a new trail of DIY punk outside the music industry mainstream. The song "Boredom" is one of the quintessential '70s UK punk tracks, summing up the mood of the youth of the nation. Sadly, the Buzzcocks signed to a major label, as was the norm in those days, rather than pursue the DIY course any further. But at least they showed that it could be done and provided a great deal of inspiration by example.

As a teenager, the first Buzzcocks I heard was the *Singles Going Steady* LP. Since this LP was pressed in the USA on the "major indie" label IRS, it was pretty widely available and has never been expensive or hard to find. Never underestimate the ability of a band having a widely available and in-print record over many years to help spread their popularity. And if you're not a die hard, this is really the only record you need. *Singles* is an all-killer no filler LP of great pop influenced punk. However, it does not collect the tracks from the self-released first single. The Buzzcocks produced a staggering number of 7" singles. None are terribly rare or expensive, but if you go in for being a completist, expect to have twenty or more singles and EPs in your 7" boxes. The first LP, *Another Music in a Different Kitchen*, is by far the best of the three and you could probably live with just this and the singles LP. There are some great songs that aren't on *Singles*, such as "Fast Cars" and "No Reply" (who many people know from the killer SSD cover). The *Love Bites* and *A Different Kind of Tension* LPs are both good, but also have a lot of slower, more noodling tracks which further prove that fast catchy pop music is really a singles driven genre. Some of the stuff on *A Different Kind of Tension* prefigures Pete Shelley's solo career, which dabbled more in new wave and electronic. Some of this material is actually pretty good if you are into stuff like Gary Numan.

Two bands I'd like to touch on briefly from the same era are Chelsea and Eater.

I hadn't listened to Eater in a while, and I dug out their LPs and spun them all. To tell the truth this band isn't that good. It's novel that they were all fifteen years old, but they didn't write too many good songs, they packed their records with covers and their lyrics are pretty dumb. They should have probably stuck to putting out a few singles and resisted the pressure to put out an LP. "Lock it Up" is a pretty sick song, but they haven't held up well beyond that. Contrast with other young punks the Cortinas, who we discussed a few months ago, and you'll see age and experience are not a handicap when making great punk.

Chelsea doesn't seem to get mentioned too much anymore, despite being pretty popular in the '70s and putting out a ton of records. Chelsea suffered from a rapid line up turnover with only one core member and are perhaps best known for contributing three members to Generation X. That said, the first handful of singles and first LP from this band have some great tracks. The band has had a long career and many of their '80s LPs lack the fire and energy of early punk. Without this fire and energy they sound a little too much like '80s rock/pop than true punk and fall a little flat. This is a common criticism I make of bands, but if you listen to most bands' first single and then their third LP you will see the contrast and agree with me. Bands start out young and energetic and put everything into their music, but later get complacent and crank out "just OK" records to satisfy record contracts. So we turn our back on the later Chelsea LPs and check out their early singles. "Right to Work/The Loner" from 1977 is the band's best effort. Both tracks are killer '77 punk anthems just bursting with frustration and angst. "High Rise Living" and the first LP are pretty good. But I think this band suffers from writing kind of slow songs that tend to blur together. On balance, most of their material seems to lean a little too far to rock territory than punk territory, and it's on punk territory that I prefer to dwell.

We live in a culture where the media are dominated by celebrities and sports. I have always been surprised at how, even in the deepest depths of the subculture underground, how well-informed people are about TV actors, models and washed up rock stars and their going ons. I think this fascination with celebrities carries over into the punk scene as well. Consider the extent to which tons of people seem to care a lot about the activities of say John Lydon, Glen Danzig or Henry Rollins, decades after either one contributed anything to hardcore, or contributed much of anything

period. Presumably these kinds of guys who are now in show business have agents and field calls all day about appearing in documentaries and the like.

Hey *Maximum*. This a short column this month because I'm on day two of a migraine (fuck hormone fluctuations and fuck vasoconstricular neck vein malfunction) and my girlfriend and dog just moved back to Eugene (fuck geography) and I'm not going to see them for like three months, which means all I want to do is lay here in the dark with a towel over my face (fuck light) listening to the Ghost Hunters' marathon on this TV at Alex's mom's house that doesn't seem like it's ever going to end.

****HELL OF BANDCAMP LINKS FOR INTERNET NERDS****

My band Correspondences just did a tour with our friends Swaath. We went from Burlington, Vermont down to Richmond, Virginia and back up to Portland, Maine, where we live. We did a split tape with Swaath that we sold out of before we sent any copies to *Maximum*, so you're gonna have to trust me when I say that my band fuckin' rules and our side of the split fuckin' rules. I guess also it's up on our bandcamp if you wanna listen to it—correspondences.bandcamp.com. Whatever. It's witchy bass/drums/cello doom stuff played by lady-type queers, you probably already know if you're into it.

I'm going to do a tour diary zine—I'll probably be able to tell you more next month—so I don't want to recite a bunch of tour stories here. Just one: we played in Providence, Rhode Island twice this tour and the first night was super weird. We were playing in this bar and nobody showed up and we found out later that nobody showed up because fucking Punch was playing, like, three blocks away. I was like well yeah, duh, Punch fucking rules, I probably would've played early and bailed to go see them too, if I'd known. There were some shenanigans trying to wedge us and Swaath onto the bill with Punch involving fake band managers with fake British accents but nothing wound up happening, so instead Emily and I got kind of drunk—it was the day after her birthday—and played maybe the worst show of the tour, in terms of our ability to, like, actually play in tune and remember where the changes were, in the five songs we know how to play. Whatever. At the end of the night I found and ate the butt end of somebody's take-out middle-eastern food that they'd left under the tailgate of Lee's truck. Score! A definite tour highlight.

But anyway, mostly I want to tell you about two of the bands we played with. The first is called Groke, who were two of the maybe ten people at our first Providence show, and who I think set up the second show at a house called Al Dios No Conocido. They're a queer, crust, feedback-bass and drums duo with yelling, so they have the same setup as Correspondences except no cello. They have a song called "Dysphoria" where the lyrics go "You look more like me/than I'll ever look," which is fucking poetry as far as I'm concerned. Their four-song demo is at groke.bandcamp.com and I can vouch for them as awesome people—we got to play with them again at the absolutely brilliant last show of our tour, a living room show in a house in the woods just north of Brattleboro, Vermont and they were just hella cool. I'm stoked to play with them more and hang out and kick it with 'em and stuff.

Anyway the other band I want to tell you about is called +HIRS+, who we played with in Philadelphia. Smoot was scrambling to set us up a show in Philly but everything kept falling through until she got in touch with Greg Dean, the singer from +HIRS+, who I guess came through and set up a show for us, Swaath and +HIRS+ at Lava Space, an anarchist infoshop in south Philly. And it was a totally fucking killer show: hell of queers showed up, including a bunch of my favorite people in the world, and Smoot had popsicles for everybody to eat between sets—a brilliant idea at a show in the middle of August in Philly. We were talking before the show and I was kind of like, I wanna play last, but Ed from Swaath sagely was like, um, maybe we should have the local band play last, so people will, like, stick around, you know? We were like okay, sure, yeah, which ended up super smart because guess what, +HIRS+ is a terrifyingly loud grindcore band that plays in front of a wall of speakers and basically kills everyone the whole time.

But here's the thing about +HIRS+. Whenever I get stoked on a grind band I always have to be really careful not to understand any of their lyrics, or read them, because grind bands so fucking often have misogynist/homophobic/boring/predictable, normative "transgressive" lyrics all over their shit, which end up making it the bad kind of infuriating for me to listen to. (Tip for grind dudes: resisting dominant cultural norms by listening to women and intentionally turning yourself gay, are way punker and more interesting than embodying patriarchy at the top of your lungs for twenty minutes.) But +HIRS+ reminded me about why I was ever stoked on grind in the first place: super loud, super screamy, tons of samples of people cussing and talking shit about god and cops and stuff, a singer getting blood all over her face, lacy top and leggings, a tall and kinda stoic guitarist pounding away... their set was one of those sets that reminds you why you do this rock'n'roll bullshit at all, why you got stoked on it in the first place. Oh my god dude! If you get a chance to see them, I recommend it pretty hard. They have a hundred-track album on bandcamp too: hirs.bandcamp. Fuck yeah.

INTERNET PUNK MP3 BULLSHIT

WHATEVARRRR

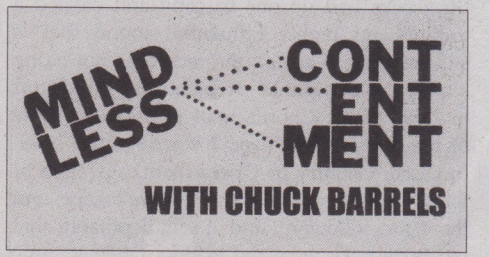
Also while I was in Philly I heard rumors about maybe either a Maple Rabbit reunion or a new comp or, at the very least, the Fuck Macho Bullshit Forever stickers that we as a culture have been desperate for for years. I can't confirm anything though and probably shouldn't even be going public with these rumors but I'm not gonna lie dude, I'm stoked, Maple Rabbit rules.

Other awesome bands we played with included These Days from Brooklyn and Gloaming and Ghost Bicycles from Burlington. We also played with some big deal bands, like Neo-Cons at the Brooklyn show, but some gorilla dude was being an asshole in the pit for Neo-Cons so I didn't really get to see much of them—I mostly sat out on the sidewalk drinking cheap beer with Swaath and These Days Days and my dog while Neo-Cons played. They seemed cool though. So did Over and Noose in Providence and Sina in Baltimore and this band we played with by Brattleboro whose name was Rude Warlocke on the flyer, but they changed it to something else right before they played and I can't remember what they changed it to.

Um, I will tell you about them in that tour diary zine, unless the universe chooses to listen to my pleas for a painless death to usher me out of this migraine hell. If you don't hear from me next month, be on the lookout for my vengeful poltergeist on fuckin' Ghost Hunters.
If you want to talk about it, email me at imogen@keepyourbridgesburning.com.

Oh P.S. I have a story in this anthology called The Collection that's being published by Topside Press on October 16th. Check out topsidepress.com 'cause I'm going to be doing some release party readings or whatever, but I don't know when yet.

P.P.S. Don't tell anybody but I think I'm moving back to the Bay in December? Correspondences got invited to curate this gallery in Portland called Zero Space so we're going to do an installation/seven-inch release show/weirdo wingnut performance thing with hella candles and tulle on November 30th, and once that's done, I'm gonna bail on the East Coast winter and move closer to where my girlfriend and dog live. (But not to Oregon.) Don't tell Sonya! I want to be the one to tell her, 'cause this time around we're probably gonna start a band that sounds like the Jesus and Mary Chain (with breakdowns) and I think I'm gonna make her be the singer.



I've spent a lot of time doing this crap. And by crap, I mean the discussion of and about modern underground music, its good and bad,

its pros and cons, both worldwide and local. For a long time I was more concerned with the musical goings-on in exotic locales like France, Australia and Cleveland than I was interested in shit happening in my own backyard. Why? Well, because Buffalo music sucked for a while there. Wily vets like TRAILERPARK TORNADOS and the BLOWTOPS could only shoulder so much of the load. Things went a bit stagnant. But then a few years ago something interesting happened. I started paying attention. Bands like SKATE KORPSE and labels like Feral Kid records tipped me off that people were still alive out there in the snow, bands playing something other than par-boiled emo-core and boner-crushing "straight edge". Pretty soon bands with names like PLATES, MAYDAY!, BROWN SUGAR and UTAH JAZZ were destroying basements and hearts and breathing some life back into *the Scene*. Spiral Scratch records opened, *Scratch-N-Sniff Propaganda* published a couple of issues and things we're really cookin' 'round here for a spell (and I should mention our Rotcore brothers-in-arms as well, but that's a story for another day…). I've been thrilled to be a witness at ground zero for most of this, and even an active participant in some ventures. And speaking of quality ventures, this here Brandon guy has been in a few already, and he's barely old enough to buy a firearm legally! You might have caught him playing guitars in BROWN SUGAR or UTAH JAZZ (or hitting drums with SONS OF DINOSAURS if you were really paying attention), or perhaps read an issue of his old print zine *Treble High, Talent Low* or the already mentioned *S&S* mag. In an attempt to keep this column running consistently, our pal Brandon "Get Mugged" Gaffney has agreed to be the first in a series of interviews I'm going to submit when there aren't enough interesting records to write about. Which will be a lot of the time, I imagine. So anyway, enjoy this, he's a pretty smart kid with some interesting stuff to say. Contact him at mediaschlitz@gmail.com for all your UTAH JAZZ merchandise needs. I'll be back next time with some record talk and a post-season baseball wrap-up. RIP HARRY HARRISON.

***

So Brandon, rumors are flying about the status of BROWN SUGAR these days. Let's set the record straight. Are you guys breaking up? Are you already broken up? Going on hiatus? Why? When?

Hey Rich. Wut up? Our singer Ed has to be back in his native Brazilland by the 2014 World Cup as to avoid being disowned by his family and friends. So he's knocking "living in the Big Crapple" off his America Bucket List. He moved there a couple weeks ago. He and I lived in Buffalo for five years with the Shug being the only real reason—a long time in a cold town we've no roots in, y'know? We plan to have a record release show for our new EP *Luvly* that should be out in some months.

I see. So does this mean the band will still be "active" for special occasions like festivals and celebrity bar mitzvahs? You guys are "splitting" on good terms I guess? Since rumor has it you're bailing to Rotchester as well...

Life is dictating the split. If everyone in the band's top priority was the band, things might have turned out different. Not here to air out dirty laundry though. We're not going Hollywood—just gonna play the cities we've got the closest musical compadres in. Or maybe not. I dunno what to say... you can only bend over backwards to coordinate everything for so many years before getting bitter. Things have been smooth the last few so we're going out on a good note and moving on. For me, that means to Rochester: land of magic where babies are handed "Born Innocent" when they're still in the cradle. Home of fascist cops and solipsistic excess.

Fair enough, bro. Way to keep it classy. So is the *Luvly* EP the long-anticipated Cowabunga records release? What kind of vibe can we expect from this release? Will this be the last of BROWN SUGAR on record?

Yep, Nick Sick is trudging through his CULO-bestowed debt to release *Luvly*—a four-song hardcore record that fittingly sounds like the missing link between our first 7", flexi and split. He was supposed to release our second record like four years ago, so better late than never. Expect a sort of doo-wop DAG NASTY, backing vocals and (gasp!) distorted guitars. The Shug has two more songs written that we'd like to record for a single on a Swedish label.

So with you moving to Rochester, do you have to get hazed into the Rotcore club or something? Will you be auditioning for any hot Rotcore acts? I heard you might become third guitar in BAD TASTE?

Oh man... I think I could pull off lead guitar in BAD TASTE—just shitty pentatonic scales for thirty minutes. Swamp Rock extraordinaires. I guess I could make a joke here about my initiation involving an ear piercing for my dagger dangly and a ritualistic strip-cruise involving whip-its and Dick Dale, but I won't. Already talked to a few parties about jamming upon the move—you'll have to wait and see though.

What does your move mean for the future of the UTAH JAZZ? Will there ever be another Jazz record?

The Jazz will trudge on. We had a good five-hour practice the other night. I'm into it. We've got enough new material for an LP (I think we're gonna break it up into a few releases though...) that we plan to record with Ski-Mask whenever our schedules match up.

Why did you name the band UTAH JAZZ anyway?

Oh yeah, about that. Very postmodern, huh? Layman absurdity. What Jazz has ever come out of Utah? Sign/signifier bullpucky. The name was devised with an old drinking buddy and the concept of the band was two loud guitars doing ELECTRIC EEL-synoogies to each other with a three-piece drum kit, as Buffalo at that time—about three years ago—was very pathetic and bass heavy. Drama from a vacuum. I was sick of it. I finally found a couple good sports who might wanna do something of this sort and wouldn't ya know it, it was a couple ladies whose reference point for a bassless sound was like BRATMOBILE or something. So I had to adapt. Thus it went from just antagonistic ridiculousness to honed power-garage/compact psych/southern rock, retaining the pharmaceuticals and falling-over-face-first live stuff. I'm sure the greater Buffalo area would have preferred a pop-punk band called the Boogers but what can you do?

Back to the Shug, what is your favorite BROWN SUGAR song and/or the riff you are most proud of?

Ha! Right now my fave Shugga tunes are "Candy" from the upcoming EP, "Chocolate City" which might be on an unmentionable comp, and a yet-to-be-recorded song called "Tyme 2 Dye". All are mini-odysseys from the songwriting scope. One definite regret is not capturing an appropriately powerful "Kinga the Road"—that split rec session was just a shitshow, but that's a cool song. "Dirty Minds" and "Urban Prairie Blues" are real simple crowd pleasers. "Mindfunk" has perhaps the last traditional "breakdown" I'll stand by. Still not sure how we managed to write "Birds"... musta been pretty gooned out. "Total Fucking Garbage" is the big boy riff-wise though. I'm told it's a LIP CREAM ape... I thought it was LEADBELLY!

Is there a particular favorite Brown Sugar show or tour incident that you'll always remember? I always wonder (as a non-musician) if you ever get a realization at a particular moment like "We are *fucking killing it* right now!" or does it all go by in a blur?

That's a great question. Unfortunately I'm a bespectacled guitarist, so I have to constantly look directly at the fret board, and much squabbling and riff raff goes unseen by me. As far as show incidents, the last tour was ripe with antics. Always feels like you're winning over a crowd when fireworks drown out your stacks and your singer becomes more of a prop than a musician. If I look over and Mike only has a snare drum left, or Ed's breaking another bone, it's usually a good sign. NYC on the 4th of July was great—I remember some non-show-goer types looking on in horror as smoke filled the room. Albany was great too (518 represent!). Boston and Richmond were non-stop wildin' out. On the west coast we drove from Oakland to south central LA, played a Hispanic street punk fest in a backyard that trailed to the early morning as thugs sold balloons of nitrous and (we) got paid less than a third of what it took to get there. That was cool. A non-show moment I'll always cherish is when we got pulled over by a K9 unit outside of Reno, so Mike ate his whole box of West Coast weed/hash. When the officer let us go without searching the van, he says, "Ah, that's okay, I saved a bunch. You know, in case I wanna smoke it later." Impenetrable logic, that Mike.

Will you ever do a zine again? *Scratch & Sniff* #3? Another issue of *Treble High, Talent Low* perhaps? Why or why not?

I'm currently scraping together aborted interviews, oddball reviews and other marginally relevant/entertaining databursts from my wet brain's interpretation of Punk over the last couple years. It'll be a split with *MRR* columnist Shiva's *Accept the Darkness* zine and will contain a list of the HOMOSTUPIDS' culinary adventures on the West Coast, a stellar review of NEIL YOUNG's "Le Noise," photos of MickJagger and much more. Also a new moniker. *Treble High, Talent Low* died in Glens Falls, NY. *Scratch & Sniff* was fun, but I felt bad being the editor of a zine for a Buffalo-based record store while openly loathing 95% of that city's music. My departure from Termbo's review staff began as unemployed drunkenness and was sealed with being approached while on tour by a guy whose band I'd given a lousy review of. I guess it finally struck me as an unnecessary hobby that I had treated selfishly as a tool for sharpening my own creative writing faculties. I'm not an authority on punk music since I cannot consume/contextualize the preponderance of records being released for financial reasons, and I've finally reached the point of being able to sonically project everything (or, enough) I think good about this music with my actual bands and just don't want to tear others' apart. I know what I like and am fulfilled by playing it—that's all. As Faulkner once said, "Music is the easiest means in which to express... I must try to express clumsily in words what the pure music would have done better." Thanks for the interview Rich. Let's go to the flea market on Sunday.

No, thank you for the interview Brandon. I'll see you this weekend.

Brown Sugar Discography

Deportation EP: 2008 – 100 test press tour edition w/white and brown sleeves 300 regular press with 100 on "lavender" vinyl (Feral Kid records)

Deportation EP...and some other trash cassette: 2009 – 300 copies (Feral Kid)

Songs About Birds cassette: 2011 – 50 copies (TMOQ)

Split 7" with Mayday!: 2011 – 500 copies (Feral Kid)

Get Fuckin' Mugged! Flexi: 2011 – 250 copies (five color variations) (Feral Kid)

Sings Of Birds and Racism LP: 500 copies first press (25 record release editions in "Total Fucking Garbage" bag) – 500 copies second press (no variant) – (Feral Kid/Feeble Minds)

Tropical Disease EP: 2011 – 500 copies (Fashionable Idiots/Feral Kid)

Luvly EP: 2012 – upcoming... (Cowabunga)

Utah Jazz Discography

Demo tape: 20 tour copies (Library of Congress Tapes)

Demo tape: repress – 100 copies with different art (Drug Party)

Self-titled EP: 500 copies (25 copies in alt sleeve for release show) (Media Schlitz/Feral Kid)

Somehow, through Karmageddon or something, I have met many pioneers of The Punk Rock. And befriend many, too. I've also seen a lot of these friends die.

What follows is a short bit about Neil Cooper. He was the guy who started ROIR records. Only ROIR was only on cassette at first, and besides doing the Bad Brains, did one of the best Punk Rock compilations of all times, "New York Thrash".

Neil passed away a few years back and his son now runs the business. I think it's important that we all remember where we came from, how we got here and where we are going. It keeps Punk Rock alive and should serve to humble us. We owe a hell of a lot to the Pioneers of Yesteryear, whether you like it or not.

In future columns, I'll introduce you to some more of these guys. Always with a smile on my face and a warm place for them in my heart.

And yes, with some tongue firmly planted in cheek!

***

"It's all about money," my dad used to tell me as he sat in a lawn chair drinking lemonade and watching me wash off his Rolls Royce with a sponge and a bucket of soapy water.

"If you want to make it in this world," he'd say, "you are going to have to study accounting. Get a degree in business," he'd explain.

"Uh huh," I would say, trying to finish washing his stupid Bentley as fast as possible so I could get the two bucks he promised me. I wanted the money so I could buy cool Universal Monster Models from the back of Erie, or Creepy, or Vampirella magazine. The Wolfman was cool, as was the Frankenstein, and the glow-in-the-dark Creature From The Black Lagoon.

"You see, George," my dad would say, "one day, if you are as smart as me, you'll have kids of your own and you'll be rich enough to afford to pay them two dollars to wash your car!"

I'd nod my twelve-year-old head in agreement and keep scrubbing those headlights until I could see my reflection. Two dollars back in those days was a lot of money. For a starving child in India.

For me, a Jewish kid in Greenwich, Connecticut, it was almost worthless. My friends used to get ten, twenty, or fifty bucks a week for doing chores. But my dad was out to teach me the value of a dollar.

"When I was your age," he'd say, "I'd have to walk five miles through mountains of snow just to get to school. I'd work my fingers to the bone for one measly dime. I wasn't a spoiled brat, like you."

Again I would just nod my head and scrub the Bentley's hubcaps until I could see the reflection of my curly brown hair and Izod shirt, that my neighbor, Andy Evans, was nice enough to give me as a hand-me-down. I'd also look at the reflection of my Woolworth-brand fake Converse high-tops with the holes in the bottom.

"My dad was a bastard, compared to how I am with you," my dad would then say, as he drank more of his lemonade.

Of course, later in life, I found out that my dad was a spoiled little bitch. On his sixteenth birthday, my grandfather got him a new convertible. He'd lived in Brooklyn throughout his entire childhood and never had to walk more than three blocks to school. And his allowance back then was more than mine ever was.

I remembered all this as I sat in the office of ROIR (Reachout International Records) the other day.

***

"I started the label when I was 49," explains Neil Cooper, as he sits behind his huge desk, talking to me and P.J., my Yorkshire terrier, who is on my lap.

P.J. whines.

"Do you want to let him just run around?" asks Neil, who is now 68.

"Naw," I say, "he'll just chew up all your shit."

"That's okay," says Neil.

I tell him that I like most of the releases ROIR has put out over the years, and would hate for P.J. to ruin them.

But what I actually thought was that P.J. might run over to one of the pretty girls who works there and flirt with them. Without me there. That he might get some action while I'm stuck talking "music biz" talk. And there was no way that was gonna happen. He gets enough as it is.

"I started ROIR as a cassette-only label because no one would put out vinyl with me," explains Neil, "and then the Sony Walkman came along and it all came together."

I tell him that it's amazing that Sony helped his career. He then tells me more about his job history.

It turns out Neil did other stuff before he was 49. Before he started a punk rock label. If you can imagine that. He actually had other careers and other businesses. Which, I found, to be a bummer. I mean, here is this old Jewish Guy, 68, who, I thought, didn't even get started with a "career" until he was 49. I figured if I followed in his footsteps, I at least had plenty more years to waste before getting "serious".

No such luck.

When Neil Cooper was a teenager, he liked New Orleans jazz and shit. Kinda like my step-father, Nick. In fact, they both probably have the same record collection. Only I'm sure Nick has more Furious George records. If he didn't already trade them in at Sounds for blues stuff. Pussy.

Anyway, Neil hung out a lot on 52nd street drinking rum and cokes and hearing lots of great tunes. Then he went to college and yikes, got a business degree. Like my dad told me I should do.

Then it gets worse. He went to work for a corporation. MCA. There, he represented bands and booked them and stuff. Then he went all Hollywood and worked with and represented people like Warren Beatty and Ali MacGraw. Also Jane Fonda and Anthony Perkins.

Jane Fonda. Aaaaah.

What I wouldn't do to get her during her "Barberella" years. Those boots. That hair. That make-up. That body.

This Cooper guy had it all. This guy was the bomb.

Then, he gave it all up to work with his father at the family brewery.

When P.J. and I heard this, we both sighed. Me, because the thought of just walking away from pussy like that is insane. P.J., because he probably had to go to the bathroom.

Neil then explained to us that he started a collectable company, or something, and sold limited works by people like Duchamp, and my all time favorite artist, Roy Lichtenstein. He also tells us that his ex-wife is Paula Cooper, who had the first gallery in Soho.

While I hear all this, I get more and more depressed. This guy just didn't start a punk label. He had a history. A long one. Of hard work. Something I very much feared.

After the art business, Neil explains that he opened a club in Florida called "Tight Squeeze". I actually remember hearing of the place when I lived in that shithole state. We talk about the bands down there and he and I remember a band he booked called "The Cichlids". He remembers them as being a really exciting band with a great girl lead singer, who really had talent and was going somewhere. I just remember the singer, Debbie Cichlid and her amazing gravity defying breasts.

Neil tells P.J. and I that "Tight Squeeze" originally started as a restaurant, with food so bad, he and the other owner had to order out.

He then tells us he moved to New York and started a club called "The Eighties". Then, twenty years ago, in 1979, he started ROIR. Which is still going strong today.

"If I called our distributors and told them I just signed Jesus Christ," explains Cooper, "they'd ask me who's that and how many units can he move."

Neil is now on the subject of distribution and how ROIR has been with every bankrupt distributor there ever was. I tell him some horror stories about my old bands and he and I share a few good laughs. But deep down inside, I'm crying.

Finally, I get around to asking him why he signed all these punk rock and new wave bands. He tells me he liked the stuff and wanted to help out the artists. He then says that he is still working with some of the same people he worked with twenty years ago. Either re-issuing their stuff, or doing new stuff.

"These guys are now around fifty" explains Neil.

I imagine twenty years from now, what it will be like if I'm still working with Todd from Recess Records.

I imagine going out to San Pedro and hanging with him doing the "porchcore" thing. Only now, Todd has a rocking chair to replace his lawn chair. He's still drinking forties, but it's Thunderbird, instead of Ballentine.

"Ya know," Todd would say, "these new school bands really know how to rock."

I'd tell him they sure do, as P.J. would lose bladder control again and piss all over my feet.

"The problem is," Todd would explain, "is that these bands don't ever last more than a few gigs."

When I'd ask him to explain, he'd tell me that ever since he had signed the Dwarves, bands just got more and more violent. That it was now at the point where the bands were killing themselves, or audience members, at every gig. While it made for great shows and all, there really wasn't much of a future in it.

"Maybe I should do some re-issues," Todd would explain, "re-release some of that old Furious George shit."

I'd look at my toothless label owner and wonder if his Depends were on too tight. No one purchased our record twenty years earlier, why were they gonna buy it now? "Ya know," Todd would say again, "perhaps I should have ignored the kids and gotten a business degree in college."

I wince.

"I guess the business degree did help," says Neil, as he snaps me out of my thoughts, "I learned not to know the meaning of the word, 'no'".

Neil explains that he owes most of his success with ROIR to being a good businessman and being the best collector of money.

"I'll call people at their homes in the middle of the night if they owe me money," explains Cooper, "I'll call them at three, four and five a.m. When they yell at me, I tell them to pay me. If I get their kids on the phone, I'll tell them that their daddy is a bad man and owes another man some money. And that man needs money to feed his own kids."

I laugh, then ask him if he'll ever retire.

"I have no intention of retiring," he tells me, "I can't see myself ending up like Walter Mathau with Jack Lemon, sitting on some park bench feeding the pidgins. I need ROIR, it's my identity."

We talk a bit more, as P.J. worms around on my lap. As Neil talks about future plans for ROIR, I see a real fire in his eyes. And soul. The guy really likes what he's doing, even though he tells me he bitches to his therapist about his account receivables three times a week. Neil Cooper didn't just start ROIR, he *is* ROIR.

Finally P.J. has had enough and starts to growl. I tell Neil it was great meeting him and after a few more minutes we leave.

As P.J. pulls me down Broadway, I see my reflection in the side door of a shiny car. I no longer see that kid with the curly brown afro, hand-me-down shirt, or ratty sneakers. Instead, I see a Punk Rock Guy with bleached blonde hair, his own jacket, Nike sneakers and no career.

I smile. I figure I have time.

Neil Cooper didn't start his beloved career with ROIR until he was 49. My dad ended his at 51, by dying.

Either way, the future looks bright to me.

Take My Life, Please!

Endnotes:

1. My pal Clint over at Aggronautix just came out with the Iggy Pop Bobble-head. I shake it around real fast to "Raw Power" and make the Iggster sweat out the tunes. I hope his head doesn't fall off.
2. I hear my pal, Paul Ryder, is gonna sing and do a tour with Regan Youth! Right On! The Paul in that band rules! I've always loved that band because they taught me to show up at gigs with no equipment and bum amps and stuff off of others. Hippies. But smart Punk Rock Hippies!
3. Legacy Of Disorder's new album, "Last Man Standing" sounds so much like Slayer I can't help but to love it. I mean, when I close my eyes, it's almost the same. Their vocalist is just a bit less scary than Tom Ayara. Shoulda inked that deal with Satan, boys...
4. A big shout-out to my Russian Pals! Hi Maks! Hi Nik Ramone! You guys, all of you, rule! And yes, Mykel Board, I hear a lot of Punk Rock in Russia!

If like me, you're getting older... you keep noticing the oddest things... like the seasons! Case in point, I started writing this column on a hot summer day, I was sat in my garden typing away on my laptop, a bottle of Salmiakki Koskenkorva vodka on the table next to me, the new Vendetta EP playing loud in the background and it all felt timeless and eternal. Then I had to do some shit and left the column until the day after which turned out a cold and rainy autumn day, which oddly enough suited the mood of the new (not newest) Zyanose CD and a glass of piss-warm stale beer. You know that Amebix song "Winter," right? That's where we heading, alright. The biggest problem with that (winter) for me has always been that it gets harder to skateboard in London, not only because it's cold, but also as it get so fucking dark outside. But this will probably not be a big

problem because I managed to twist my knee the other night, and believe me it could have been the end of all future, but as luck in misery would have it I warmed up and did not totally dislocate the knee... But I am out of it for at least two to three weeks now, and thereafter will forever be careful not to fuck it up...fuck. But there are a lot of great things to look forward to this autumn so who cares, and besides I had a great year on board so far—probably stood on the fucker almost every day since January, which is more than I ever did as a kid!

Firstly, the new PEOPLE album *Authentic Oral Communication* is being released on CD this month (September) on the bands on label Feminist records. Some of you people may have distorted opinion about this amazing *Never Can Eat Swank Dinner*-style band based on previous releases from US record companies, but all the records the band self-released have all been classics. While distribution has been DIY, and mostly limited to Japan, there has never been any fishy business involved. Case in point: *Fairy Tale*, the previous album was released originally in 2008 and came both on tape and CD-R, but only hit vinyl by 2012 after being shockingly delayed. The current album is however the current line-up of PEOPLE and the one that best reflects the bands current direction—which is described by some as pop noize and by others as rockabilly noise-core. Like the previous album, this one will also be released on vinyl by a western DIY label, but reliable sources tell me that it won't be the previous label, so rest assured! Meanwhile you may pre-order the CD from Japan via Diskshop Misery for a ¥2475 including airmail postage (diskshopmisery@gmail.com). I know, most of you will complain at that price for a CD, but read again what I said—hold back and get the vinyl instead. It should be available through normal DIY channels. On that note, there is also a new ZYANOSE CD, the second one in what feels like three months. The first was great! I played it earlier and it was noizzzzeeeee. This CD is also getting vinylised now also by some US DIY label. Anyway, just wanted to say—chase down the second CD now! Garghmmmff!

Secondly, Autumn means gigs, gigs and more gigs! The D-CLONE world tour starts very soon (it's in October, check the internet for exact dates) and accompanying the tour is a new CD—which I played this morning. It's fucking great, no hype, just great, but that's fairly obvious! I don't doubt the CD is already being pressed on vinyl somewhere… Anyways, most will know already D-CLONE so need to harp on about it. Go and see them! But before that, KYLMÄ SOTA from Finland comes to the UK for a mini tour, arranged by Active Rebellion and More Noize zine. The first date is London on the 4th of October (hold on, is that like the US national day or whatever? Who cares? Fuck your nationality!) and Brighton the day after, with some place called Leeds on the Saturday. Needless to say, this will be insane. Then, lest we forget, WARHEAD and FUK is also mini touring the UK in October. It'll be the second UK tour for the Japanese masters of speed and brutality. Can't wait! And if that was not enough, a few weeks later, goddamn LOTUS FUCKER and the WANKYS are ear slaughtering the UK! Damn. This October is looking to me like 1984 or something, when, you know, there was a proper hardcore scene still in places as destitute as England.

Thirdly, the idea is to have out new issues of the zine for a few of those shows, so all I need now is some time to layout the fucking zines. I tried though. But I was suffering from extreme (temporary) tinnitus and just managed to do one fucking lone page... gah! But hey…shit happens when the world comes to your front door.

Here is a post-script –YDINASEETON POHJOLA who I interviewed in More Noize Five has released a new LP, a split with AOKIGAHARA. I hear it is remarkable. My copy is in the post. Go search for it if you like KAAOS and WRETCHED! Finally, I'd like to draw further attention to the recent or else newish issues of Distort zine, which are great reads as always. Ditto for the new issue of UK-based HC powerhouse in the making fanzine Limited Readership. Buy a zine today!

So far this year, I have been underwhelmed by punk. Very little activity, few new releases, barely any new zines… But then everything happens at once! Gaaaaah! Like it always does each year after the summer. Seriously! This is the fifth year in a row I have fooled myself by forgetting the seasonality of these things. Tricked instead by the constant beat of the constant new that you get from spending too much time observing and engaging with punk over the internet. By the way, Distort makes a lot of good statements about punk and the internet, which stolen would have been appropriate here—but you'll have to go yourself direct to the source to get that meat. Ok, I give up. I am in pain. That's all, really, for now, what little else I can add to this column is of no importance. Peace and Anarchy in England, Autumn 2012!

Well fuck. Late again, and this is gonna kinda be a catch-up column as I've been busy playing gigs, putting on a wedding shower and fighting the nastiest fucking flu I've had in quite a while. Fortunately for me, I can always count on hardcore to get me through (plus a little tasteful jazz here and there when wedding showers come up, though I still slipped in the LA'ALTS record when things were getting a bit drunker). I do have to come clean here though: I promised y'all an all-tape column last month, but there were a couple of slabs of vinyl too tasty to pass up. I beg your forgiveness in this matter.

Let's talk about ITANSHA and the *Paranoia* demo, shall we? Shrouded in mystery, not because the man behind it is a proponent of the tired-ass "mysterious guy hardcore" ordeal, but because he's not interested in mucking about with "ex-members of" nonsense, this is easily the best one man project I've heard since SYPHILITIC VAGINAS, though the sound is worlds away from that. This is dark, driving early '80s Japanese-style hardcore. It's easy to reference the ADK records bands, but this is much more dynamic than that crowd, incorporating both the atmospherics and instrumental weirdness of MASTURBATION with the raw force of GAUZE and the piss-raw vocals and recording of all your favorite Kyushu masters. Honestly, this is so clearly a labor of passion and the vision behind it is so distinct and brilliant, that it really kind of bums me out that this probably won't get one-tenth of the attention that I think it deserves. Who knows though? It really is a remarkable recording, easily top-10 of the year material and it's not hard to see why it came out of the Life Sucker Productions camp, seeing as how METH SORES are another criminally underrated gem of distorted unique hardcore. If this tape isn't worth $100 in a couple of years I'm going to be pissed. I don't recall feeling this strongly about a demo since LOTUS FUCKER's *Answer=Bloodwashed Noise* tape, and we can all see how awesome that band turned out. Dying to hear more of this, any time. (Life Sucker, lifesuckerproductions.)

Portland's LIFEFORM also draw from the Japanese well, but do so in a very roundabout way indeed. These psych-noize punkers seem to represent a veritable fourth wave of noize-core, filtering DISORDER through GAI through WANKYS, to arrive at a very modern sound that still reflects a classic approach. The completely unhinged vocals are a definite asset, not gibbering in a CHAOS DESTROY style but sliding up and down the register from sung to grating to ranting and back again with little indication of what's coming next. The guitar is piercingly effect-ridden, with delirious solos that only add to the air of demented chaos that prevails. The drumming is tastefully rudimentary, roiling along under the layers of noize and never faltering for a second. It's important with a band as chaotic as this that the rhythm section be solid as a rock, and these guys perform beautifully, with precise drumming and semi-distorted bass lines providing the essential undercarriage for this noisy hot rod. Were this not executed so damned well, LIFEFORM could easily be seen as trend-jumpers or trite,

but this is honestly compelling stuff that's well worth your attention. (LIFEFORM fan club, 420 SE Grand, Portland, OR, 97214)

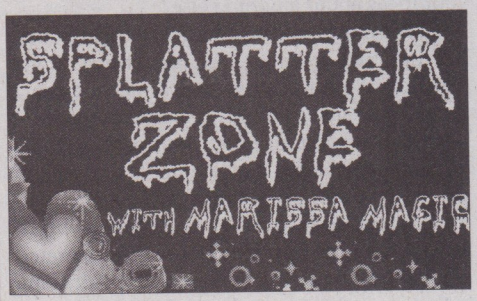
While LIFEFORM's demo is mostly handmade and seemingly perpetually on the cusp of falling apart, Sweden's SEX DWARF bring a beautifully tight approach to their style of raw punk. Which isn't to say it's not chaotic, just that this is so well put together that it feels like every squall of feedback and vocal reverb is just where they wanted it to be. The first impression is how fucking great this recording is. Everything sounds amazing; the guitar is earsplitting, the bass is dirty as hell, the drums are always there and the vocals are very much present without ever dominating in the slightest. Second impression is that this is a very progressive take on raw punk, that recalls EFFLUXUS as much as the Swedish and Japanese bands that must influence SEX DWARF. There is definitely a post-noize style of hardcore emerging, one that incorporates '80s Scandi-HC, '90s Japanese HC and a touch of 2010s perspective that allows these old influences to sound fresh again. I mean, there are elements of this on the demo: a lead here, a vocal tic there that I can hear and confidently say "I know what band they were emulating there" but much more often this sounds like a fresh blend of familiar elements. This is a band that's obviously going places and I can only hope that one of those is the West Coast of the US so I can rage along with what I assume is a fucking killer live presentation of these songs. Track it down. (Noise For Mobbish records, www.noiseformobbish.blogspot.com)

To wrap up the international tape spotlight, I've got yet another brilliant Teodoro band, as the rock behind OTAN and FIRMEZA 10 (among many others) brings us the brilliant CISMA *Imagenes Podridas* demo tape. In both sound and presentation this might as well be a lost product of the '80s, brilliant, dry, raw hardcore that comes from a D-beat background, but in the way that the very earliest bands influenced by DISCHARGE did, which is to say that it shares the anger and momentum without slavishly aping the drumbeat or the song structures. The vocals are hoarse as fuck, reminding me painfully of the shitty cough I just recovered from, while the guitar and bass blast out heavy riffs virtually distortion-free, in a way that sounds very classic but fresh for 2012, because so very few bands are taking this approach. The leads are brittle and not always in tune but are always brilliantly placed and frankly "brittle and out of tune" is just exactly how they should be in this context. This is dead serious political hardcore in the best tradition, but so sloppy and rough that a sense of fun pervades throughout. Dare me to say one bad thing about this...I can't. What a fucking month for great releases, and this stands up to any of the aforementioned bands. Of course it goes without saying at this point that Spanish hardcore (and Teo) can do no wrong these days, but damn...(CISMA, cismapunk@gmail.com)

In summation, it was an awesome month for hardcore demos, but like I said earlier, there were a couple of undeniably tasty treats on other formats, and the first I want to feature is VAARALLINEN's *Hautausmaa* flexi. About a year ago I raved about this band's demo in this space and while this four-track blast lacks the expansiveness of that much longer recording, it is a visceral shot of energetic Finnish-influenced hardcore. If you read the interview with VAARALLINEN a couple of issues ago, you know that they are a thoughtful and history-minded band, and this is definitely a product of that mindset, but with a twist that keeps it fresh-sounding as well. There's a wild abandon that permeates these songs, a feeling that even in the studio they couldn't wait to get through the song. The vocals are snotty as all hell, with a bit of ADOLESCENTS peeking out from the KAAOS-y reverb and likewise the riffs have just a hint of LA beach punk in the mix beneath the Scandi structures. Frankly, this recording sounds like a band that's really having a great time. Can't argue with that. Between these guys and LIFE LOCK, Singapore is just exploding onto the worldwide punk scene these days. (Full Force Hardcore Destruction, vaarallinenpunk@gmail.com)

Finally I'd like to feature what just might be the most essential un-essential punk record ever made. Which is to say, while a one-sided three song covers EP might technically be the most self-indulgent thing a band can possibly do, the story gets a little different when the band doing the recording is STAGNATION and the bands covered are DISORDER and CONFUSE. On the one hand, all of the above. On the other hand, these "covers" are reinterpreted and distorted, changed fundamentally into staggering dystopias of sonic destruction. Only the CONFUSE cover ("Fight Against the Plutocrats") comes out the other end of STAGNATION's sonic sausage factory sounding remotely recognizable, and then only because the riff is so iconic it could barely be otherwise. Between the rabid vocals, the insane distortion and the lurching, lumbering pacing, the two DISORDER songs are fundamentally transformed into a kind of elemental punk chaos, the logical conclusion of a set of bad decisions made by a bunch of glue-huffing squat-dwellers, when they picked up instruments they barely knew what to do with 30 years ago. Bottom line: this is fucking glorious. If nothing else, playing these three songs at a party will instantly draw the line between the fucked up weirdos (who stay) and the people with something to live for (who flee). STAGNATION are one of the most interesting and sonically challenging bands going and, given a format that in virtually any other band's hands would have produced self-indulgent tripe, they've made a pot of gold. It's pricy as an import and almost definitely already sold out, but goddamn...between this and the CONTROL split, STAGNATION may have already become my lock for band of the year. (Hardcore Survives, hcsurvives.exblog.jp)

My birthday's coming up and I know one of all you motherfuckers has the DEATH DUST EXTRACTOR 12"...sell it to me or else! In the meantime, demos, fine single-malts and abuse from washed-up British crust bands can all be addressed to me c/o *MRR* or agunderwood@gmail.com.



We were in the living room, surrounded by old zines strewn about the floor. We were trying to create an accurate picture of the past—flipping and browsing through all the memories and whatever—some written by us, some written by others.

"I'm scared to even read this."

It's really weird and unnerving to read things you wrote ten or twenty years ago, especially when that far back lands you in your teens or early twenties—moments where everything you believe and think and everything you write is written with the super deep conviction that comes with youth. These writings and ideas tend to be musings that fall more into the pocket of naive or even slightly kind of fucked, before you realize that that might be a shitty thing to say or that there are certain words, phrases, whatever that are just fucking mean and derogatory or sometimes you are just fucking wrong and you don't realize it yet. I once re-read a zine of essays I did when I was 25 in which I fully used the word retarded to describe things that were stupid multiple times, a semantic gaffe that I wouldn't do now, and running across it made me cringe to infinity. I was glad that I probably only made like a hundred copies of that zine and that hopefully probably it'll just disappear deep into the channels of time. But even hoping for time to make things disappear is quickly becoming impossible. Like the big thing is to make towering digital archives of every word and every zine and every flyer of the past—taking paper ephemra and turning it into everlasting. Which is so cool in a way, but also of course has major pitfalls. When people talk about the problems inherent with internet archiving the main thing that comes up is that these publications were never really meant for that large of an audience. And now they can be viewed and downloaded by anyone with access to the internet. And the internet is forever.

As we looked at all these old zines there were also tons and tons of old pictures. Evidence of when we were young and thought we were sooooo fuuucccckkiiinnnnggggg coooollllll. Spiked collars, gigantic pants, embarrassing t-shirts.

And then there is our old writings from when we knew every fucking thing about everything and we were so right all of the time. The idea that you could wear something that you look back on in mortification, but that you could never write something or spout an ideology that you would later find embarrassing is absurd. Why would your style change but not your ideas about anything else?

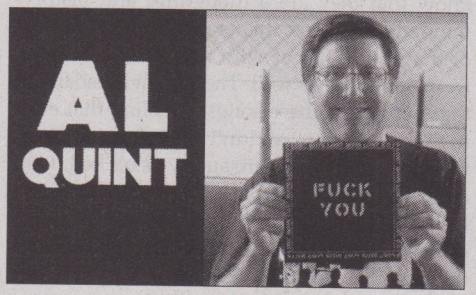
Everything is a process. I read things that I wrote two months ago and cringe. I get annoyed at what I wrote two sentences ago. I probably almost constantly contradict myself. I have a total compulsion to put things out into the world far before they are perfect, mostly in the thought that perfection doesn't exist so if I tried to reach it I would never have any output and probably would just feel really frustrated and depressed most of the time. My point being is that everything can always be re-evaluated, reworded or whatever and not only that, but it also should be.

Either way trying to cover up or censor the past is bizarre. Trying to create a history that is perfect and shiny is to carve yourself into an idol. A perfect, untouchable being, all-knowing, something completely unrelatable. Why act like you're perfect and that you have been perfect all along? More importantly, what the fuck is wrong with you that your opinions never change?

We should be embarrassed of past writings because it implies that I have learned something new, that there is a push further into a thought, that theories could always use more refining, that maybe just maybe I've become more articulate. Or maybe my interests have changed and I don't give a shit about the same things, the excitement has subsided, I've moved onto new things and learning new things and what not. The world exists and is always changing and it is inherently an influence. To act like your opinions never change and would never change is a futile attempt to shut out the world. Not to say that the way to be is to follow others thoughts and opinions, just to say that the world around you helped form your opinions in the first place, so why would it stop at some point? Nothing exists in a void.

And in the world there is criticism. Being criticized, being challenged, being proven wrong needs to happen. Shit talking makes the world go round. Blind support creates stagnant situations and nobody wants that because that's fucking boring.

Preserving and looking at past mistakes hopefully maybe can bring about analysis and criticism resulting in moving forward—a constant and consistent changing and evolving of thoughts and opinions. It also shows us that things aren't born into perfection, people fuck up and that's actually totally ok. Looking at a past that hasn't been improved and swept clean creates a roadblock of sitting around and reminiscing about that "good old days." Critique kills the parts of nostalgia that function for nothing else but to romanticize the past. Censoring or revising documentation of the past makes it easier to gloss over the memories of fuckedness and create a fake past utopia. People who weren't actually there look at this sanitized happy version of the past and long for it, try to recreate it. A revival is born and all the bullshit of it happens again. By documenting and presenting the past accurately and clearly we can do what we learned in middle school. We can avoid repeating history. Keep the challenge alive and shit. Realize that we're real.



This Fucking City...

I'm going to spend the next 2000 or so words expounding on "Police Story" by BLACK FLAG and why it's the greatest goddamned song of all time. Part of the previous sentence is true. I won't be writing a whole column about it but, if I was forced to pick one all-time favorite song, that would be it. I'd even say I like the Rollins/Damaged version the best, with Dez's from LET THEM EAT JELLYBEANS a close second. And there's a raging Target Video clip of the song that's easily found on YouTube. Dez is signing on that one, too. The song encapsulates everything that was great about FLAG in one-minute and thirty-two seconds—the burst of feedback, the crash of the drums and Rollins (or Dez) bellowing *"This fuckin' city's run by pigs!"* while accompanied by pure fucking *burn*. Considering the amount of police harassment BLACK FLAG were subjected to, the song was borne of experience.

I had my own little "run-in," if you want to call it that, with the law a few months ago. It was trivial compared to what I'm sure many of my devoted readers have experienced, to say nothing of individuals who are constantly the target of police oppression. I was driving into Boston on Rt. 1, the highway into the city, minding my own business and I didn't even notice for a moment a state trooper was behind me with the blue lights going, until he sounded the siren. Since I wasn't speeding, I had no idea what it was about. Turns out I had a tail-light out. He comes up to the car, asks for the requisite license and registration and asks why I'm so nervous. Because I'm not used to getting pulled over, dipshit! I didn't call him that, of course. Then he starts asking me if I've ever been arrested (nope). He goes back to the cruiser and it's taking forever and I'm wondering what the hell is going on. I see a tow-truck show up and I'm thinking, uh-oh, I'm going to get arrested for something.

It turns out my license had expired in February (this was June) and I'd neglected to renew it. They don't send out license renewals anymore and I didn't know it was time. Anyway, he said he wasn't going to arrest me but they'd have to tow my car and I couldn't drive until getting it renewed. He gave me a summons to appear in court and told me it'd probably get dismissed. Luckily, I'd pulled into the parking lot of a car detailing business and, since I couldn't get hold of Ellen, they were nice enough to call a cab for me and I didn't have to wait in the rain, either. That was $35 down the drain right there. Then I had to bum a ride to the registry from my 85-year-old neighbor Manny and that was an adventure in itself. Manny's the greatest neighbor in the world (so is his wife Kay) but let's just say his driving skills have diminished a bit and he also took the most ridiculously roundabout way to get there. I got in and out of the registry fairly briskly—maybe half an hour. And even though the picture is incredibly awful, I kept it instead of having them take another one because I wanted to get the fuck out of there. I figure the dour, frustrated expression on my face will be a good reminder to make sure I get the damned license renewed again in 2017. I finally got Ellen on the phone and she drove me to the tow lot to bail out my car—$131.53. Add on $50 for the renewal (although I would have had to pay that anyway) and we're talking over $200. Then I replaced the light and everything was hunky dory after that. My court date was on one of the hottest days of the summer and they kept me waiting a while to see the magistrate, but I was in and out of there in under three minutes. I have no criminal record and just a few tickets—the last one was over seven years ago. He knew it was an honest mistake that I hadn't renewed the license.

As I said, I didn't get arrested and I very well could have been if I'd been stopped anywhere else. We'd been to Maine the previous weekend. Who knows what might have happened if I encountered some small-town cop? So the statie gave me a break that way, although that didn't stop him from fishing through my glove compartment or the compartment where I keep my tapes, while I was talking to the tow driver. It was a total fishing expedition. The entire stop was a fishing expedition in fact. And let's be blunt—if I wasn't a middle-aged white guy with no prior arrests, but instead was a person of color or matched some other "profile," there's little doubt I would have been arrested. Good ol' white privilege working in my favor.

So after I got home, take a wild guess at what song was immediately posted to that well-known social networking page? Now sing along: "This fuckin' city is run by pigs/They take the rights away from all the kids..."

***

MEANWHILE, ON THE TURNTABLE...

Manchester, NH—home of the Union Leader, one of the most right-wing papers in the US. Home of Channel 9, which once featured a children's host named Uncle Gus, who didn't

seem to like children all that much. And home of the ABORTION SQUAD, a hardcore trio who started as a punk band called the BY-PRODUX, but caught the hardcore bug. They recorded a 20+ song demo in 1983 and it's just been given a limited vinyl pressing on French label Who Cares. (full disclosure—I had the source tape for this release and did the 'rip' myself—unfortunately, there's some tape hiss. I was hoping the guy releasing it would fix it up. It still came out sounding fairly clear). Very much "of-its-time," with a fast thrash sound—some might call it generic—punctuated by buzzsaw guitar, 1-2-1-2 drumming and standard anti-authoritarian sentiments—"No Authority No Rules" was their anthem of sorts and there's no missing the point of "Fuck You Ronnie," "Stupid Jerk" (unfortunate use of the word "faggot") and "Pledge Allegiance." There was something of an outsider kinship with bands like PSYCHO, CANCEROUS GROWTH and, a bit later, PTL KLUB. Bands that weren't really accepted by the Boston hardcore elite but built up followings away from the city. An endearing grittiness though, far from top tier. Sadly, a few days before writing this, I found out that the band's vocalist/guitarist Pat Landry passed away after a long battle with cancer. He was only 48. I always liked seeing these guys play and I offer my condolences to his family and friends.

Also on Who Cares is a one-sided 7" by the NIGHT STALKERS. Fast, '82-inflected rough and tumble hardcore going the "punk-noxious" route i.e. dicey lyrics exuding drugging, drinking, killing, etc. Yes, they have a song called "True Punk Fags" and I imagine that's going to disqualify this record for some of ya. They're definitely suffering from a case of arrested development and/or it's just good ol' fashioned button-pushing. Yeah, we get it, punk shock value. Pretty stupid. It's one of those records I almost hate myself for liking. (www.whocaresrecords.com)

Nada Nada Discos, from Brazil, sent along a generous package of records—two LPs and four 7"s (some of them have been out for awhile). The first is a reissue of a split live album, *Ao Vivo No Lira Paulistana*, featuring RATOS DE PORAO and COLERA, recorded in 1985 as part of three-day event to mark the release of COLERA's first album. Raw, warts'n'all performances by both bands. RDP did the show as a three-piece, during a time that main mouth Gordo wasn't in the band. Revved-up thrash with a strong DISCHARGE influence at times. COLERA's songs have a slightly more tuneful quality and they keep the speed to a moderate clip. Sound quality is acceptable but I'd still say it's more of a historical document than anything essential, but that's just my bias about live albums in general. I wouldn't have minded being at this show, of course. I did manage to see RDP on their only US tour (a whopping total of five dates in 2000) and they were completely raging.

O INIMIGO ply a mid-to-late '80s DC sound on their album *Imaginário Absoluto*. It's musically solid, taking cues from EMBRACE, DAG NASTY and RITES OF SPRING (the bass-lines, in particular) but the over-the-top vocals—akin to an over-caffeinated Rob Pennington from BY THE GRACE OF GOD—are often excruciating and nearly sink the whole thing. It's a shame because the songs manage to blend, brawn with a strong melodic sense.

As for the 7"s, there's another reissue, INOCENTES' 1983 debut *Miséria E Fome*. As the liner notes explain, thirteen songs were recorded but only four made it past the censors. The one track on side A, "Apenas Conto O Que Eu Vi" is a mid-tempo punk buzzer and the three on the flip take a thrash route. Raw, gritty and no doubt reflecting the repression they endured at the time. Meanwhile, SPEED KILLS offer up blistering D-beat hardcore with the usual hallmarks—feedback/distortion wrangling on the guitar, hoarse vocals and a full-speed ahead approach. FUTURO provide a change of pace with "Sair De Mim" and "Destrói Você" on their three-song EP. A melodic wash to go along with the punk punch and Mila's pealing vocals. The final song, "Mãos Atada," a cover of a song by fellow Brazilians B.U.S.H., is a brief buzz-burst. Finally, VENENO LENTO have a hearty and tuneful punk sound. I hesitate to call it 'street punk' but there's a streetwise, singalong quality to it. The gruff vocals do strain at times. Otherwise, not bad. (Nada Nada Discos, www.nadadiscos.com)

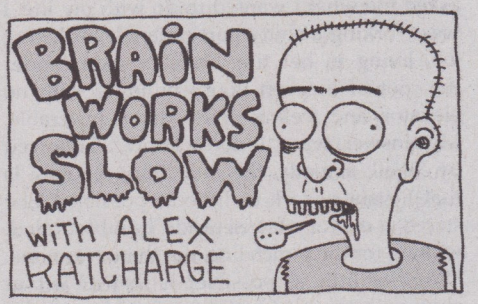
I'm sure a good number of you have heard of CRAZY SPIRIT. There's nearly an aura or mystique surrounding this band and it might make people skeptical, but I'm happy to report their debut album is an absolute killer, from the superb packaging to the musical contents. This disc comes tucked inside a heavy stock, screened sleeve and is accompanied by a poster and booklet, with some eye-catching sketches and artwork. They also have a unique, fresh musical approach. Sick and raspy vocals—sometimes buried in the mix—buzz-stun guitar and clattering, galloping beats that turn this into something of a hardcore hoedown. For something different, "What Have I Become?" the penultimate song, features creepy-sounding instrumentation with weird percussion and nearly subliminal vocals. This record is just about certain to end up in my top 10 of 2012. CRAZY SPIRIT's (and this label's) records can be tough to find, as many of you no doubt know, but it's worth the effort. They live up to the hype or whatever you want to call it. (Toxic State, toxicstate.blogspot.com)

FLIP SHIT is from upstate New York (near Rochester) and their *Outgoing Rockers* 7" is a good mix of hardcore, punk and rock'n'roll. The opening song on this disc is a power-packed snot-rocker called "Amerika" and, if you didn't realize the tongue was very deeply in cheek, you might take lyrics like "This is my land/go get your own/call it ethnic cleansing/I call it cleaning my home," something that was conjured up by a performer at a teabagger rally. And I'm sure at least some of the people attending the recent Republican convention would shake their heads in agreement, completely missing the point. Most of these songs explore speedier territory and they create some heady hardcore punk rocknrollarama. (Reel Time, 1087 Clinton Ave. S, No. 3, Rochester, NY 14620, reeltimerecordss.bigcartel.com)

UTAH JAZZ is from the same neck of the woods as FLIP SHIT. Their self-titled 7" isn't jazz, but some offbeat, engaging punk weirdness. Don't let the hippie-looking front cover drawing fool ya. At the core, there's a wild garage punk influence and, I swear to god, I never thought I'd like a punk song that has flute on it, but that applies to "Contact Low". It also shows up on "Florida," which does have a psych-rock headiness. The opening instrumental "Lookin' Like Howwywood" sounds like PUSSY GALORE on a speed bender. Utah Jazz's trebly sound will gnash its way into your heart. The band includes Brandon from BROWN SUGAR. (Feral Kid, feralkidrecords.com)

And, finally, there's the hell-raising metal/hardcore/rock'n'roll by Japanese band SUPER FRISKY on their debut album *For Buddy*. The band is comprised of people from AKUTARE, JUDGEMENT and TESTU-ARREY (and the late, great Chelsea from PAINTBOX was an original member and wrote the songs). The lead-off song "No" mines "The Hammer" by MOTÖRHEAD for all it's worth, but this most certainly is *not* a tribute album and little else copies that blueprint. Yoko's vocals soar and sometimes flutter and, after a deluge of Japanese bands with gravel-voiced growlers, her timbre is a refreshing and distinguishing factor. The band's full-bore attack doesn't mess with excess, either. High-powered, high-energy rock that's meant to be cranked up really high. Yeah, I know some of you are groaning over that line but it's advice well-worth heeding. (Burai Core, buraicore.blogspot.com)

Al Quint, PO Box 43, Peabody, MA 01960, suburbanvoice@earthlink.net, www.sonicoverload.net, subvox.blogspot.com



"This is very important—to take leisure time. Pace is the essence. Without stopping entirely and doing nothing at all for great periods, you're gonna lose everything. Whether you're an actor, anything, a housewife...there has to be great pauses between highs, where you do nothing at all. You just lay on a bed and stare at the ceiling. (...) And I don't mean having profound thoughts. I mean having

no thoughts at all. Without thoughts of progress, without any self-thoughts of trying to further yourself. Just...like a slug. It's beautiful." (Charles Bukowski, 1987)

The other day one of my friends told me that these columns o' mine have kinda started to suck lately, and who am I to argue? Mind you, the guy isn't some kind of shit-talking machine but a respectable human punk, so I listened and nodded. After all, one thing I know is that writing isn't different from music which isn't different from anything else in this world—if you wanna achieve something, anything, you gotta work hard, and if you fail, well, you gotta work harder and longer. No mystery here, talent is bullshit, work is everything. And there's no denying that I haven't exactly been hard at work in 2012 so far, as far as writing goes. So yeah. Columns suck. Cry me a river.

The idea that you gotta put lots of effort into your zine (or column, or band, etc) for it to be any good isn't that popular in the punk scene in France, or at least it didn't seem to be when I was growing up. "The French way" to do punk stuff seemed to be the opposite of "the Black Flag way," meaning the American way, or the Japanese way, i.e. treat your band like it's the most important thing in your life, flush your social life down the toilets for it, make sacrifices for it, fuck, go and die for it if it's gonna make the songs sound any better. Over here the idea that laziness is a defendable value is pretty ingrained into punks' minds, or so it seems. You see people wearing patches simply and proudly spelling the word LAZY in capitals, with a circle round the "A". What the fuck, right? No wonder this music of ours sucked for so long. We're paid by the State to do nothing. We are the Welfare Punks, spending half our time in bed and the other drinking cheap beer. Fuck us. We won't achieve shit.

This year I've worked full time for six months in a row, the longest I've ever been employed. My previous record was five months. Ten years ago I remember getting into an argument with my then-girlfriend when she asked me what I wanted to do with my life. I was working a shitty part-time telemarketing job, living in her tiny Parisian room under the roof of a seven floory building with no elevator, and feeling pretty damn miserable. My answer was "I don't know." Followed by "Well, actually, the only thing I know is that I wanna work as little as possible." She stared at me for a few seconds, dumbfounded, waiting for the punch line, but there was none. "Work as little as possible? Is that it? Is that your only project for the future? No wonder you're depressed!" Of course she was kinda rightfully pissed, working as she was for both of us, paying our rent so that I could spend my afternoons writing dumb fanzines about Spanish anarchists and Swedish poseurs in her room while she was looking after two rich brats ten hours a day, which drove her insane. Fair enough.

Save for my poor girlfriend, most of the people I was surrounded by seemed to agree with me. There was the world-famous sticker/ patch/ book cover/ whatever that featured a drawing of a peaceful-looking person lying in bed with the catchphrase "I didn't go to work today… I don't think I'll go tomorrow", there was Crass singing "Do they owe us a living, of course they do, of course they do" and there were all my friends, The Proudly Unemployed, pretending their laziness was political but still living with their parents and finding endless excuses for it. Down the street, one of my best friends would punch his dad in the face whenever he told him to get a job, which is pretty fucking extreme when you think about it, especially considering that he was still living at said dad's place, 23 years of age and not having the slightest desire to build anything or even to find a place of his own and stop living off his folks' hard-earned cash.

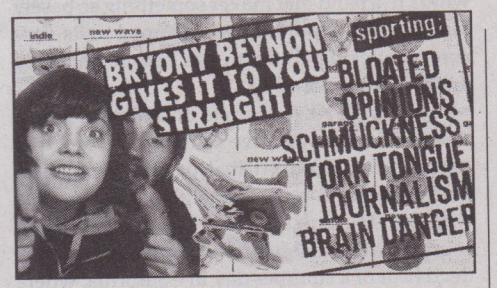
And then there were the anarchists, the squatters, who were trying to build another world from scratch, not on the ruins of the old one but right in the core of it, like trying to play a heartfelt protest song with tiny amps and no PA in the same room where an extremely loud heavy metal band with professional gear is still jamming. Sure you'll annoy them, but they'll still be louder, they'll still win in the end. A noble fight, even if it felt like a lost cause. Still, the squatters were the ones with the most realistic view of leisure, of "doing nothing"—they liked to defend laziness but they were building things, making efforts; in one word, working. Entire days were spent chilling, drinking beers in the sun, smoking rollies and reading pamphlets in messy gardens full of weeds and self-managed vegetables, but other weeks were dedicated to building the benches on which to sit, planting those veggies and writing those pamphlets, not to mention the act of opening and running the squat, dealing with the authorities and all the other hard stuff associated with this way of living. Call these people lazy and I'll call you a fool. It's all about balance, baby.

Basically I think the term laziness is misinterpreted by a lot of people around here. For instance when Bukowski talks about the virtues of leisure, he's obviously fucking with us—here's a guy who published six novels, about a dozen collections of short stories and countless poetry books, telling us that doing nothing is the way to go? You know how hard it is to write a good short story? A good novel? That shit's a full-time job, not in the sense of "working eight hours and going home to chill with your wife" but more like a "work all day, work all night" type deal. So many people dream of writing a book, so few are ready to put in the necessary work and sacrifices… Just like so many people want their band to be groundbreaking, yet wouldn't miss a minute of their time spent socializing at the bar to stay alone in their rooms trying to find good riffs. I think what Bukowski's talking about when mentioning the importance of doing "nothing at all" is more a critique of the hectic, bullshit contemporary way of life, wherein people are so afraid of silence and loneliness that they constantly need some kind of distraction, no matter what it is (TV, internet, people, music, alcohol, food, you name it). Socializing is important, but so is enjoying one's own company, not freaking out when left alone. What's there to be scared of? Facing our own thoughts? One shouldn't feel emptiness when left alone. A good way of doing "nothing at all" is to meditate, but that's probably too hippie for most of you, so I won't even start.

Make no mistake; what I'm doing here, essentially, is trying to convince myself to get to work. I'm a lazy bastard, as anyone who knows me will attest—I enjoy doing fuck all, getting up late, spending hours talking shit on benches, all that good stuff, but as far as my relationship to work goes, it's not that I hate it per se, it's just that I can't stand being bossed around and doing meaningless chores for the benefit of someone else. Of course that's the very definition of the word "work" for most people, and it was for me too until a few years ago. Like most French punks, I hated the very word, until I realized that if I wanted to write better, I was gonna have to kick my own ass and spend a lot more time alone, in front of the computer, and *work* on it. Either that, or I'd never progress. It's one thing to be against the notion of work as sold to us by "the system," it's another to proudly achieve nothing at all, like, ever. Duh. Life is short punk, so do something with it—this is what I'm trying to tell myself here, after a full day of sitting around naked in my room blasting the recently reissued *Oddities* 2xLP by the Clean that I bought last week in Barcelona, the mandatory Meat Thump 7" on Negative Guest List records and the Flip Shit 7" that some dude from Rochester was nice enough to send me as some kinda promo thingy (Hint: get all these records, you won't regret it.)

The massive heat-wave outside isn't helping but I gotta look for a new job, a new apartment, write that goddamn novel and find new ways of keeping punk exciting for myself. Because that's the thing, for me, as far as this punk shit goes—if you stop being an active participant, if you stop *working* on it, punk quickly becomes stale, boring, tedious; if you got a critical mind it quickly becomes hell, as you watch other people shape this thing in ways that drive you mad. And with writing, it's even worse, 'cause the only sure way to become better is to write every day, write all the time, write reviews and emails and letters and short stories you'll throw away the next day, write anything but write, write, write, otherwise you'll lose the momentum and you'll be the only one to blame. That's pretty much what I told my mate after he mentioned the lack of quality in those columns lately, and especially when he asked if I had considered stopping writing them: no I haven't, I'll just

work harder to make them better again, and if I fail, feel free to send me hate mail.
ratcharge@gmail.com



This month I promised to talk about some more of the girl bands on KBD comps, but first something else. It's autumn in London right now, and the Olympic circus continues. I've served up enough bile on that subject in this column, so it feels only right to give you a disclosure: Last night I went to the Athletics final of the Paralympic Games. As in, physically attended, with a ticket. If you had told me two months ago that I would be sat in a stadium with 90,000 other people watching men bounce at lightspeed across track with blades where their legs never were, or fixated on the brute strength of an Algerian women wearing their national colours on her hijab while annihilating the Javelin event, I might well have raised an eyebrow, so entirely riddled with scepticism was my attitude to the whole shebang.

Here's the thing, cuz I also found myself stood to attention with those 90,000 others, to the Cuban, Chinese and Russian national anthems as they played, those of every other gold medallist, something equally worthy of comment. The overwhelming feeling spilling out from under every branded corner was one of exhilarating hope, humanity and embracing of difference. For a second disability felt collectively destigmatized, celebrated, redefined and exploded. It gave me hope to realize that for all the intensely overinscribed and corporatized gleam the whole event still had, what people actually felt was a sense of shared humanity and marvel at human endurance and ability to overcome adversity. They might have had millions in sponsorship from MacDonalds, but plenty of Dads had still brought their own sandwiches. They had light up screens and magazines, but there were still free photocopied hastily assembled almost zine-like handouts of the event schedule given out by volunteers. No logos. Total brand failure, unconscious subversions where you least expect. And that's before we talk about the fact that the politicians selected as dignitaries (ha) to give out medals were enthusiastically jeered and boo'd at not once but every, single, time. A spontaneous, crowd-led ritual humiliation for power that felt something, for a second, like justice.

The problem, of course, being that this "ability" to overcome adversity is massively dependent on where you happen to have been born. Moreso that that, in intensely problematic to the point of are-you-having-a-fucking-laugh-mate' land, is that a major sponsor of this corporate lycra fest also hold the contract to assess British disabled people's disability benefits entitlement. Thus, they routinely sentences people to a slow death by ruling that despite, I don't know, having cancer or no limbs, they're "legally able" to and therefore should be looking to work. It's a weird spectrum of moral dissonance whereby on the one hand the media lionize these incredible athletes, while on the other putting forward endless stereotypes of disabled people scrounging off the state and shirking work, painting an entire part of society as being apocryphal "benefits scroungers." It's fucked. I appreciate these are alien ideas to readers in countries where there is much less or no welfare state to speak of, and indeed no one seems to have joined the dots as to the level of free healthcare in a country being proportional to their representation in these games, but still, imagine if you'd had a brilliant system for sixty years, one thing to be proud of from a lost past, and it was being set on fire then pissed on and then stomped on some and pissed on some more by some rich, smug posh pricks literally in sight of where I am sat right now.

Less I fall victim to an evening of directionless rage, I feel that I need to disclose that I am listening to the fucking Beatles right now (let's not talk about it, I forgot I had a record my mum gave me when I was fourteen, some serious club bangers) and feeling pretty zen, so let's get on with what I'm here to talk about this month. A weird corner to have painted myself into, but nonetheless, it appears it's the turn of Austrian and Swiss punk, all three of these bands had a lady running things up front.

First, Let's talk about "Schund" by **Schund**, who made their first and only record, *Laut Speilen*, in 1982. Firstly, calling a song after your band is a winning move regardless of what music you play. Secondly, an amusing fact: one of the bands based in our house covered this with aplomb, without a clue to the real/exact lyrics beyond endless repeated listens. It doesn't matter—it's that sort of jam. So, Schund were four miscreants from the literal streets of Austria, and that beguiling bark is from the mouth of one Doris Schund. Apparently *Laut Speilen* was recorded in a squat using a Sony Walkman with a mic input, and then Doris singing over that afterwards.

Doris lived in a squatted building called the GAGA (shortened from its address on GasserStrasse) which was a huge network stretching across four city blocks. I say squat, but in the European tradition the demands for free cultural space had been heeded by the state, so GAGA's heat, light and maintenance bills were all subsidized. The squat was so big that it had its own carpentry shop, a cobbler, a bricklayer, no less than three pubs as well as of course, a huge gig space with a network of practice spaces. There was also a *school* (!) where the former hippies that lived there before the punks taught their children. Interestingly, Doris said in an interview I read that the punks in Vienna at that time were not political ("although obviously we weren't Nazis") as "we felt we couldn't have a policy, because we sang 'No future' and if you have policy you must think of the future." However at the same time they were 'always at the demos' organized by the hippies living at GAGA too—whole civilizations within buildings.

In an interview, Doris talks about how she got into punk, seeing pictures of postcard punks in London and trying to color her hair with felt-tip marker pens as they couldn't get colored dye in Austria. In the summer of 1979 she hitched over to London on a free bus ostensibly to train how to be a Red Cross Youth volunteer, but with the ulterior motive of meeting as many punks as she could. She struck up friendships with various Kings Road punks and they would come and visit at the GAGA and she went back to London many times. Schund all lived at GAGA, writing and playing and recording there, and every single record cover was hand printed by Doris who was shown how to use the screen by the in-house screen printing expert! but split up in 1983 when the Austrian authorities cleared the squat for demolition and she was extradited back to Germany. These days she works in a cooperatively run education project.

Glueams were from Bern, Switzerland. They're primarily known, if at all, for that song "Mental" which got some John Peel airplay and is, it must be said, an absolute banger. They had three singles in total, but the "Mental" B-side "365" was on that irritatingly titled *My Girlfriend Was a Punk* comp (oh good, have a cookie) and is a way poppier one that seems to have dulled the dirtbag edge off of Dorette's killer vocals, which are sung in the border-crossing dialect of "SchwizerDuutsch"' A discography LP of all three singles including the live one came out a couple of years back I am sure—missed the boat on that though and haven't seen it since.

Manisch Depressiv were included on KBD 7 in '93, and there's a lot more talk about which corrugated cardboard sleeve record is legit and which are bootlegs, than there is about what a totally killer record it is and whether, in fact, this is the high point of all drum-free punk. The whole record is the documented sound of this crazy power couple just going wild and out for a literally all over the place splurge of anti-songs that seem to fall into each other like two wastoid punkers should. Worth a Youtube, don't sweat the scum stats. By the way, as this was the guitarist from noted swiss shitz TNT's side project, a lot of blogs seem to reference the woman singing as being Sara Schär, also from TNT, but the vocals in MD are actually done by Gigia, Dani's girlfriend, two entirely different women. The more you know.

Next time we might just talk bands of this ilk from Southern Europe, or I might relapse into navel gazing. You'll see.

Sometimes you honestly wonder why nerds treat certain things with such cult reverence. Masturbating to the altar of hardcore records is no different than doing so with trading cards and whatever-the-fuck else in more ways than not. That said, I'm still greatly happy that someone of this character carved the time out of their rituals to reissue the WRETCHED / INDIGESTI split 7". Dylan, from SPIRITUAL WARRIORS and GUN OUTFIT said in a recent interview I did with the former, talked about his appreciation of bands (specifically singers) who "sound like they know they're going to die sometime." When I read that line I thought immediately of this record. Its minimalist packaging and overall crudity is indicative of a kind of punk that is only viewed through historical time frames now. This kind of abundance of spirit and void of resources does not really exist as hardcore is largely a first-world phenomenon for sheep and alienated intelligentsia at this point in time. Wretched are the epitome of anti-art at this point in their existence, a crude blast of industrial-esque roars and clamoring with belligerent vocals, firing off like machine gun rounds against mustard gas. Part of their appeal is that bands like that simply do not exist anymore; if they did they'd be ruined by the paradigm shifts in resources that exists in the information age, and nobody would give a fuck about their earnestness. They are particularly interesting for their unique positioning in time where resources were limited and politics were not inflected with the according cynicism of absurdity and defeat. INDIGESTI are more plausible candidates for modern-day companions, as their primary concern is to make lively, searing noise that tears apart rationality as best it can. "Mai" is the first song I ever heard by the band, probably through shoddy downloading sources at some point in my early teens, and it still hits just as hard. They play with the genuine reckless abandon of despairing teenagers—in other words, great hardcore punk. In spite of all privileged cynicism that is easy to display through punk, there is a remarkable appeal to the kind of political urgency presented by records like this one. It's all energy and feeling.

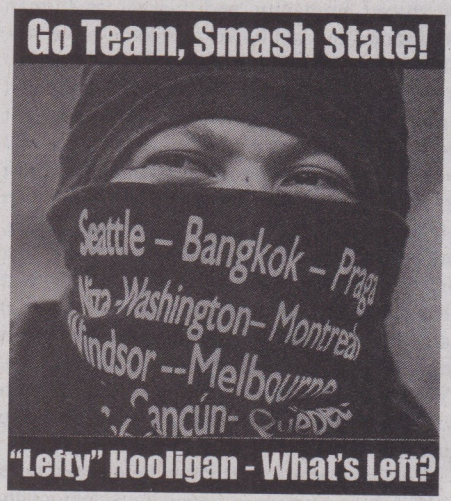
ILEGAL are the closest modern parallel to the antiquated politico-hardcore distinction of the olden days, met only by the hordes of killer Spanish bands that continually kick the asses of those who choose to pay attention. Their music has the rabid urgency of army-deserters on the run, it sounds like a channeling of negative energy that acknowledges itself as that, rather than a posturing of complete cynicism like us yanks often try to convey. Their new 7" on Lengua Armada is their shortest release yet, defying their tendency towards economical 33rpm players, but it has the classic power of a three-song hardcore record, and is the perfect predecessor to their monstrous LP released this year as well, which I'm not even going to attempt to write about yet. They are remarkably good musicians and songwriters, and mask this well by smearing an electrified intensity all over their recordings, conveying only overwrought emotion—no musical wankery. These three songs in particular have the kinda dynamic that tickles my fancy just right, the whole band working on the same wavelength of volatile rhythms, so there ain't a shard of uniformity. With a catalog as decorated as theirs, there is really no picking favorites though. How 'bout that? I don't know what the status of the band is after their European tour that may or may not be happening right now, but I'm kicking myself for never seeing them live. I hear they sound best when playing in small, sweaty confines that draw blood—no surprise there.

GOOSEBUMPS literally draw blood. They present the perfect blast of degenerate cynicism to scare off anybody that postures under such an unglamorous banner—shredding apart life until it's nothing but a thread before suicide. They're all dumb rage, completely indiscriminate. This is the kind of music that comes out of imaginations calloused by the ugliness of a place like New York City. They sound not only like they know they're gonna die, but that they may die the moment the feedback cuts at the end of their 7". The guitar is all-blind slashing—obtuse *scree* and *skronk*, vocals are all Neanderthal growls and the rhythm section is all drugged frenzy. The record summed up in a line from it—"every time I wake up, I wanna die." There is no band comparison necessary, I still stand to my original description of their noise: the embodiment of what 'hardcore' connotes to.

Every time the mouth-breathers in SCHOOL JERKS put out a record they seem to degenerate further into their own hole, sloshing around in a puddle of their own making but somehow tightening up their backbeat and filing their teeth sharper. The riffs get tauter, stopping and starting on a dime under the lash of schizophrenically disciplined drumming. Through the righteous process of years of hardcore indoctrination, they've developed the sort of familiarity with what makes the mutants stomp, that helps them create these songs that contain everything you seek out of your sprawling collection of rarities in brilliant little fragments. Their approach is just stark and crooked enough to create a stripped vision of reality that is all disgust and dumbfounded rage. I don't want to diminish their success in creating their own sound, but this 12" runs a perfect parallel to everything I like about *Damaged* when listening to it in 2012, except it was made now and for that it hits below the belt even more so. It's hard to bring deserving words to a band that makes something so basely familiar, this is punk music stripped to its very core, conveying all the things you instinctively know it is supposed to.

CULTURE KIDS operate on a similar plane. Their 12" is a primitive hardcore record that captures the kind of tribal urgency unique to disenfranchised and alienated young people with their backs against the wall. This recording sounds like it was left to fry on a sewage cap in the dead heat of a summer day in California, where it was made. This is the kind of music made by people who drive around in decrepit cars that rattle and hiss like third-generation dubs of hardcore comps, the trunk filled with barely useable skateboards, the passengers throwing beer-empties and flicking cigarettes and roaches at well-dressed pedestrians. Hardcore played as it was originally formulated—ugly, simple, violent and extremely urgent with the desire to smear something unsavory all over whomever dares to approach it. It sounds timeless. They know how to write songs, they sound genuine and they play with the ignorant, Spartan urgency of morons who couldn't possibly imagine doing anything else with their time. Just how it should be. I hope all the members are on probation; otherwise I'd feel duped. They have great song titles, like "Jungle Beat," "Psychiatrist," "Annexation of Puerto Rico," "Blood & Guts" and "The Ritual of Misdirected Energy".

Distort mag's term of phrase "Cult Hardcore" gets thrown around a lot where it shouldn't be, but it applies to all the bands I've talked about here: they build their own vivid image of reality but operate under familiar pretenses, these are records that don't startle or unsettle you with their innovation, but rather disarm you with their immediacy and familiarity. They provide a dead stare right into what was already inside, a damn reputable thing for a music-band to do.
c/o: eggmangel@gmail.com.



Doctors Without Borders. Lawyers Without Borders. Engineers Without Borders. These

are three of the best known "Without Borders" international NGOs. They're among a varied field that includes Action Without Borders, Cars Without Borders, Magicians Without Borders, Words Without Borders, etc., etc. But there isn't any Business Without Borders, or Capitalism Without Borders because, frankly, these are redundant terms. Google them, and you get, as top listing, an HSBC bank/holding company web page which talks about "helping businesses grow internationally." Again, a somewhat redundant concept. According to Marx, from its very inception and by its very nature, capitalism expands beyond all national borders, relentlessly and inexorably, through international commerce, colonialism, imperialism and globalization. And indeed, modern capitalism is replete with international features--multinational corporations; globalized markets, labor, and finance; transnational flows of information and capital.

Now comes the tricky part. You see, just because capitalism necessarily goes beyond national borders doesn't mean it supersedes nationalism or the nation-state. The idea that it can is what I call capitalist utopianism. An example is that, when tensions between European countries were building toward war prior to 1914, a number of intellectuals insisted that capitalism had so interwoven the national economies of Europe that war was impossible and, indeed, unthinkable. Known as Manchester Liberalism in England, the theory was that international free trade would make wars impossible because nations would be prevented from becoming self-sufficient, a requirement for any prolonged war. Then came the first World War--with its mechanized, chemical and trench warfare--which proved to be one of the deadliest conflicts in human history that lasted over four years.

This capitalist utopianism persists in the über idealism of libertarianism, where free market capitalism solves all ills, from ending poverty and providing low-cost quality health care to insuring peace and preventing global warming. Libertarians like Ron Paul have made the equation explicit with respect to that bane of nationalism and the nation-state: war. International free trade equals world peace. Even the crypto-fascism of neoliberalism--which combines domestic privatization, deregulation and financialization with an aggressive, interventionist foreign policy--considers the forceful spread of democratic, neoliberal free market regimes to be the *sine qua non* of a new world order of international peace. Thankfully, libertarianism remains an untried experiment. As for neoliberalism, we have only to consider George W. Bush's prediction, about how overthrowing Saddam Hussein and installing democracy in Iraq would bring democracy to the entire Middle East as regime after regime fell like dominoes before the power of neoliberalism's democratic capitalism, to realize the absurdity of this utopian experiment. The Arab Spring, which allowed fundamentalist Islamic elements to come to the fore in the affected societies, has proven yet another negation of neoliberalist efforts.

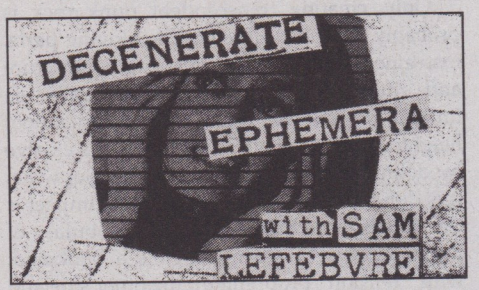
The fantasies of free market advocates aside, we do need to take note of two trends that seem to run counter to the exigencies of nationalism and the nation-state. The first is the tendency of capitalism to create supra-national blocks in developed regions of the world, what was once called the First World and which is now referred to as the Global North. Capitalism seems to foster transnational political and economic unification, from the very loose North American free trade zone under NAFTA's rubric, to the much more coherent European Economic Union that has morphed into the European Union. This is the case even as the EU experiences major problems that threaten its stability and the viability of the Eurozone. In the second tendency, global capitalism is witnessing the fracturing of existing nation-states into ever smaller units, and even failed states, in the underdeveloped regions of the world. This geography was once covered by the term the Third World, and is now called the Global South. The journalist Robert D. Kaplan described this well in his book *The Coming Anarchy: How scarcity, crime, overpopulation, tribalism, and disease are rapidly destroying the social fabric of our planet*, a cumbersome title that nevertheless aptly sets forth the main factors contributing to this disintegration of the nation-state. Whether these tendencies are long term, or temporary, remains to be seen.

These two tendencies, by the way, also run counter to the gross oversimplifications promulgated by the Left, which takes the opposite tack by blaming every social ill, from poverty to global warming, on capitalism. Marxism in general, and Leninism in particular, with a good deal of left anarchism thrown in for good measure, consistently defend the notion that something like war is due to capitalist competition for markets, or in the case of Lenin's *Imperialism, the Highest Stage of Capitalism*, to inter-imperialist rivalries. Nationalism and the nation-state are there, beneath the surface, but almost as an afterthought, powered almost entirely by the motor force of capitalism. In turn, certain anarchist tendencies will proclaim that "war is the health of the state," or that "patriotism is a menace to liberty," or that "nationalism is the weapon of the state," sometimes going so far as to subsume capitalism's internationalist tendencies to the requirements of nationalism and the nation-state. The transnational and disintegrative trends of capitalism described above mitigate against both Marxist and anarchist ideology.

Indeed, nationalism and the nation-state appear to have gotten the better of international socialism, whether Marxist or anarchist. In the days when "real, existing socialism" stretched from the Elbe River to the South China Sea, with outposts in Africa and the Caribbean, Stalin's "socialism in one country" was orthodoxy, and about the only folks socialist countries fought with and invaded were other socialist countries. Whether it was border clashes between the Soviet Union and Red China, or border clashes between Red China and Vietnam, or the Soviet Union invading Hungary and Czechoslovakia, or Vietnam invading Cambodia, the demands of nationalism and the nation-state trumped the internationalist pretensions of Marxist-Leninist socialism every time. As for anarchism, from the start its strident anti-nationalism did not include a critique of ethnic/national identity. Then, anarchism acquired a sympathy for and a support of national liberation struggles, socialist or otherwise. Finally, anarchism developed a balls-out national anarchist tendency under the syncretic influence of neofascism.

Don't get me wrong. Socialism--whether Marxist, Leninist, or anarchist--hasn't made much of a dent against capitalism, either. Capitalism is the economic system, *de facto* or *de jure*, the world over. Capitalist globalization is the reality, whether we like it or not. Capital and the nation have managed to kick socialism to the curb, historically speaking. Whether or not capital has kicked the nation to the curb is still up in the air. This is not to say that capitalism, any more than nationalism or the nation-state, is natural and inevitable. However, you have to acknowledge what is, in order to comprehend what might be.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@mac.com.



The new Diat 7" on Iron Lung records is a fine offering of post-punk that doesn't sacrifice unnerving sinuousness for muscularity, a quality I admire in the genre. However, this isn't intended as a vacant plug for a little record I like. Diat was formed in Berlin for the sole purpose of opening for Total Control. It's the context of Diat's formation and the questions raised by it that inspires me to discuss them here. Does Diat's formation make the group disposable or more vital? I don't know how well the group performed at that show or if the response prompted them to continue performing under the moniker. The tidbit of information I've gleaned about the band might only be press release schlock concocted to sell records by associating the band with a currently

trending group. All of that is irrelevant to this passage, though; because it is precisely how little I know that set me upon this trajectory.

For me, the context of a punk band's existence is of utmost interest. As soon as a record resonates with my psyche, I begin to wonder what city the band is from, what gear they use, whether it was ill-gotten, what vehicle they tour, how many tracks they recorded on and in how little time with what sort of environmental impediments working against them, etc. Enjoying Diat's record and then learning the purported nature of their beginnings is perplexing because it is relatively abnormal. Is there so much tension because the band members could only stand each other long enough to track two songs? What sort of pressure arises when a group has only one show to leave an indelible mark? How deliberately tailored is their music considering who they formed to open for? Each question I write spawns a flurry of others. That's it, I won't speculate anymore. I'm going to ask Diat some questions and publish them in my next column. None of this is meant to disparage Diat or question the validity of their intentions, only to explore the nature of context.

***

"Transcendent" is a term tossed around by music critics very often, and while it may smack of self-indulgent rhetoric, it is still a quality I search for in punk and every other genre. By definition, it essentially indicates something beyond the limits of ordinary experience. In music, it can be thought of as a combination of sounds that has an emotional or spiritual impact greater than the mere sum of its parts. For me, this is what qualifies exceptional pop, punk, hardcore and klezmer.

Only, creating transcendent punk rock is probably the most difficult. The moving parts, instrumentation, fidelity, song length/structure and musical proficiency are generally so limited in punk that reaching this convoluted, heightened state of effectiveness that is elusive by definition is especially daunting. So, when it is done, the inexplicable emotional impact is that much more baffling. In my vocabulary of punk praises, "Transcendent" is a book-end, with "Tension" propping up the other side and "Feral" somewhere in the middle. Of course, if those assets are accounted for on a record and the entire thing conveys some "Duality," then I'm a devotee. Another column waxed on duality earlier this year though.

***

7-Inches to Freedom is undoubtedly the finest half-size punk zine I've come across in this country. Its latest issue, a landmark #10, contains all of the insight and vitality I've come to expect from its publisher and his esteemed stable of contributors, and then some. Notably, a collection of "First Record" stories, including an account of greatly missed *Maximum* columnist DX's first hardcore 7". Particularly enticing about this issue is the layout and printing, however. Offset printed in primarily red ink, the grit, cut 'n paste headers and rub-off lettering asserts the content with all the more conviction, imbuing the blood red passion of its editor and inherent violence of the music covered.

***

By the time this column runs, *Degenerate* #11 will be circulating. Spreadsheets, interviews and scrappy ephemera on Synthetic ID, Mars' Mark Cunningham and Musk can be expected, along with the obligatory reviews and pontificating that at least a few readers have come to expect. Copies will be available through mail-order or along my band's five week tour route of the USA for $2 or $3 dollars. That price likely includes a button.

***

The scattershot nature of this month's column is reflective of my current state of mind. With a long tour in the near future, everything between now and then seems inconsequential. The effect of changing routine and throwing variables into the course of daily life is invigorating, though. Repetitive scheduling is a creative impediment. It ties into the discussion of Diat, really. Start a band in an unusual fashion with bizarre goals and we'll continue to overcome the oft-lamented lack of originality in punk. As in, develop an original *method* instead of attempting to conceptualize an original result. Iterate your manifesto. Suss out the hype.

PO Box 3272, Berkeley, CA 94703,
degeneratezine@gmail.com,
degenerateephemera.blogspot.com

Shack Up

It's not like unjustified fear is anything new in US political rhetoric, but this 2012 electoral cycle has really been a banner year for the kind of ignorant and hateful commentary that is meant to keep large swathes of the public—essentially, those of us who are not rich white cis men—on the defensive, responding to said statements rather than defining the terms of the debate for ourselves. We spend our time and energy locked in circles, swallowing our own tails, feeling defeated before we even begin.

Of course, that is not to say that pushing back against the Todd Akins, Paul Ryans and Jim Greers of the world—the bigots who want to retain their policymaking power at all costs—is not important. But it is only half of the picture. There is organizing to do, there are projects to develop, there are networks between community organizations to nurture, and somewhere in there we need to take care of our own hearts.

I'm not the only one who is feeling completely drained at this point in time; every conversation I have with a colleague or likeminded friend who pays attention to politics seems to go this route: "Do you feel like you just kind of can't even with the world right now? Yeah, me too." We turn off our blogs, stop reading the news for a moment, step away from our computers, stop having the same discussions over and over again because they are so draining to have. Not only do we live in a culture in which police (or those adopting police tactics, like George Zimmerman) claim that their murders and beatings and sexual assaults were justified (and many people believe them), not only do we live in a culture where rape victims are afraid to step forward because of the way we fear we will be treated by the system based on past precedent, not only do we live in a culture where unions are vilified for even daring to challenge an employer on something like the provision of health care for their employees, not only do we live in a culture where Black and Latin@ voter suppression is an obvious part of the right's political strategy—but we spend most of our energy trying to prove those things are even happening even when they're easily documentable, even to those within our own movements.

The feminist environments I grew up in, for instance, took as a given that mainstream feminism as we knew it had been a movement in which white cis women had been allowed to define the terms of rhetoric and spaces to privilege their own voices and exclude those of women of color and trans women. (There are any number of histories and personal memoirs that speak to these experiences.) We looked at the segregated nature of '70s feminism and looked forward to building a movement in which we would not replicate the mistakes of past generations. This is not to say that the feminism of the late '80s and early '90s did not have many of those same issues, but it was an environment in which those conversations flourished, in which we did not have to prove over and over again to those who were supposed to be our fellows that something documentable (and obviously wrong) was indeed happening. These days, I see those kinds of 101 conversations that are really a step backward happening everywhere all the time, as mainstream feminist websites delete comments that merely question where the voices and viewpoints of those who are not white cis women are. We live in a political environment where nuance is frowned upon (tl; dr), where the rise of Twitter as a news source has condensed sound bites even further into hashtags. The news cycle is absurdly quick these days—it's been speeding up since the invention of the newspaper, but these days it can be a matter of minutes. I think sometimes that's one of the reasons we have the same conversations over and over again so many times—because the amount of information out there is so enormous, and because the life cycle of the headline or the popular blog post is so

short, memory has to accommodate for both. Sloganeering becomes survival.

I'm not saying that the sky is falling or trying to say that *it was better then*—it was just different, and we have new media to contend with—as the music and publishing industries, both mainstream and DIY, struggle with electronic media, so does politics. Since Atwater days in particular, the US right wing has done a really phenomenal job of messaging, of introducing terms into the debate that end up defining the debate, of keeping the left wing on the ropes, attempting to make up the distance. This isn't a new critique by any means, but I see in this critique the source of my own personal exhaustion—it hurts to be having the same conversations over and over again about rape, about abortion, about police violence, about body autonomy, about economic justice. These are the subjects close to my heart, close to my own survival and the survival of people I love dearly, and when our survival is threatened in rhetoric and policy proposal by those who have the power to make the policies that will have very real impact in our lives, I start sending out SOS signals. Being in a state of constant SOS, constant vigilance, being tensed to fight every day, is beyond exhausting.

Fear motivates me too, in a way. It is a very different fear than the unjustified fear and hatred that motivates so many politicians. It is the constant fear that I live with that I will be attacked in my own home, walking down the street in any neighborhood, just because I exist—that amongst the members of my community there will be someone who will hurt someone else I love and that that community, much as the justice system at large, will not be supportive or understand. That is a fear that is wholly justified. As a white cis woman, my fear of being erased by someone hateful just because I exist is less than others, because there are not as many people who feel threatened by my presence enough to strike out or kill as there are for, say, someone like CeCe McDonald (you should read up on her case if you aren't familiar). The political environment constantly reminds me that not only my existence and autonomy are constantly being challenged but that the existence and autonomy of people I love dearly is constantly under attack. How do we hope to fight back, when we have such a disadvantage?

We go back to the basics. We organize, we talk, we have continued conversations where we listen to one another seriously and offer true help and solidarity to one another—not the kind of solidarity where you get what you came for and then you're gone, not the kind of solidarity that tramples some by capitalizing on the struggle of others—we need the kind of solidarity where those of us who have more resources offer without caveat those resources to others fighting against systemic marginalization while still respecting the ability of those others to organize themselves and build their own movement, the kind of solidarity that does not have ego. We start defining the terms of our political debate in-house ourselves, and then bring those terms to the public sphere. We need to figure out how we are going to use new media to our advantage without forgetting that some of us don't have as much access to technology as others. And we need to give ourselves time to rest, time to breathe, time to be light. We need to study our history carefully as we look to our organizing strategies for the future.

Whatever you will think after reading all this, I actually do not believe that AGNOSTIC FRONT has written the most important song ever. Although I am thinking a lot about *pooowwwwer* these days. Because like it or not, even punk is concerned with a lot of power issues. Of course, because punk is about life.

Power is nothing by itself—it's only happening when people are legitimating it. But we are slaves most of the time to our own codes of establishment—the hierarchies all around that we let enslave us. I heard about a guy who got stabbed in prison because, when he was playing the guessing game with his cellmate, he was thinking of a platypus and his cellmate thought he must be cheating 'cause for him there's no such thing as that cute animal. I think this perfectly sums up how power and legitimating works. We are only as smart in the big picture that other people think we are. Just take yourself as an example, when you were in math class you didn't just think it was hard but you actually thought this is a bunch of bullshit, total nonsense, when really it was just because you felt you didn't need it. And while ignorance could be bliss, people should stand up and not take power in their own hands but just try to vanish it fully. 'Cause as long as there's power it's gonna be in wrong hands.

How can people enjoy constantly submitting to someone standing above them? The hot topic of punk today is PUSSY RIOT, and while their heroic self-sacrifice to lay bare how Russia is still a dictatorship was an amazing example of higher ethics, sadly they have sacrificed themselves for almost nothing. Just a spotlight on a problem. For centuries now we only reflect on problems, not on solutions; and we gave power to people in hope that they are the new ones, so they will make a change. Which leads to essentially doing nothing except hoping that everything will be better with someone else in charge.

We need something different! It has to be us who will change, not someone who says it will and makes us believe it. Maybe that's why that Greek graffiti is true, "Punk rock won't change the world, punks with rocks will!"

But I would rather say that not all of those rocks should be thrown. Most of them should be spared to build something different. Not just better, but different and new. Things could be "better," but remember if you play a game and its rules allow the players to be cruel than the game itself is cruel. As I see the world, it's a place where we live by constantly negotiated exchanges. We use money 'cause trade and barter would just be too confusing. We get money for our services and we pay money to others. We believe the value of money is changing like the weather. There is time, nations, languages, governments and the economy that we need to rule us. We made all of them and we accept them really 'cause we fear a world without them. Doctors won't be doctors and bakers won't make bread if they are not paid, and we will just die. So basically people are doing their jobs out of fear: we won't get money, and others won't do their jobs if I stop doing mine. Laziness, apathy, fear, power.

I don't want chaos, I want order to have no sense. I always believed making things pointless is more effective in destroying them, than taking them over and trying to change them.

For me the key is the most utopian idea ever. It's also the key to how this zine works. You take people who just want to give without receiving anything—people who wanna create something together, without doing harm to others, without really asking for anything in return. I mean, I know a lot of you bought this issue for a couple bucks, but that's because this zine exists in a certain environment. Some money has to be paid but at the end of the day, it's still—and will hopefully always be—totally non-profit. I believe in people's own power to be a part of things like that. The power that helps them do what they do the best or to help others in the best way possible.

Let me be clear: this is not some new age hippy bullshit. Nothing will change anytime soon. And I hate when I'm the only one doing the dishes for a whole fucking week. But until we rely on each other in this way so we can rule *with* each other, we are fucked. And maybe if we were more focused on giving rather than just receiving, we would receive a bit more. Today I cooked and I got a coffee, not in return, not for some kind of trade, but just out of being nice.

As you can tell, nowadays I'm interested in these kinds of larger-than-life issues, especially when they are happening to a single person or within a person. Basically yeah, I guess I'm into *existentialism*, or whatever. But I'm the most under-read person ever, although I do have this fetish to fill my shelves with novels about the pointlessness of life, which to me always enlarges the point of living a life. To create it in whatever way you feel like it should be. This is what these books never say on the page, but

what they really actually mean. That's why I'm sometimes afraid to read them. I'm afraid to watch those movies as well. 'Cause I always imagine them to be much more heavy, much more fucked up, much more real than they really are. Because it's always scary to start to dig yourself into something that you suppose is the realest thing in the world. I'm somehow afraid of the truth one person has found in a room, but at the same time I'm constantly searching the whole world for truth in noise that kids create in cramped, sweaty rooms. But that's because music is different for me—not something that just reports the sorrow but something that makes it beautiful.

I'm pretty much getting obsessed nowadays with LIFE'S BLOOD, Revolution Summer bands and mostly also acts who were existing in some kind of oppression or as an opposite, being a new answer. Bands or performers who, while doing what I like them to do, somehow could also transform the whole thing into larger-than-life forces, or at least just larger than some dudes or ladies with guitars.

I experienced this last weekend when I happened to once again be at the rehearsal room to see some friends' new band practice. It's always funny when you know someone before he or she started to play music. Because with that in mind, even their mistakes can be such an amazing force of angry, desperate kids reliving their anger and confusion through smart, unpredictable and kinda melodic songs. And it's not just because my friend was playing guitar and singing some words, it's simply because they're a great band performing great songs shaken by their anger.

People seem to never understand how people could be totally different when they're doing these kinds of things, different from their "regular" self "off the stage"—or in person from how they are on record. And not talking about people being "crazy" or "letting loose" on stage, rather I like finding that special kind of heaviness in bands and people playing music that makes them uniquely alive on stage. The kind that doesn't come with wall of sound volume 'cause even the cutest hum from the collective mouths of BEAT HAPPENING is bearing weight that shields all of us and crushes any asshole's existence. But yeah, the obvious heaviness of LIFE'S BLOOD is good for me too in trying to anchor myself in total nihilism or too much stress—to leave it to others to rage instead of me.

I like that many people associate hardcore with the city that is New York and "New York Hardcore" with such bands as either those dinosaurs of SICK OF IT ALL, MADBALL, AGNOSTIC FRONT, or straight edge, or youth crew in general. I like the filth and anger of New York, the city that was once so crazy and dangerous that people mostly survived it rather than lived it. Or fuck knows, I mean the pictures of it from Woody Allen are quite different than what John Joseph or Michael Gira tell us through their music. I prefer the later when it comes to experiencing a town through art. I think music is power. But music itself has no power; people who are making music do. So while these horribly true songs about New York are the realest of things, nothing will be changed because of them. Just like how Pussy Riot as a band doesn't have, somehow those three women conquered the whole world. LIFE'S BLOOD is not only playing Oi! influenced bouncing and slashing hardcore which is catchy and dangerous enough as a psychopath who would grab your throat and shake the life out of you. But their songs are also soundtracks. Sounds of life, of a town, of people, of feelings. Of outsiders rising up and taking control over their lives. Anything that's real or should be real or should not be real.

It's cool that there are music scenes, but also that there are people being outsiders from them. I always loved the idea of scenes in a particular place 'cause punk music for me is not simply the songs but the whole background world behind them as well. Seriously I could hate or at least be totally uninterested in bands if they are not somehow part of any scene and at the same time not also outsiders by fate. Scenes are great too 'cause I also like those kind of connections in music. And what is better than people inspiring each other, being friends, partners, supporters of one another. So anyone who thinks scenes sucks is retarded. Only terrible scenes are terrible—that's how life works.

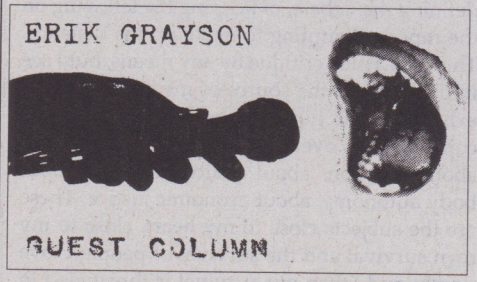
I have spent a night trying to finish this column while inspiring myself with the big three of Revolution Summer DC—RITES OF SPRING, ONE LAST WISH and EMBRACE. Three bands with only one LP each, but all showing some deeper depths of punk and using what was so good in early UK punk in terms of theatrical guitars and post-punkish pure strength, and then mixing it with their own open desperation. Showing power while telling how human we all are. Creating a whole new world widening our bedroom angst, proving there is no such thing as too much anger. And they did this with whatever was contemporary to them.

Nowadays Oi!-core is again back in the game, but who will ever be as viciously melodic as BLACK MARKET BABY? *Senseless Offerings* is an LP that you can't beat. So powerful, anthemic and at the same time sounds like such a total lone wolf band that its unique strengths makes it something that is unable to be reproduced.

One of the darkest bands ever connected to the Dance of Days scene was UNITED MUTATION. Where is the promised UNITED MUTATION discography LP? Anyway, they are being one of the flagships of my everyday jams. Those throat cancer vocals and the brutally crazy music that gathers all the filth that failed people like to hump to. Mutant hardcore. UNITED MUTATION's mutant hardcore was what now would be called "mysterious guy hardcore." And also, I'm biased towards YOUTH ATTACK. I think it's cool they have founded a scene and a sound. But you kids shouldn't buy their bin bag shirts 'cause it's the blindest way of legitimizing and making something some kind of fucking establishment, as if whatever is cool is like that mostly because it's labeled a certain way. Fuck that. I'm here for more.

I think I'm running out of space so my final thought is to go and listen to BLAST AND THE DETERGENTS.

punkersblock.blogspot.com
vargyai.viktor@gmail.com



A few days ago, one of my former students sent me a link to *The Rise of Punkademia*, Leon Neyfakh's recent essay on the increasing amount of academic interest in the burgeoning field of "Punk Studies." The article, which appears in *The Boston Globe*, opens by presenting two seemingly irreconcilable facts:

Punk rock and academic life are mutually exclusive. "Being an academic," Neyfakh writes, "is not punk. Being a graduate student is not punk, and neither is being a professor. In fact, most people would probably say that academia in general is about the least punk thing that a person could ever be a part of. Submitting papers to journals, clamoring for the approval of esteemed colleagues—it's hard to imagine a lifestyle more at odds with the snarling embrace of chaos and the violent rejection of authority that have been associated with punk rock ever since it body—slammed itself into existence in the 1970s."

Punk rockers often pursue academic careers and some even study punk. According to Neyfakh, "the academy is full of former punks . . . : And while many of them have abandoned their youthful passions . . . others have stayed invested in punk culture, not only by continuing to identify with it, but by taking it up as an object of academic study. Together, these punks-turned-professors have built for themselves a small but growing niche—one that's dedicated to better understanding what punk was, what it has become and why anyone should care."

This contradiction, Neyfakh continues, "presents special challenges to those who attempt to study it" both because of punk's association with a staggeringly wide range of ideological attitudes and modes of social expression and "because, at its core, punk is essentially hostile to what academia represents." Indeed, "[s] cholars who take on punk find themselves working amid bedeviling contradictions, as they try to methodically define a culture that refuses definition, rejects method and denies the very idea of expertise." Thus, rather than attempt

to reconcile the aforementioned contradiction, Neyfakh devotes the bulk of his essay to tracing the history of punk studies, leaving the reader to pass or reserve judgment as he or she sees fit.

As a "punk-turned-professor," to adopt Neyfakh's term, I must admit that I instinctively wince when I hear about people studying punk culture as an academic subject, but I also understand the impulse. So, how can I simultaneously balk at the idea of studying punk in a classroom while believing punk to be a worthy subject of academic inquiry? I'll answer my own question with a story.

Punk as Self, Punk as Other

Several years ago, as a graduate student, one of my students came up to me to ask if I had heard about "the punk class" that was being offered during the summer session. I hadn't. My student proceeded to tell me that, when he saw the class listing in the course catalog, two things immediately came to his mind: first, that "Erik must be teaching the class" and, second, "Erik would never teach a class like that!" When he checked the listing, however, he found that another graduate student would be the instructor. My student was simultaneously relieved ("Erik didn't sell out!") and appalled ("how could X even think about teaching a class on punk rock?") when he found out who was teaching the class.

I knew the fellow. We had taken a class together and our interactions with one another had been perfectly cordial, but I was galled. As I mentioned, I knew the fellow. I knew that his musical tastes were eclectic and that he had a couple of punk rock albums in his mish-mash of a music collection, but I also knew he was no punk rocker. Nor did he claim to be. And that was the problem. I felt like he was a tourist visiting my native soil and acting like he knew everything about it after spending the bulk of his vacation in the airport gift shop. Needless to say, when I saw that he had dutifully shaved the sides of his head to fashion a mohawk, I felt a stab of indignation in the pit of my stomach. Abandoning the carefully-combed coiffure and the preppy wardrobe he'd sported for as long as I'd known him, just in time for the first day of class, felt premeditated; like an attempt to establish some sort of last-minute punk rock street cred before walking into the classroom. The fact that he reverted back to his original style (save for a newly-shaved head) within days of his transformation suggests that this radical shift in fashion sense was either a gimmick or a failed attempt at strengthening his ethos. Either way, the whole thing felt insulting.

Both my student's reaction (that if anyone should teach a course in punk rock, it should be me, the graduate student who once discussed Millincolin with him while wearing a Screeching Weasel t-shirt but who, moreover, would never teach such a class in the first place) and my own response to the whole ordeal (there's something insulting about non-punks teaching a class on punk) reflect the dilemma Neyfakh discusses in his essay. In each response, there are two distinct sub-reactions:

Punk rock and academic life are mutually exclusive. My student was both shocked that I, a person he associated with punk rock, might "sell out" by bringing punk into a university lecture hall and that someone he did not associate with punk would attempt to teach a class on the subject. Whereas the former reaction assumes that punks in academia would know better than to sanitize the scene by dissecting and codifying it within the proverbial Ivory Tower, the latter expresses the belief that non-punk academics would simply not "get" the scene enough to do it any justice. Similarly, my feeling of having somehow been violated by someone taking "my" scene and plumbing it for scholarly purposes, reflects my own instinctual sense that punk's adoption by academics would cheapen the movement or otherwise render it impotent.

Punk rockers often pursue academic careers and some even study punk. Both my student's initial assumption, that if anyone should teach a punk class it should be me, and my indignant response to the very existence of the fellow's course, acknowledge the fact that for better or for worse, punk and punks have become part of the academic world.

In other words, precisely what Leon Neyfakh says.

But there's another problem lurking in the background. Why did my student feel I would be better suited than my colleague to teach the class and, furthermore, why was I so insulted by the fact that another graduate student thought highly enough of something I love, to teach a course on the subject and even adopt its fashion sense?

Could it be an inherent desire to preserve tribal identity?

Punks tend to self-identify as Other. No matter how mainstream Green Day or Blink-182 may be, punk culture operates in opposition to the mainstream. The "us" of a given punk subculture implies a "them" and, not infrequently, that "Them" has a nefariously suggestive capitalized first letter. For many punks then, our self-identification as punks separates us in a very real way from the mainstream them. Thus, while "punk" may not have a universally-accepted definition among the scene's adherents, there is nevertheless a sense of community among most self-identifying punks. As the Other, we often resent attempts by non-punks to define us, because such attempts risk reducing a dynamic, overlapping body of interrelated movements to a stereotype, an ossified cliché. It's quite Sartrean, really.

We see similar patterns of resistance among some students in other courses of academic study, particularly in the now-proliferating demographic-specific disciplines such as Women's Studies, Africana Studies, American Studies, Queer Studies, Jewish Studies, or Native American Studies. There are some people who believe members of a particular demographic are best suited to teach a course about their culture because only individuals within a given society can truly understand it. Martha Biondi, a white associate professor of African American Studies at Northwestern University, alludes to this tendency when she acknowledges that "[t]here probably are students who wouldn't enroll in a black studies course with a white professor" and that some students "may at first say, 'I wonder if this person is qualified?" Generally, I agree with Biondi, who expresses her "belief that students are incredibly open-minded" and tend not to assume demographic membership is the only way to secure the qualifications to teach a course on that culture. Indeed, if we were to follow such an ideology, we would never have classes in Ancient Studies, Egyptologists would be out of work and I'd never have the opportunity to take a class in Babylonian history.

So, why did the idea of a punk course being taught by a non-punk bother me so much?

My guess is that I was less bothered by the fact that the instructor was not a punk than I was by the fact that he was not especially knowledgeable about punk rock. Unlike the white professor teaching a black studies class mentioned above, the instructor of the punk course barely knew his subject, and that was the problem. After speaking with him and some of his students, it became apparent that he was merely intrigued by punk and imagined that his limited understanding of the subject was sufficient to justify teaching a class. Thus, his by-the-book transformation from preppy-to-punk-to-preppy was insulting because it fetishized punk rock. In dressing himself up in a stereotypical manner, he displayed an infuriatingly cavalier assumption that he knew what he was doing, that he knew what punk was. Lacking more than the most superficial of conceptions of punk, he became a cartoon, a caricature. There were elements of punk in his attire, sure, but they lacked conviction and he ended up looking as if he had dressed up for Halloween three months early.

I suspect a good deal of punk's supposed incompatibility with academia stems from the understandable fear that outsiders, like the instructor of the punk class, would reduce a living movement to a series of dry conference papers and peer-vetted journal articles that missed the point entirely. Unfortunately, the possibility is a very real one. But, as Neyfakh observes, many punks have gone to graduate school and bring an insider's familiarity with them to the classroom. It's the same passion that inspires punks to study their scene that also inspires skepticism about outsiders sapping it of its vitality.

Gabba, Gabba, We Accept You, We Accept You, One of Us, One of Us!

The second thing I'd like to discuss is the notion that the academic life is not punk. As Neyfakh writes, "[b]eing an academic is not punk. Being a graduate student is not punk, and

neither is being a professor. In fact, most people would probably say that academia in general is about the least punk thing that a person could ever be a part of. Submitting papers to journals, clamoring for the approval of esteemed colleagues" is not punk. Such a statement relies on two prejudices. First, it assumes that punk is anti-intellectual. Second, it presupposes that academia is, by nature, defined by the production of esoteric scholarship and neurotic social maneuvering. Of course, there are anti-intellectual punks and the rise of the corporate university has brought some less-than-desirable elements of the business world into some academic settings, but I would argue that punk and academia can be quite compatible.

Punk Professors

We can find evidence of punk rock's embracing of higher education as early as 1982, when the Descendents released Milo Goes to College. The album, with its famous caricature of Milo Auckerman, the band's nerdy and bespectacled lead singer, staring out from the cover, is a direct reference to—and celebration of—his decision to pursue a biology degree at the University of California, San Diego. Auckerman, who still performs with the band, now holds a doctorate in biochemistry and, despite working as a researcher at DuPont, continues to write and record intelligent, catchy punk music with one of the most well-loved punk bands in America. And Dr. Auckerman is hardly the only punk rocker with such a high level of education. Bad Religion's Greg Graffin famously completed his doctorate at Cornell University and lectures at UCLA, the Bollweevils' Daryl Wilson is a medical doctor, and the Offspring's Dexter Holland is A.B.D. in molecular biology at USC, to name but a few. And you know what? In all my time in the punk scene, I have never once heard a single person say anything other than "that's awesome" in response to learning how many punks have earned doctorates.

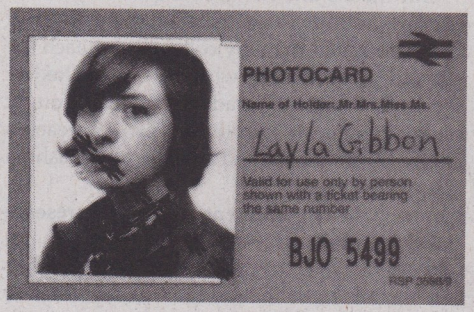
Education Is Punk

In "Chickenshit Conformist," Jello Biafra rails against the "close-minded, self-centered social club" that the American hardcore scene has become. He laments the "lack of ideas" in the once-vibrant punk community and wonders "will the punks throw away their education" and end up becoming "[c]hickenshit conformists / Like [their] parents." In other words, education is the antidote to the poison that is American complacency.

Indeed, academia is one of the only environments that welcomes the sort of critical thought and social criticism so many people associate with punk rock. Not surprisingly then, two of the more influential political theorists in the punk scene, Noam Chomsky and Howard Zinn, are highly respected academics. Seriously, what other profession would have made it possible for Paul Avrich, a professor at Queens College, to collect, disseminate, analyze and comment upon one of the largest bodies of anarchist literature in the world?

Thus, being a professor can, in fact, be one of the most punk things one can do. Sure, one could very easily settle into a comfortable life of comparatively bland scholarship. One could even conduct research that helps lead to the development of weapons...but one could also publish essays on social injustice and work with students to bring real change into the world. As a professor, one has the opportunity to introduce young people to new and challenging ideas that will bring new perspectives to their thinking and inspire positive action. A professor can, in the natural course of a class, raise important questions about issues of perennial interest to punks: inequality, racism, sexism, poverty, political corruption, corporate power, American exceptionalism, colonialism, oppression, free speech, liberty and dissent, among many others. Punk is a movement that questions authority, interrogates presumptions, encourages change and inspires action. A good college education will do the same thing. Whatever the vector, whether it's a Dead Kennedys album or a lecture on the collapse of metanarratives in postmodern speculative fiction, it's the content that matters.

To me, punk was always about using my brain and seeking the truth. As a professor, my job is to get my students to use their brains and seek the truth, too. I've never seen more compatibility in my life.



This is the November issue, but it comes out in October, which is the best month of the year, for autumnal reasons and also for the fact that it's my birthday month, plus Halloween (even though I never do anything for Halloween). I am writing this at work, sitting upstairs at a bookstore in North Beach watching the chaos unfold, homeless guys screaming at each other about stolen skateboards, a terrible relentless busker playing the same Led Zeppelin song over and over again to the delight of a pack of gross jocks that make up most of the crowd that now hang out in this formerly bohemian neighborhood. I work the night shift and cycle nearly nine miles each way to get to work, from the Ocean to the Bay, through the park and through some of the ritziest neighborhoods in San Francisco. At night, at one in the morning when I am bombing the hills towards home, this town seems haunted and empty, spectral and desolate. There are an inordinate amount of men who go jogging at 1am, alone, huffing down suburban streets with headlamps, safe in the cocoon of male privilege that affords them the luxury of not thinking about whether that shadow is a rapist or a distorted tree... I have been attacked twice during this commute, once whilst riding my bike and once on the bus before I started riding my bike; for a while every trashcan looked like a potential monster, but now things are shifting back. I am still very aware of my surroundings, very aware that every car full of kids might stop and fuck with me, that those drunks might push me off my bike, that that fucked up raver who has stopped his car in the middle of the street to dance by himself like a windmill might do more than yell at me aggressively. I don't take chances or feel relaxed; I used to bomb the last hill, through the darkness of Golden Gate Park staring up at the stars through the trees or watching the fog creep in and slowly submerge everything around me. Not so much anymore. But last night I saw skunks, and a fox and the shadowy shapes of the bison in their pen, and not another human for the last five miles of my ride. Reading about other people my age and the struggle to get any sort of paying work makes me very aware of how good I have it, working full time at one of the best bookstores in the world with coworkers who I enjoy, for not very much money and with not the best hours ever. But I can make my rent and buy a record or two. Privilege.

I have been thinking about work a lot recently, especially after a year of being underemployed and barely getting by, and also since ceasing to coordinate *MRR*, which is a more than full time job. A job that gives you a sense of security in that you're working from home, the *MRR* compound, and in exchange for your labor you don't have to pay rent or bills. I mean that sense of security is undermined somewhat by the stressful nature of the job, and the stressful nature of the job is undermined by the fun and good times that running the best international punk magazine provides. (In fact, you should write to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com and ask for a coordinator application if you are a detail orientated punk music maniac who loves to write! Seriously dooo it! You get to pick what runs in this very magazine you are holding and live in San Francisco rent free!!) One of the things I have been doing since I quit the magazine is helping Bikini Kill with their reissue project.

You may have heard that Bikini Kill started their own record label in order to reissue all of the BK records and some rare unreleased recordings too, plus Frumpies and Casual Dots too... It was cool to do something as radical and exciting as this and get paid for it. The endless paradox of working bottom rung shitty jobs because you don't want to be somebody's secretary, or shill for some corporation, and just writing for kicks and out of desperation... Then getting paid to write about something so important to your existence as a revolutionary girl punk youth. Maybe there's some sort of future in words? Well, maybe only if I move to a town where the rent isn't a mess of pottage. You will see the fruits of my labors in a month or so when the first EP comes out. It was really exciting to be a

part of something as monumental as this; Bikini Kill were my generation's Minor Threat, a band that shaped and shifted the culture and made so many realize that they could do it too. Including a teenage me! There are so many more women and queers playing music now, 25 years later. It's so cool, every month there is a new band or three to freak out about in different parts of the world that send in their tape or record to Maximum, or who I hear about on some social network site. I bet if you read the archives of my column-blog thing you would see I extol the virtues of a band or two every month that were formed by bored and/or adventurous ladies. (whatwewantisfree.blogspot.com!) Watching the Hysterics and then Weird TV whilst those bands were on tour were total inspiration forces, and the Honeysuck 7" I got for review this month too! There are secret girl histories all over the place, and new ones being created as I type! When I am toiling at the counter at work I frequently discover crazy girl bands that only had a tape in 1982, like Bona Dish—discovered via the 433rpm blog and listened to on youtube whilst serving the tourists of North Beach their Beatnik History Digests! Also reading the comments on the Termites "Tell Me" youtube page leading to the discovery that they have another amazing 7", that they were Walthamstow mod girls and not just faceless girl groupettes from a Girls in the Garage comp! So much more where that came from.

At any rate, one of the things that I said when I wanted to stop coordinating the mag was that I was going to start playing music again; well reader, I did. I am in a band with a Frumpie and an Awesome, we are long-distance style right now, but I think in the future it will be telepathic... We have songs after a week of skating and late night practice sessions. Here is a top ten of those times:

1: Skate for fun or not at all, with Frankenstein in the car park of the Northern. Super 8 footage was shot, so watch your local underground movie pavilion cuz we are taking over. We don't skate parks, we skate old school style, parking lots and curbs...

2: Puyallup Fair, which get its own sub top ten 1) the ponies and bunnies 2) Marissa ate deep fried butter, she is a true soldier for snax and the revolution 3) the wood butcher art of a life-size baby bear taking a dump on a life-size wooden toilet 4) the roller-coasters 5)the '60s mod rocker aerial sky ride across the carnival 6) the high school alienation disaffection art competition 7) the crazy hypnotist lady performance, total audience domination until she started getting all homophobic/state fair hypnotist hypnotize this 8) it was half price ride day and there were no lines 9) the skateboarding bird 10) fair food

3: Playing music with Tobi and Marissa. The best, Marissa is a shredder, Tobi one of the best drummers ever, new excitement sounds for late night writing lifestyles.

4: Watching Sir Drone, one of the best movies in the history of time. Mike Kelley RIP for real. If anyone has a copy of this they can dub for me I would be so stoked. This is one of the best movies I have ever seen, true comic genius, the essence of punk, the youth movement for all ages.

5: Seeing Henry Rollins and Henri Riot in one night, (or I should say, Mo Henry Rollins, FREE PUSSY RIOT) hanging out on the bench and lurking as he lectured the kids after the show about Chuck Biscuits' dual chocolate milk and booze chugging and drumming style, '82 demos/you're fired! Why pay to hear him speak when you can lurk the outside-the-tour-bus-after-party for free.

6: Chain and the Gang and Spider and the Webs and Grass Widow and Neonates and Permanent Ruin and Crude Thought and Gag live... We missed Milk Music, band practice took precedence, but apparently it was gonna be the last Olympia show in a while so I am sure it was epic. Olympia is for real a 24-hour society, five shows a night, constant action, all night diner, girls skating in the streets, everyone is in five bands, band practice at the deli, shows at the all ages art space or the pizzeria, or the printmaking studio, abandoned puppies rescued by sympathetic bar tenders, mo Henry.

7) Suzuki Bean book (Google it! Beat-sploitation for kids!)

8) Watching the seals lunge at the salmon.

9) Jean Smith Pussy Riot paintings...

10) Lakeside walks and mod memorial book readings.

OK start a band, write a zine, email me layla@maximumrocknroll.com.

Last month I started talking about football (yes, soccer, so if you're not into it you might wanna skip this column). I talked about four of the larger Greek teams: Olympiacos (or ΟΦΗ est.1925), based in Piraeus and named after the Olympic games victory youth, wearing a wreath as its emblem; Panathinaikos (or ΠΑΟ est.1908), literally meaning pan Athenian, with the clover as its symbol (last month I said it was four-leaved, I was wrong, it's just a normal clover); AEK (est.1924), the athletic union of Constantinople relocate to Athens and of course my team, PAOK (est.1926)!

I'm not from Thessaloniki where PAOK is based, or the Pera region of Constantinople where ΠΑΟΚ (once called Pera Club) originally came from. However, the fact that PAOK, like AEK, is basically a refugee team, after people were forced to emigrate due to population exchange caused by the Asian Minor catastrophe in 1922, made me associate a bit better. I come from a mixed cultural background and always felt kind of tangled amongst my roots (Greece, Romania, England, Scotland; born in the US). It made sense for me, who felt out of place with most things, to sympathize with fans of a team that is also out of place with its origins. PAOK is the team most supported in the northern, Macedonian region of Greece and I'm from Athens, but who cares? What mattered to me was that I found a way to enjoy football and a new dimension of society opened up to me.

If you're not really a footie fan, then you, like me up until a few years ago, associate football with big name sponsors, famous shampoo-advertising players and large organizations with fancy names like UEFA's Europa League, Euro Championship and Champions League, FIFA's 'Mundial' World Cup and Confederations Cup, Germany's Bundesliga, Spain's Primera División, England's Premier League, Italy's Serie A. Like anything in life, it's so much better to live things, rather than see them on fucking TV, broadcasted by mainstream media. Fuck that! Let's take this lesson to the streets, shall we?

It's fucking freezing in Thessaloniki in February and I keep drinking to try and stay warm, as hundreds of fans loitered about, shuffling feet in the mud, outside the giant PAOK stadium, in Toumba. The people outside sang chants, drank and talked in loud, excited voices about what was going on inside the stadum, which was lit up with bright white lights, making it look like a magic doorway into another world. The buzz from inside was just intoxicating, making all of us outside even more anxious to get through those horrid metal turnstiles; every 'Oh!' or 'Aaah!' from the crowd making us shake with excitement. What the hell is going on inside?

We are right below Gate 4, where PAOK fans have been gathering since 1976, to meet, organize and unite powers in support of the team. We have no tickets and the flock of people gathering round each entrance doorway never seems to thin out the whole two hours we're there. We arrived early of course to catch up with other PAOKia and get buzzed on singing, praising and/or arguing about players. Seeing as we can't get in any time soon, unless we want to get crushed in a claustrophobic crowd of retsina-drinking fans, my man and I take a walk round the stadium—or at least we try to. It is of course closed off by cops half way round. We decide to leave at half time, before shit got too serious. We were in no mood to get arrested. We were bummed enough that we couldn't get inside, fuck the pigs! This time we were playing with CSKA Moscow, so local rivals (from teams ΑΡΗΣ and ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ, Aries and Hercules accordingly) were less on our mind. The cops, however, are always looking for the first sign of trouble to cause a large rucus themselves.

This wasn't the first time I had bad luck. A few months earlier my man and I went to see PAOK play with AEK here in Athens, at the OAKA stadium. No PAOK fans were allowed to attend the game, so we had to disguise ourselves with normal clothes (so nothing too casual, rowdy

or hooligan looking) and obviously nothing signifying we were PAOK fans! Back and white stripped socks eyeballed by the wrong type could have been enough to get us cornered.

This would also not be the last time I would have bad luck with my team. They were playing right by my house in Athens, with a local team, literally ten minutes from my house. It was a lazy Wednesday afternoon, the weather wasn't great but it wasn't raining and my man and I got our tickets and happily walked up the tiers; still kind of stunned that we could wake up from our afternoon siesta to watch our team play in our neighbourhood. We sang some chants, had a bit of a shouting match with our rivals and fifteen minutes into the game, things were looking good! Then, one of the rival fans throws one of the seats into the field, hitting the linesman on the shoulder! The game was interrupted, the rival team penalized and we all went home with heavy hearts and pissed of spirits. Like I said, it's almost as if this team is cursed… Which seems about right, seeing as I'm drawn to the troubled, dysfunctional and condemned.

I remember one particularly cold and dreary Sunday morning. My man and I woke me up early, stuffed some coffee and beer in our bags and mounted his motrobike. Unfortunately it wasn't a late game (13.00), but an early one (11.00), so we headed off to Alepotrypa (Foxhole) stadium in Kypseli, still groggy eyes and swollen from our hangovers, the streets still empty at 10.30 on a November morning. We made our way up the steep and rocky hill, with its stunning view from the top. A football field, with one long, concrete set of tiers facing the shitty city below. A small piece of paradise, smack bam in the middle of the oldest, most densely populated districts of Athens. The sun had just managed to make its way through a crack in the thick clouds and despite the cold, a crowd of about 100 people had gathered to honour our local team, Αστερας Εξαρχειων (Asteras Exarhion) meaning Exarhia stars.

Exarhia is the part of town predominantly frequented by students, punks, anarchists, leftists, artists, writers, metalheads, squatters, hooligans and general riff raff. Whereas in many cities these groups are often marginalized to the fringes of society, here they have barricaded themselves off and declared this small neighbourhood their own. So, it would only make sense that such a community would have a football team that is largely run and organized by its own fans. The team largely became know because of Michael Lolos, who played for the team for 17 years, then went on to coach it for another 33. He was a figurehead in the local football leagues and around the Exarhia area, always smiling and friendly, interacting with the players and fans alike. A tournament was organized in his name and dozens of local Athens teams played in his memory.

Bang! Ffffsssshhht! The stick flares, then lets out the thickest gush of red smoke! White trikakia are thrown into the air, the team walks out onto the field and, just as if it was the World Cup final, we cheer and wave our scarves, chinking our beer bottles, sharing smokes, hugging and jumping up and down! Some people start to slowly mumble something in unison. Then the drum starts to pound. People start to chime in. *"Astera we all left together,"* then the rest us on our side continue *"we all came from the square"* then the far side *"to conquer all the football fields"* and us again *"and write some football history!"* And it continues: *Astera we will never leave, we're always close at hand, sick and alcoholic wrecks, that's us, your loyal fans. Astera score a fucking goal, so I can fuck it all up, to serve up to the asshole pigs, some poison we call fola! They're gonna eat some slaps and kicks, no one is gonna make it, and in our home Exarhia is where we make their grave pit."*

We're only fifteen minutes into the game, but the cold is already starting to make my feet numb. Everyone is wearing black, not just because it fits the team's colours (black and white) but because it also matches people's political streak (black and red, or just black). Members of the fan club are going around with a box of mini ouzo bottles, to help fight the cold. They're also selling pins, t-shirts, scarves and wall calendars, to help support the team financially. Being in the second local division isn't always easy and this team is as far from 'star system' football as it gets really.

There have recently been some riots downtown and so two cops bikes start to circle the periphery of the stadium to 'check things out.' Immediately the crowd begins to sing. *The cop runs with his bike up ahead, oh the cop runs with his bike up ahead. How I wish that he would fall, in a massive pit with turds, to be rolling in the shit like a pig.* They soon disappear and we get back to swearing at our players, then showering them with praise and whistles. Most members of other teams at this level are in their late teens. Our team is a raving bunch of punks, who show up for practice with a hangover, smoke weed before the game and party with the fans, their friends, at the Promotion Fiesta, like when we climbed to the second local division last summer; where we partied with fire crackers, a bar and big ass PA blasting punk, right in Exarhia square!

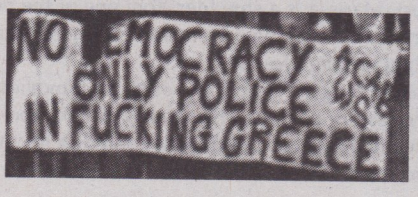
The rival team scores a goal… fuck! The crowd goes quiet for a minute. *Fuck your fucking Jesus, fuck your Virgin Mary too, on Sundays we go to the game and not to Sunday school!* People from the far end start to sing: *Oeo oeo oeo, ten grams of weed are nowhere near enough I say-o! Oeo oeo oeo, I'll always see you Asterara I won't fail. I wanna see, police departments burning, their cars destroyed, the banks still freshly smoking. I want to see the parliament get burned down, the cops are waiting for us with their shitty pants down. And when one day Astera I will die, you know I'll still raise hell, high up there in the sky. And when one day, I have to call it quits, in my coffin I'll still fart and shit.* One of the players is injured, but instead of being at home, he is here with us, shouting obscenities at his fellow players and getting angry with the referee. The crowd of course always sticks by the team and yells crap at the referee and linesmen (the one right in front of our seats of course gets picked on the most!) and by the end of the game it's not uncommon for a couple of our players to have rounded up a handful of yellow and red cards. After all, our scarf does say Sick, Drunk & Loyal – Unfair Play.

Warm coffee, the smell of weed and friendly banter keep me occupied as half time spills into the second half of the game. People are joking around, being silly and sharing beers and cigarettes. Sure, you could say we look like a bunch of delinquents with authority issues and a love for good times, but that would be true anyway. The difference is that some of us actually care about the idea of football and how it manages, much like punk rock, to unite people and create friendships and camaraderie.

I'm not just talking about watching your team on TV and buying their generic merchandise. I'm talking about a different loevel of dedication. Actually, physically going down to the grounds every Sunday and standing there, sometimes in the freezing cold and drizzling rain, sometimes in the boiling heat under a blazing sun, for two hours, and still considering every minute a moment blessed with awesomeness! Some fans go beoynd just 'following' the team. Some actually create their own teams, of fans this time. But more on the Ultras next month, as I would like to quickly mention something else, related.

I would like to say a couple of words about the tragic Hillsborough accident that occurred on the 15th of April 1989, while Liverpool played against Nottingham Forest. Twenty-three years later the truth has finally been admitted. What the victims' families have been shouting about for years has finally been publically confessed. Not only did none of the Liverpool fans share any kind of fault for the 96 that died and 766 injured, it has now been proven that it was all down to shitty police coordination of the various entries and exits. Oh, but it gets worse! Not only did they mess it up, they then went and covered it up. For all I know, Thatcher gave the order herself! Twenty-three years later the Sun newspaper, the one that originally delivered the news on that fateful day, finally admits that it ran fabricated facts; facts which the police actually altered so as to frame the fans… To this let me add that police snitches are always deliberately causing a commotion at both football games and peaceful demos; because if the state cannot find a reason to intervene, it will create one. And once you can secure the deliberate creation of chaos, you can justify the systematic oppression of it.

If you read Greek, which you probably don't, then make sure to pick up HUMBA! fanzine—the most well-written and beautifully made fanzine about indie football culture. Find me at www.nemesisknox.com. ΔΕΝ ΕΧΩ ΑΛΛΟ ΧΟΡΤΟ ΚΑΙ Ο ΧΩΡΟΣ ΜΟΥ ΤΕΛΕΙΩΝΕΙ, ΜΠΑΤΣΟΙ ΦΑΣΙΣΤΕΣ, ΔΟΛΟΦΟΝΟΙ!



THE DICKTATOR

mariam bastani

Wassappenin!? Holy shit everybody! The great American Holiday of Thanksgiving is just around the corner and all I have to say is fuck that fucking racist ass Holiday. I know that many do not agree with me… Someone reading this is screaming, " What's wrong with Thanksgiving? First these A-rabs wanna steal my Christmas, now this!?" I understand, I love getting together with the family and eating until I am ashamed of myself, but look at the facts, this holiday sucks. If I wanna eat fucking Turkey, Tofurky, or whatever the fuck, I don't need to celebrate the decimation of native peoples around the globe, so take your stuffing and choke on it you fat fucks.

We have a punksgiving at MRR every year and we won't stop doing it, but the time is spent appreciating each other and fully realizing that the concept of celebrating murder isn't one we support. I truly believe that most punks are smart, even smarter that the average asshole, so I stand behind punksgiving. Turkey on my terms, people. Fuck Thanksgiving.

Whew! How the hell are you!? I am doing pretty cool. In the last month I went on a mini tour with my band, to a Persian/Armenia orthodox wedding and will have been on the POC zine tour! You might be thinking, "what the fuck you do all that for and still do *MRR*?" Well, I can tell you it's not necessarily healthy, but it keeps me from destroying myself. This column will admittedly be a random collection of things I want to share with you about my current band's northwest minitour.

First, Grindlandia fest 2012. I can see eyes rolling…Grindcore… Aw man… Like getting egg salad for lunch as a kid, but let me assure you this was a rad fest. This was a one-day fest that took place in a narrow warehouse spot in an industrial part of a previously unknown city to me, Victoria, BC. Bands played on a loft that only had chains and chicken wire containing the mosh from a plummet to sudden death. People were drunk, people were straight edge, everyone was having a good fun time and the ratio of dudes and ladies was almost equal.

There were old timers and super young kids, and everyone took care of each other. Some bands were better than others, HUMMINGBIRD OF DEATH fucking ripped it, but they were all good! If you hate grindcore, you still would have loved WRITE OFF, a hardcore band made up of dudes that could all be your Dad. A grind fest organized by two women, Kay and Kate, who thoughtfully used Pussy Riot images on their shirts and posters, sold home brew and had a fest bake sale whose profits went to the Peers—"a non-profit society established by former sex workers and community supporters dedicated to the empowerment, education and support of sex workers, by working to improve their safety and working conditions, assisting those who desire to leave the sex industry, increasing public understanding and awareness of these issues, and promoting the experiential voice." www.peer.bc.ca

So how did we get there? Our Seattle show fell through and we were allowed to hop on to this fest last minute. I had never been to Victoria, which from my understanding it's common that bands do not make the trip. The ferry is expensive and the population is mostly retired seniors. I'll admit, I was pretty skeptical. Well, fuck me because it was rad.

A series of weird moments on this mini tour was at the Vancouver show. Now first lemme say that I fucking love Vancouver. We were so lucky and so grateful to play this line up: Absurdist, Systematik, Vacant State and us. Holy Shit. All bands ruled. Systematik is one of my favorite current bands and the coolest dudes. Everyone there was super nice (Canadians are really fucking polite) and everyone was stoked. People danced and talked to each other. I had a gnarly cold even before we left for the few tour days, so I felt like shit and couldn't party (sad face here). Regardless, we were hosted and taken care of and I got to meet Cabeza de Vaca, zinester, punk in bands and contributor to *MRR*, who just moved to Canada from Venezuela!

First Weird Moment: When the show was over, I went back into the room where we played to look for my glasses. I'm constantly looking for them and I have been known to search for them drunk whilst they were still on my face. So I am tracing my steps and eventually locate them in the dim light. As I grab them I hear a girl's voice.

"Hey," it's the girl who was doing sound that night, "You guys were great." I turn around and introduce myself. I thank her for the compliment and say thanks for doing sound. The conversation is brief, as there is another late night show and my band mates are waiting for me downstairs, but before I exit the room she adds one last thing, "I wanna be just like you when I grow up."

I laugh and thank her. I blame the lighting and my cold, but in reality I could have been half the crowd's mom… hot, cool, punk mom that is… I guess it helps that I only fuck 23-25 year olds—it keeps me young.

Second Weird Moment: Vacant State. What a bunch of weirdos. For real, just weird ass dudes. The singer seriously looks like he needs to carry beta blockers and laxatives on him at all times, cuz that motherfucker is wound up tight. No judgment here, cuz all that rage is a beautiful thing to watch. I was smiling their whole set and I think at least two of the band members looked over at me probably thinking, "what the fuck's that asshole smiling about?" I wanted to buy a record, but they left, maybe before we even played, but hey dudes, it's cool. Your band is great live and I hope your singer never chills out.

Third Weird Moment: Rich, our drummer, is straight edge. Actually, he is beyond SxE—he does cross fit, is vegan, works out all the fucking time, has a bunch of bands, does shows… the dude had a blog about his workouts and his diet with recipes, health articles for vegans and links to the work outs so that others can follow along. Solid dude.

We had just unloaded our gear and had to pull out of the alley and go around the block to park. I was in the back of the mini bus digging around for cold meds when I hear Rich ask, "hey, I should turn right here, right?" I say yeah and we do. Wouldn't you know it, the sound of sirens and blue lights. It's a motorpiggy. I hear Rich let out a looooong sigh and say, "here we go…" We pull over and stop the bus. Now, mind you, I am from Chicago, well Waukegan, and when a cop stops you and you look anything other than Caucasian, you are fucked. Here we are pulled over and all I can think of is, "two brownies in a car, let's see how fucked up Vancouver is…" The cop stiffly walks up and says, "License." Rich takes out his license and the cop says, "Are you aware that you signaled left and turned right back there?" Rich just agrees and explains that he wasn't sure which way to go. Then comes the question.

"How much have you had to drink tonight?" I have no idea what this moment must be like for a straight edge person.

"Nothing, I don't drink."

"You don't drink, huh? Then why are your eyes red?"

"I don't know, but I don't drink."

"What are you doing over here?"

"We are playing a show around the block."

"So if I gave you a breathalizer, you would blow clean?"

"Absolutely."

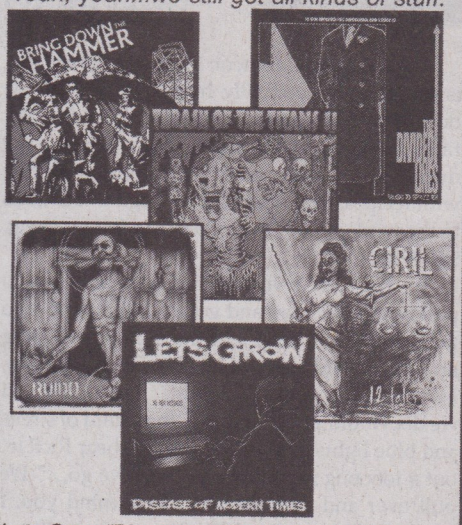
"You sure?" With that last question, the mood changed. There was a feeling of electricity in the air that made my hair stand on end. I could almost hear the crackle of this spike of energy and that's when—in a voice I've never heard come out of him, calm, metered, serious and angry—Rich said in a low tone,

"I haven't had a drink in nine years." There was a pause in the previous volley between them and the two just stared at one another. I started to feel warm. If I reached out at that moment, the silence would have felt like moving through water. The cop handed back Rich's license and said, "Just pay attention next time." And walked away.

Well, I am sure that the next time we meet I will be talking about the POC zine tour. Stoked! For more info on the project go here: poczineproject.tumblr.com

Also, I want to let you know that I will be stepping up my game in the Next Coordinator of *MRR* Search next month. We are still looking for someone to replace me and compliment Lydia. If you are interested, email mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. Lastly, if you punks have anything to tell me, email me at mariam@maximumrocknroll.com. I am around.

Yeah, yeah...we still got all kinds of stuff.



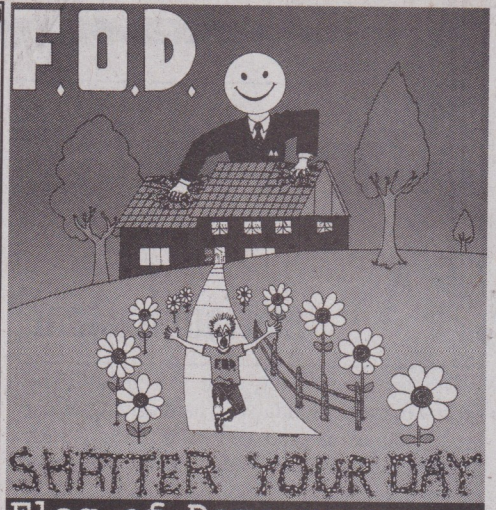
Lets Grow "Disease of Modern Times" LP
Ruido s/t LP
Ciril "12 Tales" LP
V/A "Thrash of the Titans 2" LP
Bring Down The Hammer s/t CD
The Divided Lines "Music To Spazz To" 7"
Larkin "Reckoning" CD
Ciril "Hysteria Driven" LP/CD
Meet The Virus s/t CD
Scarred For Life "Born Work Die" LP/CD
Dead Man's Choir "She Don't LIke It" 7"
Insult "I Wanna Be A Burn Victim" CD

KNOW RECORDS
KNOW RECORDS
P.O. BOX 90579
LONG BEACH, CA 90809
www.knowrecords.com
www.myspace.com/knowrecords

2981 MEADOW PARK DR. DAYTON OH 45440
SEND US YOUR DEMOS
RAD GIRLFRIEND

RECORDS DAYTON OHIO, U.S.A.
RADGIRLFRIENDRECORDS.BIGCARTEL.COM
ROB THE BANK ASTRO FANG
TIGHT BROS. WHAT A NIGHTS
THE EX BOYFRIENDS HSW
CAPITALIST KIDS PIZZA HI FIVE
THE RAGING NATHANS
PRETTY BOY THORSON AND LIL HAPPINESS
LOW CULTURE DISCRETIONS
RAD COMPANY FAT STUPIDS
THE CREDENTIALS SETBACKS
MASKED INTRUDER
RADGIRLFRIENDRECORDS@GMAIL.COM

F.O.D.



SHATTER YOUR DAY
Flag of Democracy
(1986) Shatter Your Day
2xCD, 2xLP, Tape & Download
contains everything from 82-86!
(1982) Chinese Food!
FOD's first EP. 8 tracks
reissued on Tape & limited 7"
preorder now / out Dec 2012.
SRArecords.com

SLOVENLY

OUT iN OctOBER!
SUBSONICS LP & CD
THE RIPPERS LP & CD
OUT in NOvemBER
PAINT FUMES LP/CD
BAZOOKA LP/CD
LAS ARDILLAS LP/CD
...AND TONS OF WILD WAX IN THEE SLOVENLY DISTRO!
www.SLOVENLY.com

stickerguy.com!
775.358 7865

NEW BLOOD

BY KAT SMITH

FIVE QUESTIONS ASKED TO FOUR NEW BANDS

1- DATE OF FORMATION?

2- REASON(S) FOR FORMING?

3- LYRICAL CONTENT? 4- SOUND?

5- FUTURE?

LIFAFLAM

1) WE FORMED EARLY 2011 IN PORTLAND, OR
2) EVERYONE WAS FOCUSING MORE ON POST-PUNK STUFF AND WE ALL WANTED TO PLAY SOMETHING MORE ENERGETIC.
3) HATING THE POLICE AND OTHER OPPRESSORS, STUPID SOCIAL POLITICS... BUT THE MAJORITY IS JUST NONSENSE.
4) DEMENTED BABY VOICE WHILE OUR GUITAR SINGS WHEEZE-WHEEZE AND POGO.
5) WE ARE PLAYING SUBVERSION VOL. 1 IN DECEMBER AND OUR FIRST 7" WILL OUT IN TIME FOR THAT ON DISTORT REALITY RECORDS. WE PLAN ON TOURING AND RELEASING MORE RECORDS PAST THAT. CONTACT US: TYLERXALEXANDER@GMAIL.COM
PHOTO BY AMY KAY STANFORTH

in school

in school in school in school in school

1) WE FORMED DURING SUMMER 2011 IN NYC.
2) WE ARE FOUR FRIENDS WHO LOVE HARDCORE.
3) THEY'RE MOSTLY ABOUT FIGHTING BACK WHEN YOU'RE GETTING SHAT ON. ALSO CONFUSING AND ANNIHILATING BROS.
4) WE PLAY '80S STYLE HARDCORE WITH A STRONG FONDNESS FOR D-BEAT. OUR BAND NAME IS A HEAD-NOD TO DIE KREUZEN, IF THAT SAYS ANYTHING ELSE.
5) WE WANT TO MAKE MORE NOISE, FIND A METS VANS AND TOUR THE SOUTH OR MIDWEST IN THE SPRING. CONTACT US: INSCHOOLNYC@GMAIL.COM, NO PHOTO CREDITS

1. WE FORMED ABOUT A YEAR AGO IN MILWAUKEE, WI
2. WE STARTED BECAUSE ANOTHER BAND IN OUR LITTLE SCENE BROKE UP, A BAND CALLED DICK CHRISTMAS AND THE IDLES. SOME OF THOSE MEMBERS STILL WANTED TO PLAY MUSIC TOGETHER.
3. OUR LYRICS REALLY, REALLY VARY. WE'VE GOT ONE SONG THAT'S A THEME SONG FOR A HORROR MOVIE WE DID CALLED THE GREEN GOO AND WE HAVE ANOTHER SONG ABOUT HOW STUPID IT IS TO JUDGE SOMEONE BECAUSE THEY DON'T DRESS LIKE A "REAL PUNK." IT'S ALL OVER THE BOARD FOR US.
4. IF THE DESCENDENTS AND ANDREW WK STARTED A BAND TOGETHER, IT WOULD BE CAW.
5. WE'RE RECORDING AN EP AND WORKING ON A SPLIT WITH A BAND CALLED PEOPLE WHO LOVE PEOPLE. WE'RE HOPING TO DO A TOUR NEXT SUMMER. REALLY JUST MOVE FORWARD AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE!

COMPULSIVE ASS WIPERS

ABDUKTION

1) WE FORMED IN 2009 IN HOUSTON, TX
2) WHEN WE STARTED, THE HOUSTON SCENE WAS OVERRUN WITH GRIND CORE BANDS. WE STARTED PLAYING RAW PUNK BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT WE LOVE.
3) OUR LYRICS ARE ABOUT DISGUST WITH SOCIETY, RELIGION, POLITICS AND DAILY LIFE.
4) OUR MAIN INFLUENCES ARE DISARM, ANTI-CIMEX, SHITLICKERS AND '80S HARDCORE IN GENERAL.
5) WE HAVE A 7" SPLIT WITH VERSKLAVEN COMING OUT SOON. NOW WE ARE MOSTLY CONCENTRATING ON WRITING NEW SONGS AND PLAYING LOCAL SHOWS. LOOK UP FERMENTED CHAOS RECORDS FOR UPDATES!

NEW RELEASES!
Color vinyl as always in ltd qty, NOT GUARANTEED IN STOCK!

COWABUNGA RECORDS

Birth Deformities-Suburbanized 10" MLP- Weird, sorta catchy HC punk from Chicagoland Comes with full color poster, stamped labels and screened dust sleeve!

Slugz-Empty Space EP- 2nd EP from these RVA rockin' punks- 3 great songs.

Dry Hump- EP- NEW 4 song EP from Lowell's best HC punk band. BKB/Nurses personnel

NARCS-Long Hot Summer EP- 2nd EP from Rochester's own. Scuzzy punk, great!

Still newish- Tenement-Blind Wink LP(last copies), School Jerks-Decline and Control EP's, Boilerman EP, Sick/Tired EP, Weekend Nachos-Punish and Destroy & 2 Things At Once LP's etc.

OUT SOON- Brown Sugar, Sweet Tooth, Decay After Death & MUCH more

SICK CLUB - SEE OTHER AD!

Mailorder- ALL PRICES POST PAID-

7"es- prices for 1 7" US-$6/ CAN-$7/ WORLD-$10
For each additional 7" add for record-
US-$4/CAN-$5/WORLD-$5 & add for postage-
US-.50/CAN-$1/WORLD-$1.75

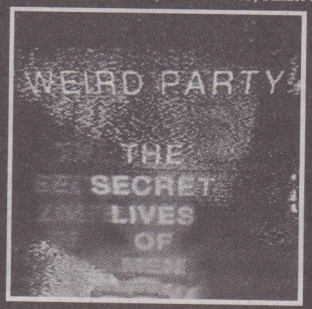
12"es- prices for 1 LP- US-$12/ CAN-$14/ WORLD-$20
For each additional 12" add for record-
US-$9/CAN-$9/WORLD-$9 & add for postage-
US-$1/CAN-$2/WORLD-$4

For wholesale/possible trade, get in touch! Distributed always by: Ebullition, No Idea,Blitz and Rev

Cowabunga Records c/o Nick Lovro 311 Stearn Dr Genoa,IL 60135 USA
or nicksick@gmail.com

OUT NOW:

THE BEST - "BLACK TRIANGLE" 7"
(MEMBERS OF THE OBN III'S, BAD SPORTS, FLESH LIGHTS)



WEIRD PARTY - "THE SECRET LIVES OF MEN" 7"
(EX-FATAL FLYING GUILLOTEENS & SUGAR SHACK)

STEREOPHONIC SOUND
Twistworthy Records

PO BOX 4491 AUSTIN, TX 78765 USA
ORDER ONLINE: WWW.TWISTWORTHY.COM

INOCULATORS

www.inoculators.com
www.myspace.com/inoculators

PETERWALKEE RECORDS

COMING OCTOBER 2012
CHRON TURBINE SKULL NECKLACE FOR YOU LP
DISTORTED HEAVINESS FROM NYC EX RYE COALITION

-ALSO COMING SOON-
SOKEA PISTE - AJATUS KARKAA 12" LP
DEBUT US PRESSING OF THIS FANTASTIC FINNISH PUNK LP
SIMON LEBRON - MONSTER MANUAL 12" LP
FROM SAN FRANCISCO - MEMBERS OF THE PULSES
HERO DISHONEST - DANGEROUS 12" LP
FIRST US PRESSING & FORTHCOMING NEW 12" LP

OUT NOW! **THE FIGGS**
THE DAY GRAVITY STOPPED
BRAND NEW 20 SONG DOUBLE 12" LP

THE FIGGS LIVE AT THE HURRICANE LP
LIMITED TO 100 COPIES. LIVE LP PACKAGE.
SILK SCREENED ARTWORK. BONUS CD, TSHIRT & MORE!

SOKEA PISTE - OIRE 7"
MEMBERS OF KYKLOOPPIEN SUKUPUUTTO & MANIFESTO JUKEBOX
THE FIGGS - SUCKING IN STEREO 12" LP
FIRST PRESSING! ALMOST SOLD OUT! GET IT NOW!

LIEUTENANT- S/T LP LESS THAN 25 COPIES LEFT!!
KITTY LITTLE/SCIENTIFIC MAPS SPLIT 7"
THE FIGGS - CASINO HAYES 7"
SPREAD EM' PIZZA CRISIS 7"
DEAD UNICORN - YELLOWSTONE SUPERVOLCANO CD

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON UPCOMING RELEASES PRICING, MAIL ORDER AND SHIPPING CHECK OUT:
WWW.PETERWALKEERECORDS.COM

NAKED AGGRESSION **ALL OR NOTHING H.C.**

NEW SPLIT FULL LENGTH OUT NOW!!
8 NEW SONGS FROM EACH BAND
CD OUT NOW FROM ON THE RAG RECORDS
LP OUT NOW FROM EMANCYPUNX RECORDS
ORDER THE CD AT WWW.ONTHERAG.NET

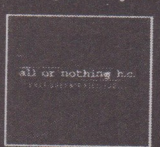
ON THE RAG RECORDS & 'ZINE
www.ontherag.net
P.O. Box 251
Norco, CA 92860

EMANCYPUNX RECORDS

ALL OR NOTHING H.C.

HARDCORE PUNK!! ALL TITLES AVAILABLE AT WWW.ONTHERAG.NET
LIVE 11/20/12 @ B.O.I.S. IN RIVERSIDE, CA W/VITAMIN X & ACXDC

"CALIFORNIA BLEEDING"
OTR 009 - 13 SONG CD



"WHAT DOESN'T KILL YOU..."
RPR 080 - 12 SONG CD

"ALL OF THESE ARE DAYS OF THE DEAD"
OTR 008 - 6 SONG 7-INCH

"SEARCH FOR THE STRENGTH"
OTR 004 - 10 SONG CD

... AND THEN I SAID TO MYSELF "I'M GOING TO SHIT
NO FUTURE
RATMAN PETTICRUMBS
TRAVIS GEER 2012
IN THIS PANTRY AFTER I EAT MY DINNER"... IT ALL JUST SEEMED TO MAKE SENSE AT THAT POINT...

Feral Kid Records
Presents:

UTAH JAZZ debut 7"

(members of Brown Sugar and Mayday!)

HAN AND THE SOLOS "Teenagers From the Black Lagoon" cassette

raging 8 song tape in limited quantities

WHITE WHALE

"No Solace" EP and split with MALLWALKERS both available

plus TONS more records, merch from FK bands, and info about **Feral Kid Audio Service** (recording, mixing, mastering, etc.) all at feralkidrecords.com

OUT NOW:

Portões

LIVING IN HELL

Portoes 7"

A relentless crushing Raw Punk assault! Scandi-crust with brazilian punk leads and vocals ripped from the bowels of Japanese hardcore featuring members from *GRITOS DE ALERTA* and *UNIDOS PELO ODIO*. For fans of: **SHITLICKERS, OLHO SECO** and **DOOM**. Total Punk Slaughter!

Available at HAVOC, EBULLITION, AGIPUNK, IMMINENT DESTRUCTION, DEVIANCE, MALOKA, PIKE, INSANE SOCIETY and other cool distros.

insane noise distro
crudess1971@yahoo.com.br

TERROTTEN RECORDS
www.terrotten.com
info@terrotten.com

CIANETO DISCOS
WWW.CIANETODISCOS.COM

SIX TWO FIVE

!!OUT NOW / WINTER 2012!!

GAZ-66 INTRUSION - EP
Brutal Ukranian power-violence

PSUDOKU LP
1-man space cyber grind from Norway

GRAND INVINCIBLE - EP
Limited EP of DIY Bay Area hip-hop

INTERNAL ROT- Debut EP
Guttural Aussie grind like FETO

PUNCH - Nothing Lasts EP
4th round of FAST Bay Area HC!

SPAZZ - LP Reissues
Legit reissues/new art & color-vinyl

SUFFERING MIND - Debut LP
Anti-fascist Polish 1000mph grind

QUATTRO STAGIONI - LP
Crazed 1000mph German fastcore!

SxFxN - Itching EP
Blazing Midwest powerviolence - 2nd EP

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS - COLL CD
Long awaited CD of TX Prog-violence

YOUNG OFFENDERS/GIANT HAYSTACKS
Split 12"LP-anthemic angry post-punk

IRON LUNG - 1st LP Repress
Limited color vinyl repress of debut LP!

THE PROCESS - Debut CD
Punishing HC ala RINWORM, X-SHANK

GET DESTROYED - Burnt EP
1000mph AZ dry-heat-violence

AGENTS OF ABHORRANCE - CD
Crazed Aussie 3-man blurrcore

THREATENER - Discography CD
Coll.CD of 1000mph blasting fastcore

BREAKfAST/STRUGGLE4PRIDE-CD
Tokyo cult skate thrash

PLUS A TON MORE STUFF COMING!

STILL AVAILABLE:

TRAPPED IN A SCENE CD- Comp of pure blast
IRON LUNG-1st CD Crazy-two-man blurcore
SLIGHT SLAPPERS-2nd LP Tokyo violence
ATHRENODY CD Early 90s Death/Grindcore
BANDANOS/DESTRUCT.END-CD:Crossover-Thrash
CHARM/UG MAN-Split LP:Tokyo thrashcore
CRUCIAL SECTION/HIT ME BACK-EP:Int'l HC
KUNGFU RICK - Disco 2xCD:Insane grind/HC
IRON LUNG/SHANK LP/CD-Audio Brutality
BREAKFAST 2nd LP:Tokyo skate-thrash
SECOND OPINION - CD High Energy thrash
BARBARIC THRASH CD COMPS:Euro,CaliComps
CRUCIAL SECTION-LP: 80s RIPCORD-thrash
SHANK-LP/CD: 1000mph power violence
MACHINEGUN ROMANTICS-CD: TX fastcore
QUILL/I DONT CARE-Split CD:Tokyo thrash
APARTMENT 213-CD:Clevo power violence
HE WHO CORRUPTS CD: Corporo-grind-o-caust
SCHOLASTIC DETH-Coll. CD: READ DAMN IT!
LORDS OF LIGHT-EP Original 3-man grind
THEY LIVE-LP: Cult-classic NY fastcore

NEW SHIRT DESIGNS THRU www.badskulls.com

Wholesale and Mailorder:
WWW.EBULLITION.COM

FOR WEEKLY UPDATES CHECK:
WWW.625THRASH.COM

HARDWARE RECORDS

available now:

ANNOTATION/BENT CROSS - Split 7" Sick HC/Rock
WICCANS - Field II 12" Gruff, fast, melodic Hardcore
NATURAL LAW - Spring Trash 7" Noisy Hardcore
SICKOIDS - s/t 12" Punishing yet melodic Hardcore gem
KREMLIN - Will You Feed Me? 7" Raw Hardcore Punk
SURF NAZIS MUST DIE - Demo 7" Cult Hardcore Punk
ADOLF HITLER KLAN - Demo 7" Culter Hardcore Punk
BRAIN SLUG - Distort New York 7" Nasty NY Hardcore
CRUSADES - The Sun Is Down... 12" Unholy Power Pop
OMEGAS - Blasts Of Lunacy 12" No-frills Hardcore classic
ANNOTATION - s/t 7" Rocking, thunderous Hardcore
DEAN DIRG - Verpisst 12" Eiersack Hardcore Punk Rock
GOLDUST/CURBBITE - Split 7" Black-soaked Hardcore

+more

www.hardware-records.com
P.O. Box 1646 49006 Osnabrück Germany
check for online catalogue!
Download/stream all releases:
hardwarerecords.bandcamp.com

heavy is the head that wears the crown.

1" buttons

100 - $25
500 - $100
1000 - $180

button packs available
e-mail for details
orders@buttonkings.com

Button Kings

www.buttonkings.com

TELL US YOU SAW THIS AD AND GET FREE SHIT.
WE PROMISE IT'S NOT REAL SHIT.

NEWS

News compiled by Dandelion

PROTESTERS BLOCKADE MONSANTO FACILITY IN CALIFORNIA

by Lisa Baertlein and Carey Gillam, from Reuters. Additional reporting by Mario Anzuoni in Oxnard; editing by Jim Marshall.

Opponents of genetically engineered foods on September 12 blocked shipments and deliveries at Monsanto's vegetable seed company in California that developed a new genetically modified sweet corn that will hit stores this fall.

The protesters, who want to remove all genetically modified organisms (GMOs) from the food supply, say their action is a preview of about five dozen other events planned for countries around the world next week.

They also hope to drum up support for a California ballot measure that would require food sellers to label a broad range of products that contain GMOs, including soup, soy milk, breakfast cereals and chips.

Monsanto and other developers of these biotech crops say they are safe, but US regulators do not require any independent safety tests that would put a lid on doubts raised by consumers, as well as some scientific and health groups.

More than 40 countries around the world have some requirements for labeling foods containing ingredients from genetically modified crops. But US regulators have rejected requests by many groups for similar labeling rules, and, as a result, many Americans do not know that they have been eating GMOs for years.

At the protest on September 12, about a dozen people organized by a network of anti-GMO activists called Occupy Monsanto stopped trucks from entering or leaving Monsanto's Oxnard, California-based Seminis for nearly six hours.

The activists, some dressed in biohazard suits, blocked truck entrances with cars and chained themselves to the vehicles.

Police arrested nine of the protesters and charged them with trespassing, organizers said.

Seminis' biotech sweet corn is one of the newest GMO crop products to make it to market. The corn was altered genetically to withstand dousings of a common weedkiller and to ward off certain pests.

Occupy Monsanto is not affiliated with the backers of a California proposal to label foods that are made with crops or from animals who have had their genetic makeup altered in the laboratory.

Monsanto did not directly address September 12's events but said the company's work helped improve farm productivity and food quality.

"We respect each individual's right to express their point of view on these topics," Thomas Helscher, a Monsanto spokesman, said of the Seminis protest.

GMOs are deeply unpopular in Europe and many other countries, but they eventually came to dominate key crops in the United States after Monsanto introduced a soybean genetically altered to tolerate Monsanto's Roundup weed killer in 1996.

Using genes from other species, Monsanto and rivals (including DuPont and Dow Chemical) have since introduced an array of genetically altered crop varieties.

The most popular genetically engineered crops in the United States include corn, soybeans, sugar beets and canola — staple ingredients in a wide array of popular packaged foods.

Proponents of genetically modified crops say they make farming more efficient by making plants resistant to pesticides, pests and harsh growing conditions, such as drought. They say genetically modified crops are no different from conventional types and that increasing demand for food, biofuels and livestock feed can only be met with help from the biotech industry that Monsanto dominates.

Critics say genetically modified crops have not always lived up to their promise and that the benefits to farmers do not outweigh myriad risks to human and animal health and to the environment.

Assessing such risks is difficult in the US. The government does not require GMOs to undergo independent safety testing before they are approved, and it does not require labeling for GMO content, which makes it next to impossible to track any links to human health problems.

The World Health Organization says "individual genetically modified foods and their safety should be assessed on a case-by-case basis."

Recently, some US scientists have raised alarm bells over what they see as potentially dangerous implications from overuse of GMO crops.

Among the concerns is the fact that the rapid adoption by US farmers of genetically engineered corn, soybeans and cotton has promoted increased use of herbicides, which critics say has triggered an epidemic of herbicide-resistant weeds and more chemical residues in foods.

Around the same time of this protest, the Center for Food Safety vowed to sue the US government if it approves a new type of genetically altered corn developed by Dow.

KUDANKULAM NUCLEAR PLANT FACES INTENSE PROTESTS

from *Global Voices*

The Kudankulam Atomic Power Project, in the Tirunelveli district of Tamil Nadu, India, started operations recently despite demands to stall it. In recent months, the police have cracked down on several protests by activists and inhabitants of nearby villages against this plant.

The People's Movement Against Nuclear Energy activists fear that this nuclear power plant is prone to an accident similar to the radiation leak at the Japanese coastal nuclear plant last year.

The proximity of Idinthakarai and nearby villages to the Kudankulam nuclear power plant at the southern tip of India, right on the Indian Ocean, is a big issue.

On the morning of September 9, protestors from eight villages near the plant assembled at the beach and stood in sea water to protest moves to load uranium fuel in one of the two reactors.

"Police force was deployed in huge numbers in the area. On that day, between 8,000 and 10,000 people, including children and women from Idinthakarai and neighboring villages started from the Lourde Matha church in Idinthakarai. They walked down the coastal path, avoiding the road route, and were stopped by the police around 800 [yards] away from the plant. The protesters sat down on the sea shore and said they will continue their struggle from there."

The morning of September 10 saw police come in with the strike force, firing tear gas and using batons to disperse thousands of protestors, causing some of them to flee to the sea in boats. The police atrocity was caught on camera and uploaded to the Dianuke.org site. Many people, including some from media who were covering the incident, were injured. Hundreds of villagers were arrested.

On September 11, a 44-year-old fisherman was killed by police in Tuticorin, as the protests turned violent. Around 4,000 security personnel, including the Rapid Action Force, have been deployed in the area.

It was reported on September 13 that the Supreme Court refused to halt the loading of fuel rods in one of the two reactors of the Kudankulam nuclear power plant, but the court agreed to examine the risk associated to the project and consider peoples' safety.

MINE BLOODBATH SHOCKS POST-APARTHEID SOUTH AFRICA

by Jon Herskovic for Reuters

The police killing of 34 striking platinum miners in the bloodiest security operation since the end of white rule cut to the quick of South Africa's psyche on August 17, with searching questions asked of its post-apartheid soul.

The images rekindled uncomfortable memories of South Africa's racist past. Police chief Riah Phiyega confirmed 34 dead and 78 injured in August 16's shootings, after officers moved against 3,000 striking drill operators armed with machetes and sticks at the mine, 60 miles northwest of Johannesburg.

A somber-looking President Jacob Zuma travelled to Marikana and announced he had ordered an official inquiry into what he called the "shocking" events.

Phiyega, a former banking executive appointed to lead the police force only in June, said officers acted in self-defense against charging, armed assailants at Marikana.

"The police members had to employ force to protect themselves," she said, noting that two policemen had been hacked to death by a mob at the mine on August 14.

However, the South African Institute of Race Relations likened the incident to the 1960 Sharpeville township massacre near Johannesburg, when apartheid police opened fire on a crowd of black protesters, killing more than 50.

In a front-page editorial, The Sowetan newspaper questioned what had changed since 1994, when Nelson Mandela overturned three centuries of white domination to become South Africa's first black president.

Zuma, who faces an internal leadership election in his ruling African National Congress (ANC) in December, called on South Africa to mourn together. "It is a moment to start healing and rebuilding," he said at Marikana.

Despite promises of a better life for all of South Africa's 50 million people, the ANC has struggled to provide basic services to millions in poor black townships.

Efforts to redress the economic inequalities of apartheid have had mixed results, and the mining sector comes in for particular criticism from radical ANC factions as a bastion of "white monopoly capital."

In Washington, the White House said it was saddened by the loss of life.

Hundreds of police patrolled the dusty plains around the Marikana mine, which was forced to shut down earlier in the week because of a rumbling union turf war that has hit the platinum sector this year.

Crime scene investigators combed the site of the shooting, which was cordoned off with yellow tape, collecting spent cartridges and the slain miners' bloodstained traditional weapons: machetes and spears.

Six firearms were recovered, including a service revolver from one of the police officers killed earlier in the week.

Before August 16, 10 people had died in nearly a week of conflict between rival unions at what is Lonmin's flagship plant. The London-headquartered company has been forced to shut down all its South African platinum operations, which account for 12 percent of global output.w

South Africa is home to 80 percent of the world's known reserves of platinum, a precious metal used in vehicle catalytic converters. Rising power and labor costs and a steep decline this year in the price have left many mines struggling to stay afloat.

Although the striking Marikana miners were demanding huge pay hikes, the roots of the trouble lie in a challenge by the newer Association of Mineworkers and Construction Union (AMCU) to the 25-year dominance of the National Union of Mineworkers (NUM), a close ANC ally.

Pre-crackdown footage of dancing miners waving machetes and licking the blades of home-made spears raised questions about the habitual use of violence in industrial action 18 years after the end of apartheid.

"This culture of violence and protest, it must somehow be changed," said John Robbie, a prominent Johannesburg radio host. "You can't act like a Zulu impi in an industrial dispute in this day and age," he said, using the Zulu word for armed units.

World platinum prices spiked nearly 3% on August 16 as the full extent of the violence became clear, and rose again the next day to a five-week high above $1,450 an ounce. Lonmin shares in London and Johannesburg fell more than 5% to four-year lows at August 17's market open. Overall, the value of the shares shed nearly 15 percent since the violence began a week prior.

SIOUX TAKE TO INTERNET TO BUY BACK SACRED LAND

by Arturo Garda from RawStory.com

Members of the Sioux Nation are attempting to raise $1 million dollars to buy back a section of South Dakota land known in their culture as "the center and heart of everything that is." About 2,000 acres of land in the state's Black Hills is scheduled to go up for auction on August 25, including what's known to the Sioux as Pe' Sla.

The Rosebud Sioux Tribe has teamed up with the Native American blog, Last Real Indians, for an online fundraising campaign that began in August. As of August 17, the campaign had accrued just more than $59,000.

The land is central to the Sioux way of life, Iron Eagles said. Not only is it the site where, elders say, the Morning Star slew a creature that had killed seven women and took their spirits to create the Seven Sisters Constellation, but it's still used for religious ceremonies to this day. However, he added, the tribe bears no ill will toward the current owners.

The tribes' primary concern is the threat of development along an eleven-mile stretch of a gravel road connecting the towns of Rochford and Deerfield in Pennington County.

Earlier this year, the various tribes in the area were invited to consult on the project, said Waste'Win Young, historic preservation officer of the Sandy Rocks Sioux Tribe, whose tribe has gone on record opposing any development in the Black Hills.

At a June meeting proposing an environmental survey of the area, Young said, four options were presented: an expansion of the existing gravel road, a road that would go around Pe 'Sla, a road going east of it and the option to not build at all.

According to Terry Keller, environmental manager for South Dakota's office of project development, the road is a county project that, if it moves forward, would come under the auspices of the Federal Highway Administration. But first, tribes will continue to be consulted on the potential impact to their culture. Keller also said that the option not to build on the land will be on the table at all times.

With just over a week to go until the auction, Young said she had a feeling of "impending doom" about the issue because of the threat to an area that has meant something to her community and family for so long.

"It's the very heart of everything that our people went through and have gone through," Young said. "But I'm optimistic, because our people have survived so much."

FAIR USE STATEMENT:
This magazine contains copyrighted material the use of which has not always been specifically authorized by the copyright owner. We are making such material available in our efforts to advance understanding of environmental, political, economic and social justice issues, etc. We believe this constitutes a 'fair use' of any such copyrighted material as provided for in section 107 of the US Copyright Law. In accordance with Title 17 U.S.C. Section 107, the material is distributed without any profit to those who have expressed prior interest in receiving the included information for research and educational purposes.

SPECIAL REPORT: THOUGHTS ON THE WISCONSIN SHOOTING

by Ravi Grover

After a neo-Nazi entered a Sikh Gurdwara in Wisconsin to randomly shoot people, we saw the same old tired clichés and lack of attention. The neo-Nazi, we were told, was not a terrorist but a lone gunman. Unlike other terrorists who are part of an organized network, lone gunmen are simply disturbed individuals who have no connection to any broader movement. Then of course there were calls to not politicize these shootings or talk about gun control. The sad part is, the climate of growing racism, hate, and misguided anger in America is directly tied with the increasing number of shootings and aggression.

While gun owner organizations like to stress that gun control advocates are victimizing them, the reality is groups like the NRA are calling the shots (pun intended) in this country. I've taken firearms training and support the right to bear arms but don't get why someone should be able to buy 100 round ammunition clips or a machine gun. It's also hard to understand why gun owners oppose criminal background checks? If gun organizations openly called for checks more Americans would side with their position. As it stands though, one could have a history of violence and buy a gun legally at a show with less testing and restrictions than getting a driver's license.

And the whole debate over gun control? The small minority of pro-gun folks is so well organized and financed that few career politicians, if any, would dare to try and change gun laws. In fact, the NRA is so influential that the US won't sign on to the UN small arms treaty which would prevent international sales of weapons to terrorists, dictators, etc. Had Holmes (the Aurora movie theater shooter) been a foreigner, a Muslim, or an activist the FBI would've been keeping tabs on the fact that he stockpiled so many weapons. But it's perfectly fine for a neo-nazi/domestic terrorist to buy whatever. Don't expect regulation to come anytime soon—these guys have more money than any of us do and they can literally stop a politician who opposes their agenda from winning a re-election.

Then there are people calling for education to stop racism—to educate people about various religions and to reduce the number of hate crimes. This will be a huge uphill battle (one that is needed, but not too many people are interested in). Membership numbers to white supremacist groups jumped after Obama was elected president. Arizona and Alabama have laws where it's legal to ask a person to prove their citizenship. Even though the number of people immigrating to the US has dropped drastically because our economy sucks, people still think immigrants are "stealing jobs" not paying attention to the fact that it's American CEOs who sent jobs overseas because they hate paying min. wage to Americans.

Ethnic studies are outlawed in some states and Texas removed any references to people of color helping build America from their textbooks. And even though it was a Muslim immigrant that tipped off authorities about the car bomb in Times Square, literally saving hundreds of lives, people freaked out about a mosque being built near the World Trade Center.

Cities around America are using legal means to stop mosques from being constructed. NYPD has surveillance tapes of mosques in NJ and FL (which they found *nothing* linking them to any crime)—ask them if they've been paying attention to white supremacists groups that openly declare violence? This isn't 1964, this is 2012. Again it's a small group of well-organized, well-financed Americans dictating to the public who the "enemy" is.

People would rather think that if one political party is elected to office, it will somehow magically transform the country and make everything better. Looking at the last few decades, shooting sprees by lone gunmen hasn't reduced. More folks in Chicago have been murdered in the last ten years than the number of people killed in war-torn Afghanistan. Violence hasn't been reduced. I'd suggest learning fire arms training or carrying a non-lethal weapon, enrolling in a martial arts school, maybe even buying a bullet proof vest, because crazy, violent gunmen in America are probably here to stay.

Please feel free to ask for a distro catalog of records and zines too. Thanks for reading. Write me at Ravilution / PO Box 802103 / Chicago, IL 60680-2103 / USA.

SHELL'S ARCTIC DRILLING PLANS DEFEATED, FOR NOW

by Andrew Callus, from Reuters. Additional reporting: Sarah Young; Kate Holton in London, Balazs Koranyi in Oslo; editing by Anna Willard.

Shell's offshore drillers have lost their race with the Arctic winter and abandoned hope of striking oil this year but will drill wells before the ice closes in to prepare for a 2013 search for the region's elusive riches.

Shell had until September 24 to drill into oil reservoirs in the Chukchi Sea, according to US rules designed to accommodate the dangers of drilling in increasing ice and deteriorating weather in the environmentally sensitive region. But Shell's US offshore Arctic expedition has cost $4.5 billion since 2005, almost one sixth of Shell's annual capital spending budget, and has faced a series of setbacks.

The latest came on September 17, when the company said its containment dome, a giant metal box on a barge that is standing by to help contain any oil spill resulting from a well blowout, had been damaged during tests.

"In order to lay a strong foundation for operations in 2013, we will forgo drilling into hydrocarbon zones this year. Instead, we will begin as many wells, known as 'top holes,' as time remaining in this season allows," the company said. By October 31, Shell must halt all operations, including top-hole wells, which stop short of the oil reservoirs but prepare the way for drilling in earnest next year.

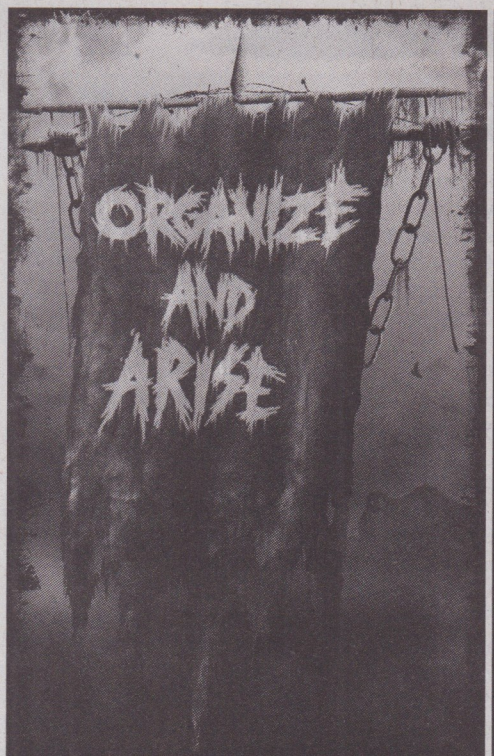
In the week prior to this announcement, Shell was forced to unhook its drilling vessel from anchors holding it over a drill site to escape encroaching ice, just a day after it started drilling the first hole in the Chukchi seabed in more than two decades.

The work had begun after a series of delays and having finally won permission from the US Interior Department and the Environmental Protection Agency. US regulatory oversight of the Arctic has long been intensive, but it has stepped up a gear since the Macondo oil spill in 2010. The absence of a certificate for the barge itself from the US Coast Guard delayed operations earlier in the summer. Ice cover in unexpected quantities has also been a complication.

Nevertheless, Shell and other international oil and gas companies are moving into the Arctic because of increasing resource nationalism and dwindling production in their traditional heartlands of the Middle East, South America, the US, the North Sea and elsewhere. The prize of success could be huge. The International Energy Agency estimates that some 30 percent of the world's undiscovered natural gas and 13% of its oil is waiting to be exploited in the Arctic.

Campaigners are worried about the potential threat to wildlife, the environment and traditional Arctic communities from drilling noise and pollution, as well as the chance of a spill.

Frederic Hauge, founder of environmental campaign group the Bellona Foundation, told Reuters at a recent industry conference in Norway that there was no way a response on the scale mounted after BP's 2010 spill in the Gulf of Mexico could be mounted in the Arctic.



WWW.ORGANIZEANDARISE.ORG

A GLOBAL DIY NETWORK FOR THE UNDERGROUND PUNK COMMUNITY

BANDS-POLITICS-TOURS-RESPECT-ART

...AND FUN

SUBURBAN WHITE TRASH RECORDS

PRESENTS THESE RELEASES:

NEW SHIT FOR 2012

-SWT#009-NOISE COMPLAINT (UK)- FUCK OFF AND THRASH 7"

-SWT#009.5-GREBER (CANADA)/ PROLETAR (INDONESIA) SPLIT 7"

-SWT#010 -TERLARANG (MALAYSIA) / JAGERNAUT (GREECE) SPLIT 7"

-SWT#011 – AGATHOCLES (BELGIUM) / MAXIMUM THRASH (INDONESIA) SPLIT 7"

-SWT CS- PROLETAR – MASSIVE RESISTANCE (DEMO EP REISSUE) CASSETTE

OLD SHIT!!!

-SWT#001- ASSPISS-FUCK OFF AND DIE! -7"

-SWT#002- V/A-"WERE ALL IN THIS TOGETHER!" COMP. 12" WITH MILLIONS OF DEAD COPS (MDC), CRACKBOX, ASSPISS, TRIPLE X, AND HANKER HOAX HAPHAZARD!!!!

-SWT#003- NIHILIST CUNT- YOU'RE NEXT... 7"

-SWT#004- ANAL WARHEAD –TIME TO DIE 7"

-SWT#005- TO BE HATED- BANNED IN DADE COUNTY 7"

-SWT#006- GUERILLOS DE NADIE – INTOLERANCIA -7"

-SWT#007- GAIN TO LOSE -7"

-SWT#007.5-CRIPPLED FOX (HUNGRY)/ EI DO CAO (BRAZIL) - 7"

- SWT#008-A FIGHT WITH SLEDGEHAMMERS- DOGMATIC DECEPTION 7"

-SWT#008.5- OVER THE TOP (GERMANY)/ TERLARANG (MALAYSIA) SPLIT 7"

-SWT#01CD-SLAKTRENS – STRÅLANDE TIDER (SWEDEN) CD

GET IN THE GUTTER, INTO YOUR EARS

SUBURBAN WHITE TRASH RECORDS

P.O. BOX 270594
FORT COLLINS, CO
80527-0594 USA

TRADES WELCOME!
PUNKROCKJOEL@NETZERO.COM
HTTP://SWTRECORDS.BANDCAMP.COM

7"s-$4, LPs-$8, CDs $5
5 -7"s & LP deal $25ppd

- WWW.SUBURBANWHITETRASHRECORDS.COM

INDEPENDENT MANUFACTURING FOR THE INDEPENDENT COMMUNITY.

RECORD JACKETS

Imprint has everything you need to complete your vinyl package...

JUST ADD VINYL!

7" starting at $95

10" starting at $400

12" starting at $475

For complete vinyl package solutions, check iloveimprint.com!

COMPACT DISCS

1,000 CDs

complete with 4/1 4 panel folder and tray
up to 3 colors on disc face
packaged and shrink wrapped

$925*

plus overs and shipping

1,000 BULK CDs

price includes:
up to 3 colors on disc face,
glass mastering and shipping

$495*

no extra charges

POSTERS

11x17 starting at $135

18x24 starting at $475

* CHECK OUR WEBSITE FOR UPDATED PRICES AND MONTHLY SPECIALS!

imprint indie printing

3449 TECHNOLOGY DRIVE, STE. 212
NORTH VENICE, FLORIDA 34275
PHONE: 941-484-5151
WWW.ILOVEIMPRINT.COM • INFO@ILOVEIMPRINT.COM

MANUFACTURING QUALITY GOODS FOR YOUR BAND SINCE 1994.

OUT NOW ON ECOPHAGY RECORDS

the debut LP from

cognitive dissonance

Blistering thrash-crust straight outta Minneapolis!

order the "sonic personification of hellhounds chewing at your throat" now at www.ecophagyrecords.storenvy.com

TO LIVE A LIE

fastcore grindcore powerviolence

TORCH RUNNER - Committed to the Ground LP

Blackened hardcore perfectly blended with hard-hitting grindcore. NC's own, this band has carved their own sound

XBRAINIAX - Deprogrammed LP

Cult fastcore thrashers bring the most heinous large record to life, full length full speed full color gatefold LP

ASSHOLEPARADE - Live in Rostock 10"

Veterans of fast hardcore provide an epic set of their best material. Pre-mastered, limited repress copies of this crushing record left

STILL HOT: TFD flexi EP, ACxDC 2xEP, PLF CD, Rape Revenge EP
OUT NEXT: The Kill LP, TLAL Vol II, and some secret ones...

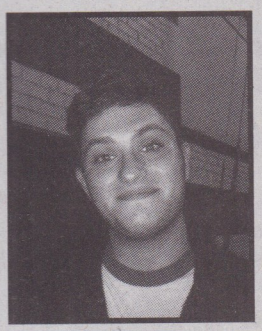
TOLIVEALIE.COM

Distribution available through ILD & Ebullition

MRR asks you!

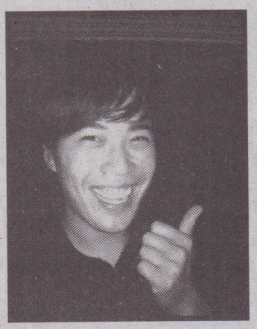
WHAT'S THE SCOOP?

This month's question: What is the worst reunion band you have ever seen live? Answered at various shows throughout Prank Fest (1–2 Sept). By Rachel and Ethan.



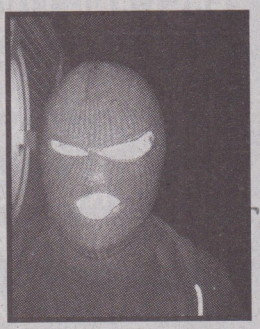
Max, SF
Circle One. I don't know what I was thinking. I was young and liked them at the time I guess. My favorite song was the one about Jesus, which, in my youthful exuberance, completely missed. Not to mention that they were pretty awful live. I'm a dork.

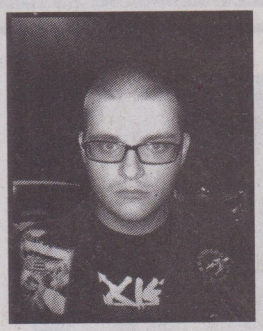
Zach, SF
Discharge.
Worst reunion band ever.



Mikey, SF
Blacklisted.
Because that shit is done.

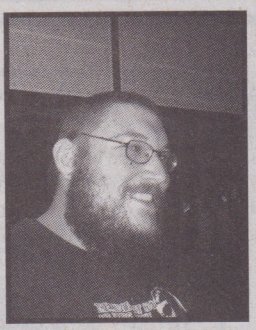
Locurzio, Long Beach
The Germs. I got dragged to the '06 Warped Tour by a girl I was seeing then whose favorite band was Anti-Flag. I remember just sitting through the Germs being fucking furious. I don't remember what they were doing. I just remember Shane West and that Helmet was playing louder than the Germs.

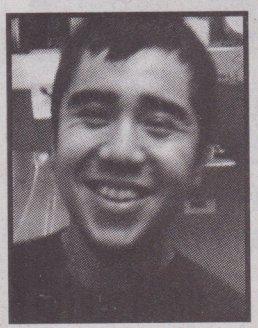




Alec, Arizona
I saw Poison Idea at Chaos in Tejas in 2010. Jerry A was falling over himself and wheezing the whole time; they made it through about three songs and there were a bunch of street punks pogoing and shit and Jerry A was hiding behind a pillar at Emo's, panting and not holding the microphone. It was over somewhere else.

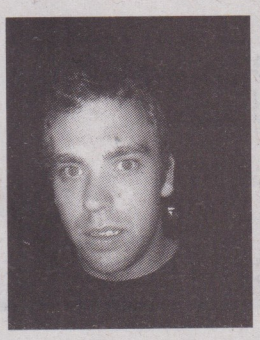
Alex, Burbank
Anthrax...
They just weren't that fucking good.





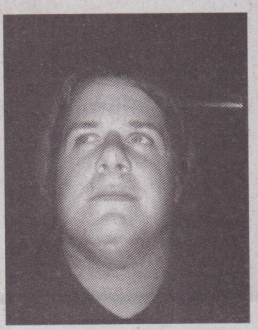
Miguel, Santa Cruz
American Nightmare.

Vermillion, Petaluma
The Zero Boys. I saw them once at Gilman a few years ago; they were really cool. But then I saw them at the Metro and they were trying to fight all my friends in the crowd, because everyone was mad that the band was playing a bunch of shitty new songs and wouldn't play any old ones and I think they are dumb.



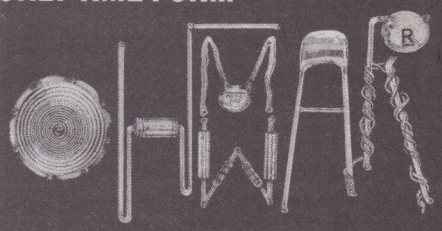
Jòn, Berkeley
A.P.P.L.E. I saw them in '07 or '09, but they shared equipment with Resistant Culture, who use a trigger drum set. And their singer looks like she is 80, because she did a lot of drugs, but she's probably about 45 and...it was just one of the most sad and pathetic experiences.

Sean, Concord
Inepsy.
I don't know if they've ever been inactive but they sure as hell sound like it.



NO MORE MOVIE NIGHT

ONLY TIME FOR...



7" 33RPM

5 SONGS 11 MINUTES

FAST AND LOUD MUSIC

VIDEO AUDIO

INFO + PRODUCT + MUSIC

WWW.OHMWAR.COM

OHMWAR.BIGCARTEL.COM

WE NOW PRESS RECORDS AND PRINT COVERS!

ENORMOUS DOOR

Recording · Mastering · Pressing · Printing

*PRICING** **(BASED ON STD WEIGHT VINYL, 1 COLOR LABELS, LACQUERS, AND PLATING)**

7" VINYL	BLACK	TRANSLUCENT	OPAQUE	CUSTOM
100	$660.00	$750.00	$755.00	$761.00
300	$776.00	$945.00	$962.00	$979.00
500	$893.00	$1,140.00	$1,168.00	$1,196.00
1000	$1,185.00	$1,629.00	$1,685.00	$1,741.00
1500	$1,466.00	$2,190.00	$2,275.00	$2,359.00
2000	$1,831.00	$2,751.00	$2,864.00	$2,976.00
LP VINYL	**BLACK**	**TRANSLUCENT**	**OPAQUE**	**CUSTOM**
100	$1,011.00	$1,095.00	$1,118.00	$1,135.00
300	$1,225.00	$1,399.00	$1,466.00	$1,517.00
500	$1,359.00	$1,702.00	$1,814.00	$1,898.00
1000	$1,893.00	$2,460.00	$2,684.00	$2,853.00
1500	$2,555.00	$3,347.00	$3,684.00	$3,937.00
2000	$3,218.00	$4,234.00	$4,683.00	$5,020.00

FOR MANY MORE OPTIONS AND DETAILS VISIT:

WWW.ENORMOUSDOOR.COM

INFO@ENORMOUSDOOR.COM

MASTER. PRESS. PRINT

JEFFREY LEWIS
"THE LAST TIME I DID ACID
I WENT INSANE" LP

PLASTIC CROSS
"GRAYSCALE RAINBOWS" LP

BRICK MOWER
"MY HATEABLE FACE" LP

ALSO AVAILABLE:

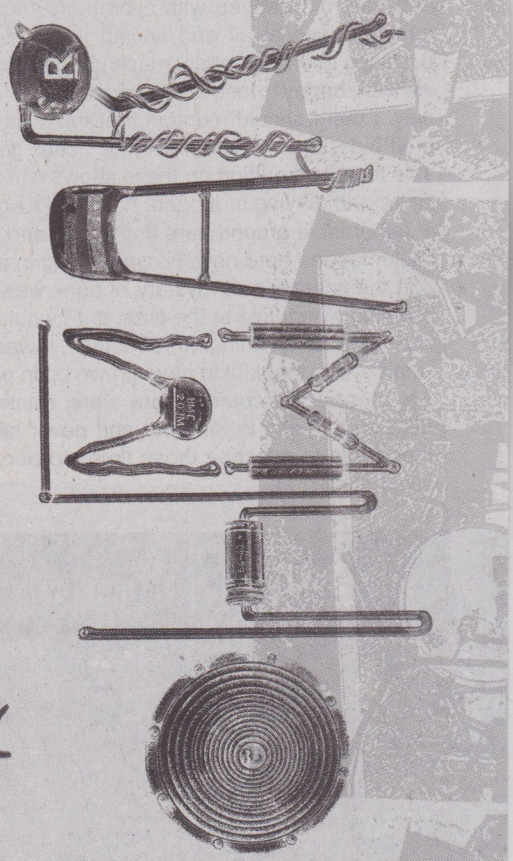
Records from Screaming Females, Black Wine, Waxahatchee, Hilly Eye, Big Eyes, Laura Stevenson & The Cans, The Steinways, The Ergs!, For Science, Nuclear Santa Claust, Shellshag, The Measure (SA), and more!

Don Giovanni Records

P.O. BOX 628 / KINGSTON, NJ 08528. DISTRIBUTED BY NO IDEA. http://www.dongiovannirecords.com

Growing up in a small city in Alberta, Canada, punk was a lifeline for me and a small group of friends. Meeting older kids who were into punk and going to the few shows that happened was crucial. Finding out about zines, mail-order, MRR and the larger punk world kept me going in a town that felt alienating and stifling. Other than the specific location, I'm sure that this is a familiar experience to any small town punks. I played in a couple bands, did zines, put on shows. It was rad. Then I moved to a larger city. I only kept in sporadic touch with my friends from home.

Fast forward a decade or so and one friend and former band mate whom I've kept in touch with a little, tells me that he is in a band with another friend and former band mate who I haven't kept in touch with. I was interested and maybe a bit apprehensive to hear what kind of music they were playing. When I heard the songs I was relieved that it was DIY punk rock instead of the boring bar rock or bland indie that most punks end up playing when they have "moved on." After they released their 7" EP, I interviewed Ohmwar main man B via email. They are playing shows and are hard at work on a full length.



Interview by David Tighe • Photographs by Mark Schiebelbein (B's Dad) and Frank Webber • Art by Roxana X. Dushkevich

MRR: Who is in the band and what do you play?
Derek plays bass, Andy plays drums and I play guitar and do vocals.

MRR: You, me and Derek all grew up in punk together in the mid-'90s. What keeps you interested in punk?
I'm still playing punk music because it's loud, fast and to the point. It's impossible for me to play tame music in a rock band and feel comfortable. Beyond that, my interest in punk is fairly tempered nowadays. Of course I still enjoy punk books, documentaries and checking out new bands if they are doing something intriguing, but my interest now is not even close to comparable to the all-consuming obsession it once was. When you've spent an entire decade keeping up with every album, band and record label while mining the past for every lost nugget, there isn't much more to find out. I'm not saying this out of any sense of burnout or boredom, but aside from becoming more mainstream in stranger ways, punk hasn't really changed much since 1975. At its true core it is, should and will always be loud and fast music played by shitheads and rejects.

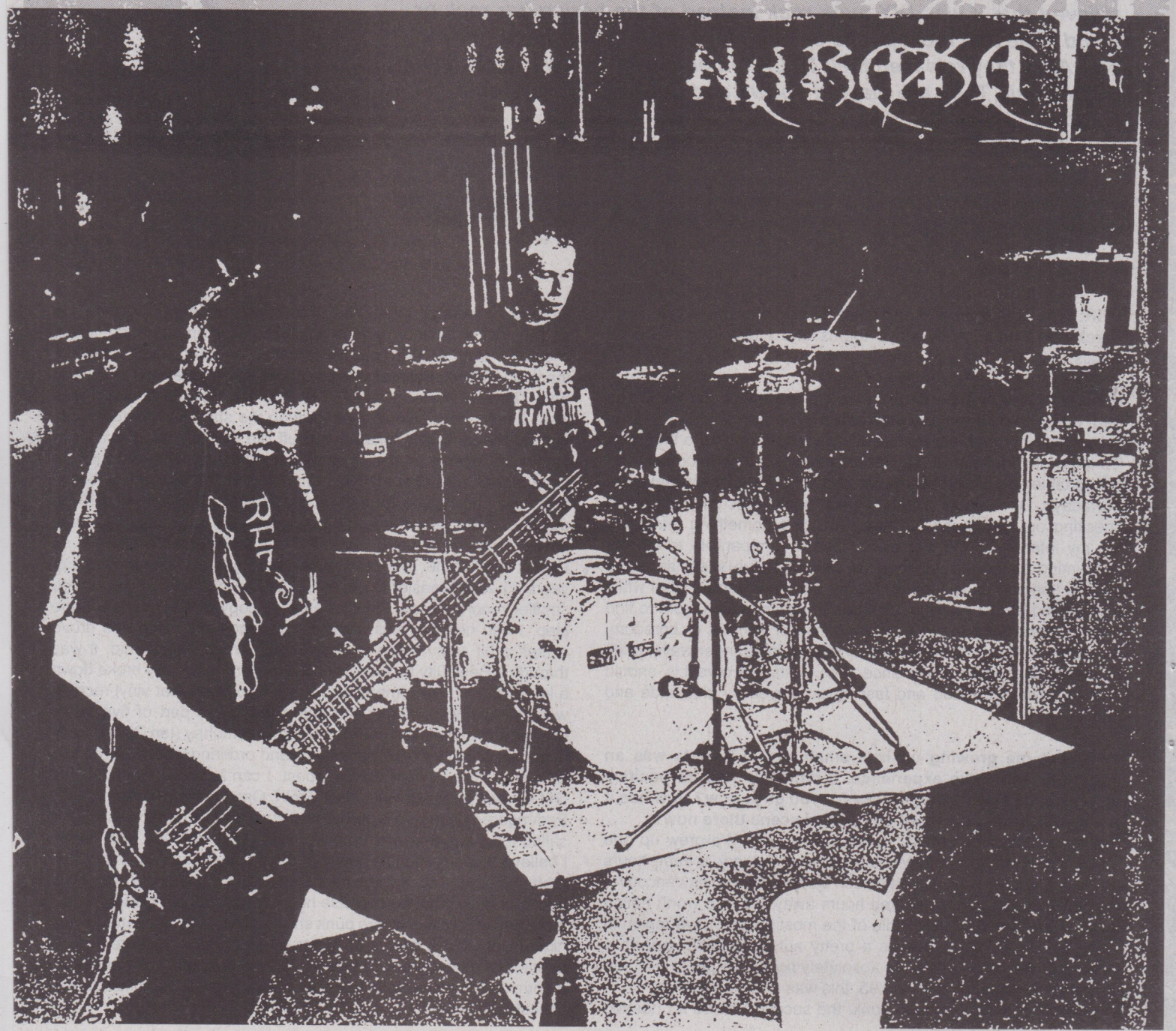
MRR: For me growing up in a small city in Alberta was an important, formative experience. It definitely had its positive and negative sides. What's it like for you guys now? How has it affected the band? Is there any sort of scene there now?
I guess a little geographical context is in order. We grew up one and a half hours from the Montana border. Calgary is three hours north, and east or west is pretty much barren until you hit Vancouver or Winnipeg, which are over ten hours away. It's also worth noting we are smack dab in the middle of the most conservative region in Canada. Middle of nowhere is a pretty apt description especially when you're thirteen and have absolutely no way to get to a bigger center. At the time, around '94-'95, this was a huge negative.

Like anyone who takes to punk, the second I heard it I needed more, a lot more and fast. The internet was unheard of at this time so you couldn't school yourself on punk rock in an afternoon. It was a serious slog. At this time I was collecting band names through thank-you lists on the precious few punk CDs or tapes that I had, and from *Thrasher* or guitar mags. *Sessions* and *Rockabilia* catalogues were helpful, too. I would look through the shirt designs for bands that looked punk and take note. Stuff like that is how I did a lot of hunting for names on the off chance I might spot a CD or tape in a used music store or something. I'm not sure that Green Day or the Offspring had broken through at that point, but even when I was aware of those band names I had no idea they were "punk." I mean, it was top ten stuff that every asshole at school was listening to so I didn't even bother to try to hear them. Eventually after a couple of years it became easier to get to Calgary or wherever and go to the smaller record stores. Finally getting a copy of *MRR* was a huge step. I had heard of this magical punk rock magazine and drove myself a bit crazy trying to find a copy. When I finally did, it was through a Beer City records ad in *Thrasher* and it really broke down a lot of walls. I can remember being blown away that vinyl records were still being released and spent the better part of five years changing my Canadian cash into American money (ten CDN bought about six or seven USD back then) and ordering whatever records looked coolest or were the cheapest. I can actually remember the first seven inches I got via ads in *MRR*. One was from a band called Endangered Feces, who played pop punk and the other was a band called the Gaia, that was an all female grindcore band from Japan I believe. I can recognize now that the music on each of those was pretty different, but at the time it was all the same shit to me—fast and loud music that no one else had heard of. It also blew my mind that there were cities where punk shows essentially happened every night or at least a couple of nights a week. Here we were lucky if bands came through once every three months and we spent those months looking forward to those shows with anticipation that seems almost ridiculous.

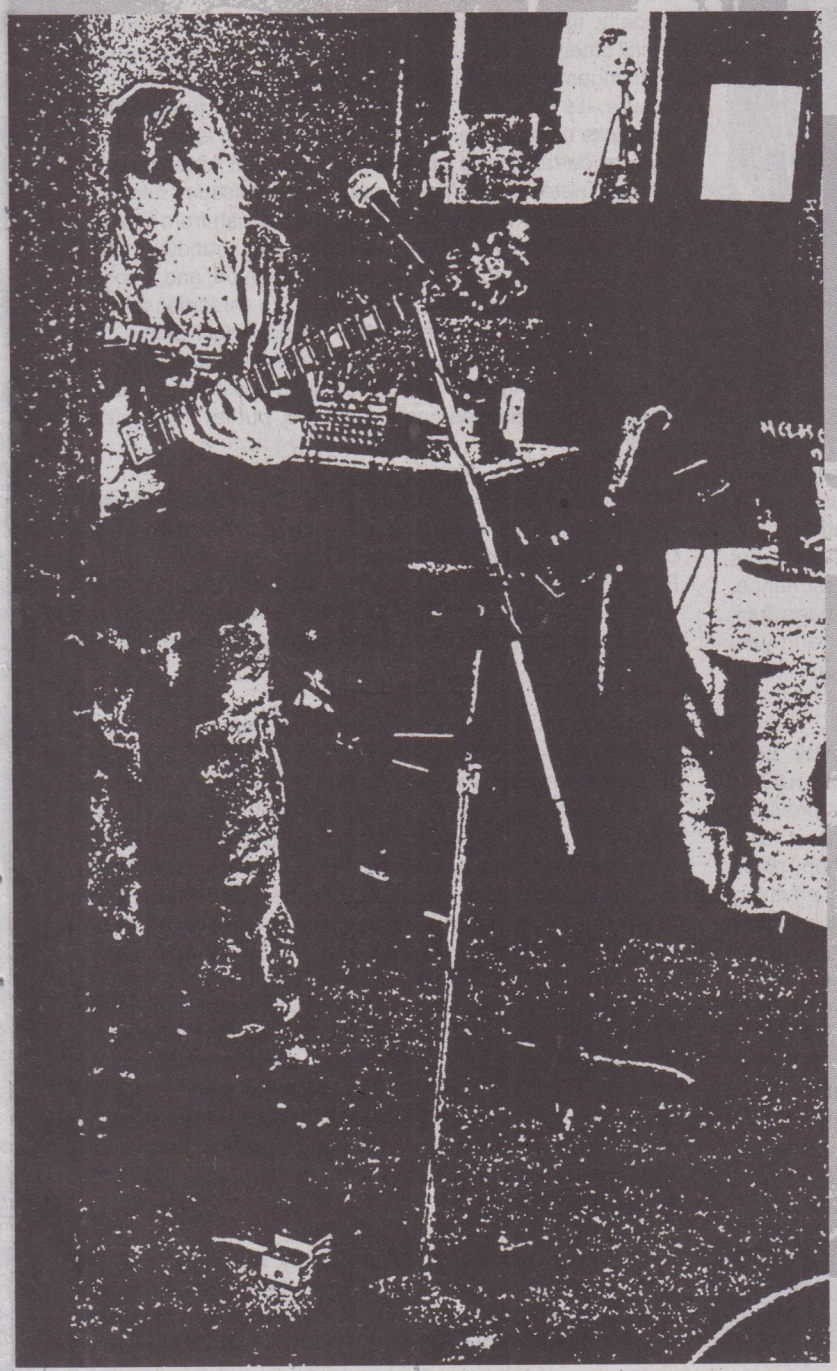
As the years went on, it turned into us putting on those shows and they did happen with a bit more frequency, but they weren't attended well at all and finding a proper venue was frustrating. Breaking even was pretty much unheard of. From what I remember we were happy to lose a hundred dollars or so just to have live bands play. I feel I should mention that this was all thanks to you, being a bit older than us and having a better grasp on things, you were able to pull off putting on these shows while doing a zine, running a distro and playing in a band. A person as dedicated as you were is unfathomable around here in this day and age. I don't even think it could happen here now. For me, being in a small town and dealing with the scarcity and mystery of punk was certainly frustrating and seemingly negative at the time, but I wouldn't trade my experience back then for anything. In retrospect, it was absolutely positive and I am beyond thankful to have grown up in punk in a tiny town before the internet. Of course there were wankers and goofs but they were pretty easy to tune out and never stuck around for long. It's impossible to describe those times to people who have grown up with the internet.

As for nowadays, there is absolutely nothing that even resembles the all ages scene that we were a part of. If there is a show now it's in a bar. We played a couple of bar shows only because I needed to get my sea legs after not playing live for over a decade. It's only all ages from here on out. The promoters I dealt with are leftovers from that old scene and they all have families, real jobs and stuff like that now, so the bar option is the easiest for them. There was another group that put on "shows," but they are the absolute worst kind of people. Degenerate wannabe-nazi death metal junkies. Don't get me wrong, I'm all about degenerates and drugs, but they do it in a completely poor, pathetic and predictable way. These are grown adults and their whole thing is swastikas, trying to shock with racial shit, raping women and things like that. All the bands they got were pretty much the same and they called every show "Slaughter Fest." I haven't heard anything from that group in a while. They probably all OD'd on ephedrine pills they bought from Sangster's.

MRR: Ohmwar is playing shows in southern Alberta and has put out a 7". What other plans do you have?



Our record just came out so that's pretty exciting. I've been in a lot of bands but never released anything. I'm a bit of a vinyl freak so it's cool to finally have something I did on vinyl. It was at the press so damn long, so the recordings already feel a little dated. We have a split with a really great young band from Herndon, Virginia called Satan's Satyrs. It's serious rock and roll. Our friends at Prune Pendant records will be putting that one out. I'm pretty much done writing for a full-length, which ideally will be a 12" at 45 rpm. We will never release anything on CD. I'm very excited about these new songs and can't wait to hear them recorded. I did our 7" myself, but I'm hoping to find a label to work with for the full length. This has nothing to do with "wanting to be on a label" or some bullshit like that, but I have very little interest in the pressing process, promotion and whatever else labels do. I'd rather just concentrate on writing the songs and have someone who is interested in the label aspect help with that. We will keep playing all ages shows if we are asked. Hopefully we can do some sort of mini- tour in the coming months, but it's not something that I'm especially pursuing at the moment. Andy has another band (Herd Of Wasters) that plays live quite a bit and he writes and plays bass for them so he is busy with that and his job. Derek has a family and a real job and all of that, so it's not too easy to make big trips that fit all of our schedules. We're old.



MRR: Yeah, punks over 30! Punk is weird because at work people still sometimes treat me like I'm really young, but I started being the oldest person at punk shows when I was 20, It's cool that new kids keep coming out to shows but weird to be one of the few who stuck it out. I guess I only go to all ages punk shows though. If I went to shitty hipster music bar shows I'm sure the crowd would be older/more boring.

It's not like I get out much but around here I don't notice any kids getting into punk or independent do-whatever-the-fuck-you-want shows. Anyone young who seems interested in starting to make music does something like make bad dubstep on a Nintendo DS to post on the internet and after a couple of weeks when enough friends have told them they're awesome and their ego is fed they're done. I guess my fogeyism is showing through a bit. I try to keep it in check but a lot of things I notice in music scenes today are disgusting. People don't want to make music, they want to "be in a band." Good songwriting and putting together an album takes a back seat to limited, one-sided, one-song 7" releases or 119 song LPs. Corny shit like shot glasses and t-shirts seem to be more important to put out instead of music. People don't want to be into music for the sounds, they want other people to know they are "into music" and that they "know about it." What they do is no secret. It's buying a Germs shirt at Murdawg in the mall. It's good to know that you, being in a bigger center, can still see vestiges of what I think used to exist, but the internet and its immediacy ruined everything for small towns which is where the best stuff came from. Now come the usual caveats and disclaimers that I could be completely off base. There are obvious exceptions (probably more than I know of), things have always been that way (they haven't) and all of that. I still think that even kids that are interested in counterculture still want a phone more than a guitar.

MRR: Yeah. I remember punks being embarrassed for having a cell phone. Now I'm the only person I know who doesn't have one. Cell phones are not punk!

Cell phones are fucking stupid. When I met Andy I was stoked because he didn't have a cell phone either and that shit is unheard of. Unfortunately, he has since succumbed and is now a poser. Years and years ago I was one of the first people around here to have the internet and people thought it was the weirdest shit that I spent a lot of time online and in chat rooms. Those same people now look at their "fakebook" pages on their phone every two minutes as an unconscious reflex.

MRR: I guess this is sort of a mandatory question: What are some of the influences on your sound and what does Ohmwar sound like?

There's no real conscious influence going on while I write the songs. It's all which notes sound best after the ones that I just played. When I listen to recordings I hear bits of things popping up all over the place. The only snippets of bands that I've heard of in our music, that have also been commented on by other people, are Hüsker Dü and Iron Maiden. Maiden probably because the last song on our record has a riff that is pretty much a rip off of "Prowler." Hüsker because my voice sounds like Bob Mould's yellier stuff sometimes.

When I'm listening to music I'll sometimes hear something that makes me think "that sounds like something I would

write." I suppose that is recognizing influences after the fact, but it's not really as simple as that. I can say for sure that Soundgarden wasn't an influence on me, but the other night I listened to Soundgarden's *Superunknown* and I could hear a lot of myself in a lot of those riffs, if that makes any sense. The riffs may be akin, but the execution throws the music to another track. Melodic, dark, hard driving, slightly countrified and to the point stuff is what I write musically for Ohmwar. I'm not terribly interested in doing dissonance, discord or dramatics in a rock setting. I'm going for the "bang bang fuck yeah!" of a really solid, in your face rock and roll song, not the "ahh yes, I see" of some choreographed, ponderous, twiddling whimper. Just to be clear, we do not sound like Soundgarden.

MRR: So Jeff Barrett recorded the record? That's a pretty cool connection to the scene of the late '90s. How did that come about?
Barrett was a very important person in the scene back then. He provided the venues (his garage and later his basement) for all of the shows for a few summers. Now he runs a screen printing/custom merch shop, plays in bands and records bands for cheap. I had no experience in anything resembling a studio before so I was very apprehensive. Thankfully, as well as being a great recordist, Jeff is an old pal so that gave me confidence. I was beyond impressed with what he did. I never thought I'd hear my songs sound so nice. This whole Ohmwar project has been a reunion with a lot of people for me. Derek and me (and you!) played in a fairly long running band that ended over ten years ago. I hadn't seen or talked with Derek since then. I actually hooked up with Andy for this band at first and he was working with Derek at the time and he brought him by to play bass. We pretty much just picked up where we left off with the benefit of ten years of practice to get better at our instruments. Andy and Derek had also played together in a couple of bands so everything fell into place quite nicely.

MRR: What are some current bands that keep you interested? Also, this seems to me to be a golden age for punk reissues. What are some current or reissued records you are into lately?
The best bands going now are Villains from New York, Torch Of Decaying Log from New Zealand, Black Hole Kids down in Alabama...of course Satan's Satyrs from Virginia whom I mentioned earlier, Ice Dragon from Boston, Globsters down in Kentucky whom I would really like to work with in some capacity someday. Shit, man, I honestly am not really up on a lot of new stuff. I'm too busy listening to the new Wayne mixtape or barely audible sine wave pieces put out by delicate European sound artists. As for reissues the Chin Chin record was a really cool find. They were mentioned casually in a book I was reading and it sounded interesting so I looked them up to see if I could get a release and was happy to see that their album was reissued. When it got here I noticed it was on Mississippi! I had been buying their blues/gospel compilations and records for years but hadn't paid attention to their punk reissues so I didn't know about the Chin Chin record being on that label.

The Mentally Ill 7" just got reissued which is cool. I watched the documentary on Chicago punk, which prompted me to look them up. That's a really excellent punk doc actually, there's a hilarious interview where some old goof is *still* bitter that Albini didn't like his band 30 years ago and challenges him to a fight! The way he does it is so timid and unsure. It's very, very bizarre and a bit sad actually. I heard the Dicks albums are getting reissued which is really great. They're certainly one of the most important American punk bands. There've been some good metal reissues lately too. The Voor demo, which is amazing '80s thrash from Quebec, got a really killer treatment, packaging and soundwise. They were contemporaries and friends of Voivod and I think I prefer those demo songs over Voivod's thrashier albums, which is saying something. Boss Tweed, Frigid Bich, Street Child, Jameson Raid were also some very notable and much needed heavy metal reissues. There's a steady stream of Bruce Haack reissues coming out too, but let's not get too wanky.

MRR: The Dicks *Hate the Police* 7" got reissued too, which is an all time classic. I'm also really stoked on the Chalk Circle reissue on Mississippi.
Really? They did the 7" too? That's killer! I can only hope you aren't talking about the Canadian new wave band Chalk Circle. Unfortunately, they are the only Chalk Circle that I am familiar with.

MRR: What's the origin of the band's name?
Ohmwar was originally a story and a song about gangs in the '30s scavenging electronics and building their own noisemakers and sound systems for battle with each other, from buildings across alleyways or streets. Kind of a noir take on the Jamaican and early hip hop sound system culture. The song still exists and is on our 7", but I changed the title to "Om War" to avoid anyone thinking we had a theme song or something. I had another name for the longest time before the band solidified, but thank Satan I had a moment of clarity where I realized it was an absolutely horrible name. Eventually I just needed a name and settled on Ohmwar. It's short and nicely balanced in the way it looks, which is good for design. No one understands what the hell I'm saying when they ask what we're called. I suppose I should have taken that into consideration but that probably happens with most band names. I usually say it and then spell it, not that that clears much up.

MRR: The lyrics to "Om War" really remind me of the Japanese punk movie *Burst City* where the Stalin and another band are on sound system trucks on either side of the crowd battling it out. Reminds me of stories of

early punk bands invading open mic nights or a video I saw of Los Crudos playing in suits in the financial district of Chicago, maybe on Columbus Day.

I actually have a record that is called *Rich versus Roach,* which is a recording of Buddy Rich's and Max Roach's bands battling. The subtitle is "A battle of bands and drums between Buddy Rich and Max Roach." Those are two of the greatest drummers I have ever seen play (video footage obviously), but unfortunately the record falls really flat. The idea doesn't transfer well to recording and it sounds very rehearsed and compartmentalized. The cover is fucking deadly though, I have it on my wall actually! It's really fucking cool that you mentioned that Crudos footage, I always tell people about that but never talk to anyone who has already seen or heard of it. If I recall right, you got that footage from those classified ads that used to be in the back of *MRR*? It made a real impression on me, especially seeing it back then. Ohmwar has batted around ideas for a guerrilla show. It will probably happen one day.

MRR: Yeah, that video was definitely from an *MRR* classified. There are guerrilla shows in Calgary periodically at a laundromat! Mosh and Wash! You should definitely play one of those. I can hook you up.

That'd be amazing. I'm really looking to play real shows like that. Make it happen, homeboy. My laundry is piling up, too. I miss the *MRR* classifieds! I tried to explain them to a younger friend and he didn't really understand what the point was. He initially thought I was telling him you used to be able to advertise for sex in *MRR*. The concept of placing an ad and looking for a penpal or a tape with new music was completely foreign to him, more so than I thought it would be.

MRR: In general your lyrics are unusual. That doesn't sound entirely complimentary maybe, but I mean it to be. There just seems to be something there that I find most bands don't really have. What influences your lyrics?

Unusual is certainly a compliment because what is usual? Solipsistic angst? Shit about feelings and politics? No one cares that some aged punk is lonely and thinks that government should subsidize marijuana for artists. Lyrics and vocals were certainly the part of this project that I approached with apprehension, trepidation and uncertainty. I've been reading constantly my whole life and while I've entertained certain fantasies about it, I have never been a writer. I've also done music my whole life but I've never been a vocalist and never wanted to. Before this, I felt uncomfortable even speaking into a microphone. In the beginning when I was trying to figure out how I was going to handle this aspect, I realized that a big part of performing effective vocals is having lyrics that you are completely confident with and comfortable saying. I accomplished this by eliminating anything remotely personal from my lyrics. They're just stories. The stories can be literal or impressionistic, but they are all stories with characters that are inhabiting the same world.

The biggest influence on my lyrics is really bleak, confused and paranoid film noir movies. Stuff like *The Trial* (1962 with Anthony Perkins based on the Kafka novel), *Mirage* (1965), *Seconds* (1966), a very subtle supernatural or esoteric tinge usually clinches it for me. I don't really care about new movies but *One Point O* (2004) really blew me away with how perfect the atmosphere matched with what I'm going for. There's a very heavy film influence in a lot of punk and metal music, but pretty much all of it is writing songs *about* movies that already exist. I don't get that at all. If you're enough of a movie freak, why not write your own stories for your own songs?

Like I mentioned before I have a little world that I use for my characters and situations. It's my own Yoknapatawpha and shit is grimy over there. Lyricists that have influenced me are the great story/song writers like Warren Zevon, Townes Van Zandt, Scott Walker, Tom Waits and rappers like Ghostface, Styles P's mixtape shit, Eminem, Papoose. The Cannibal Ox album has some of the best story songs I've ever heard. Artists that evoke what I'm after are Frans Masareel, Rauschenberg's more violent works, Franz Kline, de Kooning, lots of dada stuff and nonsense. My friend just showed me Sidney Sime who really blew my head. There is certainly more conscious influences going on with the lyrics and I take more influence from visual stuff rather than other written works. Writing the lyrics has been by far the most fun and satisfying part of writing the songs. Ironically I prefer them to be unintelligible and somewhat lost in the mix when performed or recorded.

MRR: I love the Sidney Sime illustrations for the Lord Dunsany stories. Lots of punks are into Lovecraft. I don't know why Lord Dunsany (one of Lovecraft's biggest influences) or Clark Ashton Smith (Lovecraft's friend and contemporary) aren't more well loved. Why isn't there a Rudimentary Peni Dunsany themed album? Also Sidney Sime always reminds me of Aubrey Beardsley, who is rad.

Lovecraft is so ubiquitous in pop culture that I'm not sure people know exactly who he was. I've talked to people who thought he was, "the guy who wrote the *Necronomicon*" or someone involved with film. It's a very easy and safe name to drop. Doesn't help that "H.P. Lovecraft" sounds like a gothic heartthrob or literary superhero, whereas Lord Dunsany sounds like a dowdy aristocrat on a horse.

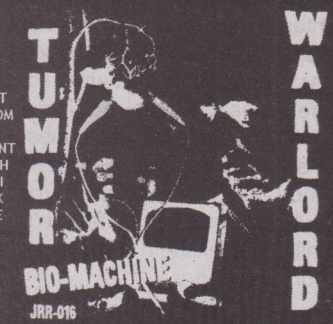
MRR: Anyway, any last words?

Yeah. Fuck Frank Sinatra. He was a shitty human being and a corny musician. I know, I was there.

Visit www.ohmwar.com to buy their shit or hear the record.

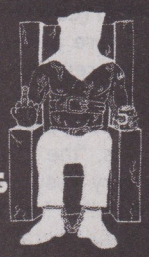
TRUE SONS OF THUNDER

DEBUT LP FROM MEMPHIS SCUZZ PUNK HEAVIES



DEBUT EP FROM THE CURRENT DANISH SCI-FI PUNK ELITE

JETH-ROW



COMING SOON!!
NAKED INTRUDER
debut 7" ep
GARY WRONG GROUP
12" split release with TOTAL PUNK

7"s = $5
12"s = $10

get in touch for shipping qoutes, wholesale, and multiple copy discounts

JETHROW RECORDS
jethrowrecords@yahoo.com

DANGERS LP
MALADIE LP
ACTS OF SEDITION LP AND 7"
MOHORAM ATTA EP
REIVERS DEMO TAPE
OVERVERT TAPE
SURRENDER LIVE TAPE
NEGATIVE STANDARDS TAPE
SALTED EARTH DEMO TAPE

MORE TO COME...

FIVE-TEN TAPES

FIVETENTAPES.COM
PENGUINSUITRECORDS.COM
PO BOX 22083
OAKLAND CA 94623

Inimical records
www.inimical.com
Box 2803 • Seattle, WA 98111 USA

Out Now-ish

Frustration 12"
"Paranoia & Regret"
10 songs of Leatherface inspired d'beat punk

CRIMINAL CODE
-Sacred Hands b/w Distressed Dreams 7"

Star Fucking Hipsters //
Jesus Fucking Christ
"The Fucking Split"
7"
-Getting Low!

Available Direct at
http://inimical.bigcartel.com
or from
Ebullition, Revolver, etc.

Cashing in on CHRISTMAS
HIGH FIDELITY RECORDING

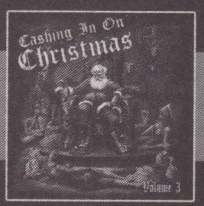
Join together with The Gonads, Guitar Gangsters, Toughskins, The Authority, Splodgenessabounds, Broken Heroes, Dog Company, Hateful, Mad Pigs, Plan of Attack, Jenny Woo, Blessed Muthas, Dirty Shirleys, The Flyswatters, Explosive Head and The Missile Toads to celebrate the Mirth and Merriment of the Christmas Season with these great Holiday performances!

Visit us on the web!
www.facebook.com/blackholerecs

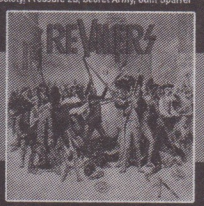
Try it before you buy it!
http://blackholerecs.bandcamp.com

Also Available From Black Hole Records

Punk and Oi! Christmas Classics from The Sheckies, 45 Adapters, CH3, Revilers, Dog Company, Doomed To Obscurity, Jukebox Zeros, Hateful, Mean Streets, Fed Up!, Missile Toads, Knocked Out Cold, Antibodies, Nothing But Enemies, Violent Society, Pressure 28, Secret Army, Cunt Sparrer



Punk and Oi! Christmas Classics from Evacuate, Chosen Ones, The F.U.'s, The Fisticuffs, Al & The Black Cats, Whiskey Business, The Gestalts, The Keefs, Cracks & Scars, The Guv'nors, The USM, Last Seen Laughing, Seek Revenge, The Slotcars, Violent Affair, Red Alert, Missile Toads, Angry Snowmans



Boston punk rock outfit REVILERS have been kicking ass and taking names for a little over three years. In their short, yet impressive career, they've shared the stage with punk rock legends such as AGNOSTIC FRONT, SLAPSHOT, IRON CROSS, & DROPKICK MURPHYS... Just to name a few. Each song has it's own personality, a very pissed off and in your face personality.

From the fog lined streets of San Francisco, they set out to form a new faction. While the reverberation of a punk revival echoes in their songs, declarations embracing themes of justice, freedom, unity & new beginnings fills their lyrics. Hounds & Harlots calls out to all persons with the same passion for music and life; to join them in their search for the ultimate good time!

Features a limited hand numbered screen printed cover by acclaimed gig poster artist Uncle, who has done work for Dropkick Murphys and Social Distortion. Put both covers together to make the complete 14x14 poster.

CM DISTRO
ebullition
In Europe Contra Records www.contra-net.com
www.blackholerecs.com

"I'm interested in resistance and engaging in resistance. And resistance is always a process; it's not an end goal, it's always a process."

GIRTH

When in the first week of August Kevin of Girth records emailed us, asking if he could drop by the house while visiting San Francisco, I had no idea our encounter would end up being such a constructive one. I showed him around the compound and we chatted for a while outside in the Tim Yohannon courtyard. As our conversation flowed from punk to politics, and from Pussy Riot to Riot Grrrl, I realized I really should be getting this down on paper. Not only because Kevin has been running Girth for over two decades (albeit with a short break in between) releasing a good slice of punk, but also because he really is one of those punks who gives back to his community in multiple ways. So, I quickly grasped the opportunity for a short interview; only to discover that, of course, there is always more than meets the eye.

Interview with Kevin Dunn by Lydia Athanasopoulou.

MRR: Hi there Kevin! You're in San Francisco right now because you're ordaining a wedding, but where is your home base for Girth records?
I live in Geneva, New York, in the Finger Lakes of New York state. That's where Girth is based. I have a job working at a small college there. I also run a small independent press company. We put out a bunch of things, but the big kind of flagship, is *Geneva 13* zine, which has been reviewed favorably by *Maximum Rocknoll* several times.

MRR: Oh, right, you have what, sixteen issues now?
Yes, number seventeen just came out last week. And it's a zine of the local. It's not a punk zine about punk, it's a punk zine about the local community, that is totally DIY, that old people pick up and read and no one realizes the kind of political work that it's doing.

MRR: So what are your upcoming moves with the label?
We started Girth records in the '90s with my band Sivle Si Dog, or Elvis Is God backwards. Which is one of those horrible band names you come up with before a show and then never get round to changing. Previous bands I was in were the Red Army, another called the Republican Death Clap, which is still one of my favorite band names. It was a great kind of half guerrilla art movement, half punk band or something. The label went into hibernation when the band kind of called it quits around 2000 and then around 2005 or 2006 I started the label back up again, because I wanted to start releasing some friends' bands and stuff. We re-released everything that we put out before and, you know, with the internet we can just post it up there. And then that band, Sivle Si Dog, just a few months ago got back together to record an EP. So a four song EP is due, first time in like twelve years we'd all been together. I play bass and sing, in the classic way of HR of Bad Brains, we call it throat.

We've got another full length by a band that I play in called State of Franklin, which is kind of Americana punk, old guys still trying to rock, a little more mid-tempo. And one band I released, Rubber Cushions, out of Asheville, North Carolina, we did a seven inch. They mutated into Pleasure Chest and we're going to release something from them in the future. When I was in Galway in Ireland, I met a very small but vibrant, gorgeous punk scene. Wonderful people, who are very active. I got to be friends with a bunch of bands there,

"Our little zine looks very nice, great layout, you know, it's very pretty. So your grandmother could pick it up. But then she's going to start reading it and there's a bunch of radical punk stuff that's buried in there that comes through."

so we made some connections and we're co-released an EP by Dott. And then an EP by Them Martyrs. We're probably going to do more with them and some of the Irish bands there, just to split the pressing costs and stuff. That's one of the great things about DIY labels, if you get a couple together, you cover the costs. I get it pressed here, that way they don't have to ship me my half, or I'll pony up and we'll ship them half of the vinyl and they can distribute it.

MRR: So you run a pressing plant?
No, I have no skills like that. I get paid well at my job, so I spend a lot of that money putting out zines and records, putting on shows. One of the things we did in Geneva is we got an empty storefront. Geneva is this kind of sad, post-industrial town, with a population that's been shrinking for years. But it's an amazing town full of a lot of energy and potential, full of all sorts of problems. And what's interesting is, compared to the state of New York, Geneva has a higher percentage of poor people. So our poverty rate is higher than the state level, but our crime rate is lower than the state level. Which doesn't make sense, right? So something cool is happening in Geneva. So we actually rent, at a very reasonable rate, a storefront in town. And we put on alternative, avant garde amateur theatrical plays, we call that the Headless Sullivan Theater and it attracts a whole bunch of people. We also put on shows that are not just DIY punk. We're role modeling the basic ethos and actions of the DIY punk community to this little rust belt town and it works. The zine is phenomenally successful. We also started doing a film festival for DIY film artists, and that's now in its fifth year. It's almost like a wolf in sheep's clothing. Our little zine looks very nice, great layout, you know, it's very pretty. So your grandmother could pick it up. But then she's going to start reading it and there's a bunch of radical punk stuff that's buried in there that comes through. And for me, that's great.

MRR: You mentioned you work at a small college teaching politics, what does that entail?
I teach politics at a small college that I don't want to name, as that's free publicity for them. My field of focus is international relations with an emphasis on Africa. So in the academic world, people who know me know what I write about Africa and African issues. But I have also been writing about punk for many years.

MRR: African punk?
No, just about punk in general. So I published a number of books, so some people know me in that capacity as well. One is called *Imagining the Congo*, another is a book on identity in world politics and another is *Africa's Challenge to International Relations Theory*. The last one was *Africa's Guerillas: Raging Against the Machine*. And the newest one is called *The Politics of Origin*, about conflict in Africa.

MRR: You should send one in for review, especially the ones you have on punk.
I have a long manuscript on punk that I'm working on, but it keeps on getting done in segments. There's a journal of punk and post punk studies that just started up, so they grabbed the anarchopunk chapter that came out of the manuscript. And I had an article on DIY punk labels that I just published in the *Journal of Popular Music Studies*. That's pretty good, because the *Journal of Popular Music Studies* pays no attention, usually, to DIY stuff at all. And when they cover punk it's riot grrrl stuff, the headline-getting stuff. sThey may stretch and cover Crass, maybe. But the DIY stuff usually gets totally ignored, so I was really happy when they picked that up and they published that article.

MRR: So, why do you teach?
Ha. Why do I teach? Because I'm good at it, and it's enjoyable and it's a job that I can see myself doing for years and years and years. I've been teaching for about twelve years now. I just fell into it. I get to engage in really important conversations with people all the time. I don't believe in that whole 'shaping minds of the next generation' thing because I'm not sure I can shape minds. These are pretty elite kids, that are going to go into the business world, the kind of people who are going to be powerful in the years to come. And if I can have conversations with them and kind of sow questions about thinking critically and thinking ethically in the world

around them, that's the least I can accomplish. And I think that's a reasonable goal to make.

MRR: Do you have any punk students?

It's a small liberal arts school in a city of thirteen thousand and there are 2000 students. It's sad to say that, I've never been on campus and seen a college kid wearing a t-shirt of a band that I admire. Ten years! Until Poly Styrene died and one of my favorite students, who was just an amazing woman, came by my office the next day. She had written herself her own t-shirt of "Oh Bondage Up Yours" and she came by my office because she knew I would appreciate it and, actually, I broke down in tears because Poly Styrene was extremely important to me. I mean, Poly Styrene helped me become a feminist within the punk scene, so that was important. But beyond her I've never seen anyone—forget a Descendents shirt, no one's going to wear a Green Day shirt. I mean for god sake, wear a Nirvana t-shirt or something! But you never see that.

MRR: Does your punk ethic leak into your teaching?

One thing that is the most important to me about punk, and about teaching, is how punk turns people from being passive consumers into active producers of their own cultural environment. And I don't care what the students do, I don't mind what they listen to, I don't care if they become punk. But I do want them to become punk in the sense that they shift from passive consumers to active producers in their own right. To become active participants at a political level. They don't have to start self-publishing and making their own zines. I'd love it if they actually did, that'd be fucking awesome. But just that they become less passive and more active. And that is the number one way that punk influences me as a teacher.

MRR: How do you grab their attention? Do you have tricks?

There're tricks, right. I wave my hands about and I'm sure the entertainment value of my class is high. But no, it's just passion. I get really passionate about the things that I'm teaching, because what I'm teaching I think really matters, because it's about the world around them. Because it's about how the IMF is totally fucking over the Third World to enrich the people in the First World. And the students I'm talking to are First World students and they are not outside of that system, they are very much inside it. They can think whatever they want, just as long as they realize this fact and don't pretend that somehow Third World hunger is not associated with them, not related to them. I don't necessarily need them to feel guilty or bad about themselves, I want them to understand what the world is about.

MRR: From your small sample of students, do you think they understand what's going on?

A few do. Not enough, never enough. Never enough. But I really think the transformation of the few is always impressive. And it's not an imposed transformation; they transform themselves. I'm not transforming them. In that fundamental way, I don't think teaching is possible of that. I can't make someone think in a certain way. I can just pose arguments, pose questions and they choose to go down that path or not. The fire is within you. The agency of learning is within the students. And so if there's a fire that's lit, it's because the kindling of the wood is in there, in the student and they're open to it. And it's awesome to see when students start thinking critically and open themselves up to different ways of thinking and ways of being. It's really cool that some people come, almost hardwired, from a certain mold, but who are able to break that mold. Others come in and already have a curiosity or discomfort about how the world is. And they're not quite sure this is how it's supposed to go and so you can see them become critical thinkers as well. And then a huge majority comes in and they're apathetic. They're not really thinking about things. They're concerned about how they're going to get a job, taking over their parents business or following in the parent's footsteps and making their parents happy; they're just buying an education, a degree. And with those you do what you can. You sow seeds of doubt as much as you can. You can throw Howard Zinn at them as much as possible and it just bounces off them, so…

MRR: Given that these are troubled

There's a lot of this kind of backwards-looking 1977, 1980s American-hardcore-nostalgia, missing the really vibrant DIY punk that's going on now.

times, do you think punks should start going beyond doing just bands, labels, distros, zines and shows? I know we've had some readers express their concerns about whether or not *MRR* is dealing with the 'future of punk.'

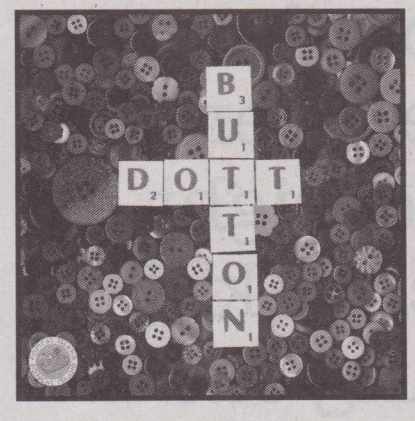
That's a tough one. I have multiple answers for that. But the first most honest answer is: I don't think I'm one to tell other punks what they should be doing as far as changing the world. And that goes back in some ways to the criticism that you said gets leveled at *Maximum Rocknroll*. But who's to predict, who's going to determine that? That just seems like the height of arrogance. It's going to organically progress the way it's going to progress. And in some ways it would be hilarious to think fifteen, twenty, thirty years ago, that certain kind of musical genres would evolve to what they are today. Like, fuck, anarchopunk has become almost like the folk punk, you know, where you have two chicks with acoustic guitars and a cello and that can be punk. And it is, right, it can be. And that gets to another layer of my answer. It gets to that great excellent *Maximum Rocknroll* question: what is punk or what counts as punk? And you know, I've come to believe for a long time that I don't even think of punk as a musical category anymore. That's just me putting up boundaries around musical genres. I tend to think of it as a kind of ethic, right, the kind of DIY ethic, which takes me away from the marketing categories that the music and cultural industry use as punk, use as an aesthetic. Something to sell clothes, something to sell music. Well, what they can't sell is that kind of inherently anti-establishment, DIY self-empowerment that's at the core of punk. Whatever music it comes across as, whatever clothes that person's wearing. I think that resonates back to Tim's original vision of punk. I'd like to think it resonates with a lot of people's idea of punk.

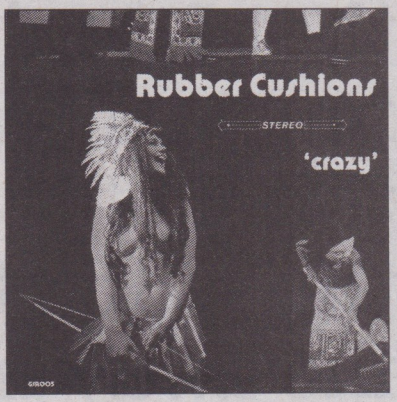
Because it is and has been a big ethos in how I live my life, for decades. And no matter what you do, you're still carrying that ethos, that's good in the sense that it's good for your soul. Because you're not selling yourself out. It's also good for your immediate community because that kind of sensibility is going to enrich the community, not only in terms of one-on-one interactions with people, but in terms of strengthening it, strengthening the scene.

Final point. I don't believe that punks who join Nike in order to help bring down Nike or the IMF from within are going to succeed, because that kind of "if we just join the system we can turn the system around" notion—I just fundamentally don't believe that. You're just getting sucked into the system. You're just getting appropriated, right? Personally, I don't believe you can change the system from the inside, I think you can only change it from the outside, and I find this to be true for other people too. It's the story of when Nike ran a skateboard advertisement and they used the cover of Minor Threat's first cover in their advertisement. It was basically a couple of Fugazi punks who were working for Nike who thought, "oh we totally love Minor Threat, won't this be cool?" So they appropriated Minor Threat and all that they represented to fucking sell Nike. So Minor Threat sued Nike and there was a settlement, a bullshit settlement, which is no criticism of Ian, but basically Nike agreed to donate massive amounts of money and equipment to inner city kids. But what that meant was that now all these inner city kids have Nike brands all over them. And yes, I understand where everyone at Dischord records was coming from, but the end product still leaves a bad taste in my mouth. The point is, they were punks who joined the system by working for Nike and in the process they got played by the man and fucked over Dischord and Minor Threat.

MRR: On that note, what's your take on (anti-establishment) punk being featured in (establishment) academia? A lot of the time it's complete non-punks analyzing subjects they haven't got a fucking clue about!

I'd say amen. That's one of the reasons why I started writing on punk. I grew up in Jacksonville, Florida, and I grew up listening to punk. You know, Bad Brains, the Ramones, American punk. Then stuff like the Clash, Sex Pistols, stuff that was coming in during the late '70s and early '80s. Then the big thing for me was when a band out of Jacksonville Florida, called Stevie Stiletto, appeared. Stevie and the Switchblades was their original name, then they changed to Stevie Stiletto. In fact they left Jacksonville and came to San Francisco for several years and then went back to Jacksonville. I did a documentary on them called *My Life is Great*. *MRR* gave it a really positive review that expressed very much the idea. It said, "There are a thousand bands out there and every one is deserving of having its story told." For a long Stevie Stiletto was the only DIY punk band in Jacksonville and they turned their practice space into an all-ages club. So I'm 14, I'm watching Henry Rollins fronting for Black Flag, I'm seeing SNFU. It was fucking awesome, right? In the middle of nowhere, in Jacksonville Florida, getting these bands to play there, it was amazing. They're making their own t-shirts, they're putting out their own music and I thought, that's how





you do it. So they were kind of instrumental in converting me to punk. They came to San Francisco, they got involved in drugs, they crashed and burned. They self-sabotaged themselves all along. And the main guy, Ray, it's really his story. He's got cancer now, and he was going to die so we made the documentary to catch him before he died, but he's still alive, he's still going.

So I was a punk and in the scene a long, long time ago. I'd say the early '80s was when I became active in various ways. And I went to college and I went to graduate school and was doing other non-punk stuff while I was still playing in a punk band and we had a punk label. I got a job and was reading more and more about punk and especially the disconnection. I'll bad-mouth some of the books. Like in *American Hardcore* you read it and at the end of the book it says "And then everyone stopped being a punk" in like 1988 or whatever year the book stops at. Or meeting these academics who used to be punk and they're all like "punk died" when they stopped listening, when they stopped paying attention to punk. And I'm like, "No, you died. Punk didn't die. Punk's going on." So I don't like what's being written about punk. Also, there's a lot of this kind of backwards-looking 1977, 1980s American-hardcore-nostalgia, missing the really vibrant DIY punk that's going on now. Part of my interest is kind of documenting it, telling that story. Whenever I travel I try to meet up with bands and do interviews and things with record labels and just anything to get this big database of information.

But there's a fundamental kind of quandary or problem that I face as an academic who writes on punk. Who am I writing for? Am I writing for other academics? For what, to convince them that punk is important? I don't care whether academics thing punk is important or not. Am I writing to punks to tell them that I think punk is important? I don't have to: punks know that punk is important. And in some ways the thing that keeps me engaged in this is that documentary that I did on Stevie Stiletto. It's a documentation of the scene and what was going on. We had a theatrical release in Jacksonville, Florida and all these hundreds of punks, old punks, young punks, came out to watch it. And at the end everyone was just ecstatic. Not because I'd told them anything new, but because things were documented. They were doing important work and they kind of got that confirmation that indeed it's important work. And they didn't need that; it doesn't validate or invalidate it. But I think that for a lot of people it kind of helped them, it made them feel positive about what they do. I don't give a shit whether other academics take punk seriously or not. That so doesn't matter. There are other punks around the globe who are fighting the same fight and there's strength and validation in knowing that. There're also, strategically, lessons to be learned because those punks in Athens, Greece are successful doing X and Y, and shit, why don't we try that here in Athens, Georgia?

MRR: You mentioned earlier that you travelled a lot for your job. Where have you been and what kind of involvement did you have in any of the local punk scenes?

I got to go all around the US, but then I've also been a lot in Europe, which has been good. So, the UK scene, Brussels, in Denmark there's such a great vibrant scene, in Copenhagen. One of my favorite anarchopunk bands Skarpretter is from Copenhagen. It was maybe 2005, 2006 last time I was there. It was after the old Ungdomshuset (Youth House) had been taken over and destroyed by the State and they'd just gotten the new one. Members of Skarpretter had actually been arrested in the siege. I think they're in prison right now for that, so they broke up. One of the great things about my job is I get to apply for research money. So I'm going to Indonesia in a couple months. You know, the huge crack down in Aceh in the North part of Indonesia happened and I've always been interested in Indonesian punk, mostly the Jakarta scene. But then up in the north, in Aceh you've got Shariah law in the north, but you still have these taqwacores, these Muslim punks up there. So a year ago when that went down I applied for money from my school and got it. So I get to go to Indonesia, on my college's dime, and hang out and interview people in the scene there and then write about it. Just bearing witness to it is important, because I go there with Western preconceived notions. And as soon as you walk in, it's like poof, nope, I was wrong, CNN lied to me, I can't believe it. So a lot my research is just asking a lot of questions.

MRR: Us Westerners so often forget how easy it was for us to choose our way of life. Is the backbone of all the scenes you've encountered mainly political?

It varies. So in some scenes, especially in the States, there's not an overly political element to it. One of the things I've noticed that I can bear testament to, is that it's often easier being a punk in the West than it is in other countries. It's hard to be a punk in communities where punk is seen as threatening to societal norms, or to the state. So when you see punks in Algeria, or in Jordan, they're taking a risk that you or I wouldn't take walking

"I've come to believe for a long time that I don't even think of punk as a musical category anymore. I tend to think of it as a kind of ethic, right, the kind of DIY ethic, which takes me away from the marketing categories that the music and cultural industry use as punk, use as an aesthetic. Something to sell clothes, something to sell music."

down the streets of San Francisco. Not to denigrate punks in San Francisco, it's just a different context. In the West, to be an out lesbian or gay punk has often been really, really dangerous, Or just being a female punk at times, right? I mean, thank god for riot grrrl to at least draw attention to sexism in the '90s in a scene that pretended there were no problems. In a certain context, just the mere existence of a scene is more radical. There's that good feminist saying, that the personal is political. So all politics is very local and the politics of a scene are very specific to it. It's really important to recognize that punk scenes are shaped by the political context that is unique for them. In Columbia, they're dealing with the civil war, they're dealing with indigenous issues. In the Basque region between Spain and France, it's driven by a totally different conflict. But in all these contexts, punk is doing important work because it's giving people a voice with which to engage in the world around themselves and be a critical empowered voice. In that they're not waiting for someone to hand them a microphone, they're grabbing the microphone, they're grabbing the zine, they're grabbing the copier. That's what punk is. And in its core essence that's why punk is such a powerful, global force. You even have neo-Nazi fascists using punk elements.

MRR: It's true that there are factions of fascist groups who are self-declared "autonomous" and even follow DIY ethics, are vegan, anti-spiciest, anti-capitalist, it's scary! Do you know of any of these groups?

You run into them in Europe. I go back to one of moral compasses, Deek of Oi Polloi. They've had to have running battles, they've actually fought fascists and they sing about that. Deek talks about how they've had friends in the scene who've been lured by the National Front, who prey, who use punk to get people to go to the right. And Deek is very clear about that, he's anarcho-leftist vegan, eco, he's very hardcore. He wants to bring back the ethics with the power of words and if that doesn't work we'll fight in the streets. I'm not a pacifist, but nor am I crazy about using violence. I understand where he's coming from, I'm not going to criticize him for that.

MRR: Yes, especially when dealing with fascists, they won't accept words, even if you try.

I deal with conservative racist Republican assholes in the States that aren't the same political caliber or stripe as the fascist neo-Nazis you come across in Europe and so, yeah, I understand the running battles, having to use violence to protect oneself, to clean up neighborhoods. To go back to Skarpretter and the new Youth House; there's a heavy immigrant population with a lot of fascists preying on it and they had to go and reclaim the streets from fascist elements and they created a safe space for themselves and their immigrant neighbors. Sometimes you gotta do that.

MRR: So, is it an issue of changing the system or creating a new one?

My answer is always that I'm interested in resistance and engaging in resistance. And resistance is always a process; it's not an end goal, it's always a process. So we must always work to change the system until we can get a new system. And we don't stop, right? It's always. We will never—I will never—reach a point when we can rest on our laurels. There's always work to be done. We can always strive to resist power, to resist racism, sexism. To resist all the forms of hierarchy in society; we work with what we can until we can replace it with something better. Until it's done we just have to keep working.

Contact: *info@girthrecords.com*, or at PO Box 13, Geneva, NY 14456

tenzenmen + australasian diy music specialist
(bringing the world to you since 2004)

worldwide distributor for underground music from:
china, japan, malaysia, singapore, indonesia, philippines, vietnam, south korea, taiwan, nepal, australia, new zealand

diy tour information database available for most countries
need help or want to help? get in touch!

coming soon: jagernaut/terlarang 7" (us/malaysia), automating/ torturing nurse tape (china/oz), michael crafter/smg 7" (oz/malaysia)

www.tenzenmen.com tenzenmen

GONER RECORDS

MAIL ORDER MADNESS AT GONER-RECORDS.COM

THE BARBARAS
2006-2008
PRE-MAGIC KIDS
MEMPHIS POP SWIRL

THE LEGS
AAAA THE NEW MEMPHIS LEGS
ERIC OBLIVIAN • JAMES ARTHUR
WILD MESS FROM 2000

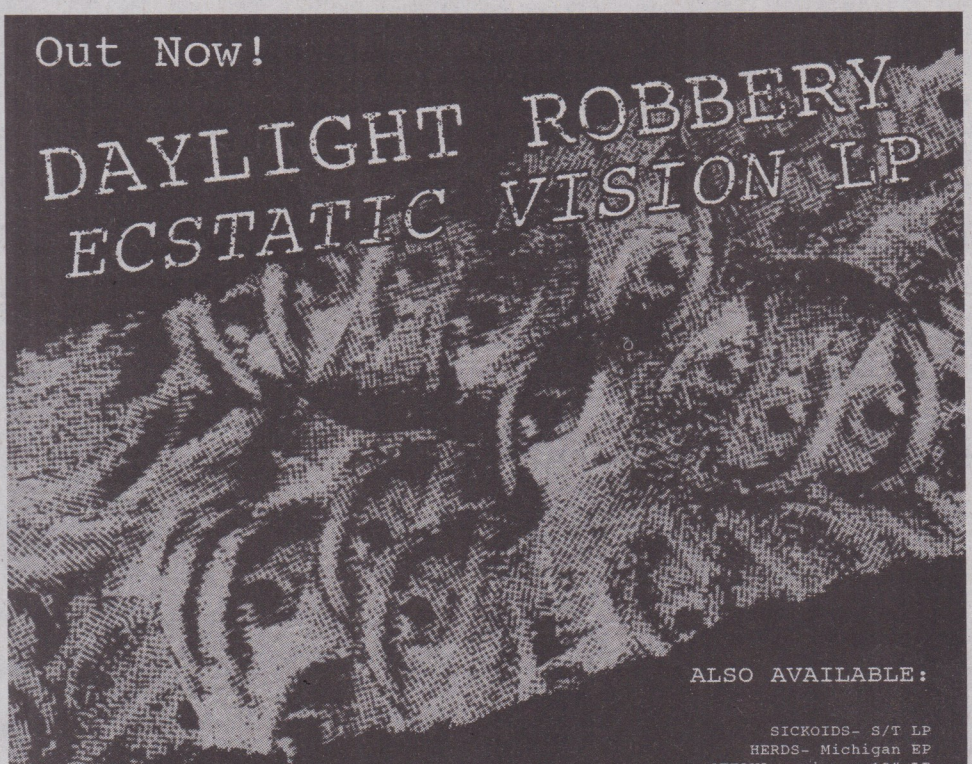
TOY LOVE
LIVE 1980 DBL LP•CD
THE IT'S ALIVE OF KIWI PUNK

EX-CULT
MPD 7"

EX-CULT
LP•CD
MEMPHIS PUNK 1ST FULL-LENGTH

Out Now!

DAYLIGHT ROBBERY
ECSTATIC VISION LP



ALSO AVAILABLE:

SICKOIDS- S/T LP
HERDS- Michigan EP
OTTAWA- reissue 12" LP
CANADIAN RIFLE- Facts EP
DIVINE RIGHT- Pray For Me EP
DAYLIGHT ROBBERY- Red Tape EP
PEDESTRIANS- Killing Season EP
NO SLOGAN- Aversion Therapy LP
DAYLIGHT ROBBERY- Washtenhaw EP
SACRED SHOCK- You're Not With Us LP
DAYLIGHT ROBBERY- Though the Confusion LP
SOLID DECLINE/ RUIDOSA INMUNDICIA - split LP

RESIDUE RECORDS
www.residue-records.com
wholesale: residuerecords@gmail.com

Them Martyrs
(blistering h/c from ireland)
"wretched" 12" EP

Dott
(harmony-soaked garage pop)
"button" debut EP

Rubber Cushion
(southern fried r&b punk)
"crazy" debut 7"

State of Franklin
"cancer" EP

GIRTH RECORDS
www.girthrecords.com

THE SPLITS

Finland is the birthplace of some great hardcore and punk bands, but the Splits prove that in the dimly lit basements there is also a garage punk thing going on. The four women have been playing together for two years now and their first LP was released this summer. They bring a melancholy vibe to the genre while still keeping it sweaty and raw—it can be heard on their album but even more so during their gigs.

Interview by Kaisu Tervonen. Photos by Emma Suominen.

MRR: Introduce yourselves.
Aiju: I play drums.
Helena: Guitar and vocals.
Kiti: Vocalist and guitarist.
Maiju: Bass.

MRR: How did you end up recording your first album on P.Trash?
Splits: We had recorded some songs to put online—we had not played a single gig back then. Maiju sent some mp3s to our friend Ville, who sent them to Peter from P.Trash without us knowing! Peter told us he wanted to put out a full length LP which totally blew us away, since, at that time, it had just been the four of us in the basement without anyone else hearing what we were doing.

MRR: Where did you record it?
Aiju: At our friend Pave's rehearsal place. Nothing professional or fancy, but neither are we, so it suited us well.

MRR: On the inside leaflet of your record there's a picture of Kyypakkaus, medicine you take when you have a snakebite. What's the meaning of that?
Aiju: I took the Kyypakkaus photo at the recording session. Kiti eats the stuff when she has sung her voice off and it really works! Not sure if it's healthy though. But I'm not sure if Kiti's lifestyle is that healthy anyway, haha!

MRR: Who creates the songs and how?
Kiti: I usually just hear the tune or the lyrics in my head. Then I start putting those ideas down. When I'm finished with the basics, like chords, lead and singing melody, I'll bring it to rehearsal. We all do arrangements together. And it's not only me—every one of us has done at least a song or two.

MRR: You were all into garage rock and punk music way before the Splits and you all hung out in music venues. Why didn't you start playing earlier?
Helena: Yeah, it's pretty late since we're not thirteen anymore… I used to have this band, or an idea of a band with some guys, but I was just so massively ashamed of my playing that I couldn't even make one sound without quivering. I think it all depends on who you're comfortable playing with.
Aiju: I always wanted to start a band when I was younger. I even tried to force some of my friends to play but they just wanted to smoke cigarettes.
Kiti: I used to think it was an impossible dream. I still remember what it felt like when I picked up the guitar again after the school years. After a while, I even remembered those three chords I could play. I still play those idiot chords.

MRR: So it just took the right people to get over your anxieties and start playing?
Aiju: It was important that we were all at the same level with our instruments. Nobody was better than the others. But I also think that beer and the dim lighting in our rehearsal space helped.
Helena: Well, they help in all other areas of life as well.
Kiti: There is a sort of night vibe in our rehearsal space. It's almost like when you're at a gig. We need those cheap Christmas lights! Our single, "Crazy for You" wouldn't have been the same without those lights.
Maiju: I even brought my childhood lava lamp there.

MRR: What other bands do you have? What else do you do?
Aiju: I play guitar in a band called the Seekrets. Kiti and me have also been playing synths for an electro band Sähköisku, at their live shows. When I'm not playing music I like to listen to it! I work as an illustrator and I also make comics, so I get to sit in front of a computer all day long and listen to stuff while working. I also like eating a lot. The other girls sometimes make fun of me because I eat at band rehearsals too.
Kiti: I'm also singing in a power-pop band called First Times. I would love to have several different groups, a hardcore band for example, but I really don't have any time for that at the moment. Besides playing, I work like a slave, hang out, buy records and go to punk gigs.
Helena: I have no other bands. Which is very sad. I have to get one! Besides playing, I like to go out and drink beer.
Maiju: I don't have any other bands. I just moved to Kotka to study and every Friday I come to Helsinki so we can have some time together in the basement.

MRR: Do you feel you're a part of a Helsinki scene? Is there a Helsinki scene?
Aiju: I'd say there is a scene—most people who are into punk and garage music go to the same gigs and get drunk at the same bars. Finnish people might be quiet when they're sober, but getting drunk in a dimly lit bar tends to make people less shy and more talkative—that helps the scene to appear! There are plenty of good bands in Finland right now: Death Laser, First Times, Cattle Thieves, Räjäyttäjät, Ydinperhe, Rainbowlicker and Moderni Elämä, just to name a few.
Helena: Genre borders are not an issue, which is really cool!

MRR: You've had an insanely busy summer playing in Finland but also in Sweden and Italy. Where are your fondest memories from?
Aiju: We played in this place called Kylmäkoski, in the countryside.
Helena: We had to finish the gig early so that the goats nearby could go to sleep.
Kiti: The gig was in a barn! The greatest part for me was when a singer from an old Finnish punk band, Nauta, came up to me and praised us.

MRR: What's next for you?
Kiti: I know I'll be making more songs. I can't help it. They just pour out of me like vomit.
Helena: At the moment, we have six gigs planned before Christmas. But it's cool to also have time to do new stuff and fool around at the rehearsal place. And I'm really excited about our mini tour in England with the Love Triangle, I think that will be between November 28th and December 3rd.

www.the-splits.bandcamp.com
thesplitss@gmail.com
www.facebook.com/TheSplits
Label: www.ptrashrecords.com

BEARTRAP

Mike Assatly is just your average guy, he likes X-Files and does normal things. He lives in Massachusetts. Oh I forgot to mention, he plays in a fast hardcore band. That's a little less normal I guess. Oh what? They did a more than fifty day tour in Europe? That is crazy. A hundred day tour of the US? That is insane. Mike is not just your average guy, he is the main force behind BearTrap, whose songs average around thirty second long and are an aural equivalent to a kick in the teeth. He has kindly answered a batch of question for your reading pleasure. Interview by Will Butler.

MRR: Please introduce your band. How did your band form?

We are BearTrap from Stoughton, Massachusetts. I wrote four songs in my basement in the winter of 2007 and recorded a demo. Then sat around for awhile and we played our first show April 10th, 2008. Ever since I've written all the songs and had my friends come on tour with me and play them.

MRR: I feel the band is a totally different concept from other bands, can you tell me about your song writing and incorporating other bands/members playing the songs?

The songwriting process goes in many different directions. Sometimes I write lyrics and form a song around it, sometimes I write riffs and form drums/lyrics around it, and even a few times drums were the first thing written. Aside from that the member issue is just that it's easier to write and record everything myself and then find friends who want to tour and play the songs

MRR: Can you speak on the evolution of the band and where you plan on going with your sound?

When I started doing it I just wrote songs about being angry with myself. Then I started writing about other things (religion, sex, society). Musically it was really bare bones at the beginning, one or two parts per song and just straight forward; I didn't take it as seriously. Then we started touring a lot so I wrote faster songs that I liked more and got more serious lyrically. Currently we just put out a new record called Sleep Eradication and it contains the fastest BearTrap song yet.

MRR: Where do you draw your influences/what motivates you musically as a band?

Honestly I wanted to play as fast as possible. From a lyrical stand point it's anger, whether it be at myself (most of the songs) or something/one else. One new song is about an X-Files episode too.

MRR: I've noticed the anger while seeing you perform live. Where does all the anger come from? Do you feel that playing is cathartic?

I've caught a lot of shit for this before. Some people feel like I don't have a good time because of how I am while my band plays or after we play. I wrote a bunch of songs about stuff that makes me mad, so while I'm playing them of course it's going to bring back that anger. That does not mean I am not having a good time, it feels good to get that shit off my chest. What I don't understand is people who don't get mad playing in punk or hardcore bands, or if they can just flip a switch right after the set it seems fake.

MRR: Are there any bands you aspire to be like/sound like?

No, not really. I write the music I do because they're the songs I wish someone else would write so I could lose my shit to it. As far as touring goes we have the "Black Flag ethic" so in that sense I guess we would want to be like them.

MRR: BearTrap tours constantly, tell me about that. Any mishaps? Any amazing bands you saw or played with? How is touring in Europe?

I try to stay on the road as much as I can. I don't have anything keeping me home. A lot of mishaps, from being stranded in Northern California with no transmission for a week, then driving straight from San Francisco to Omaha, Nebraska to being on the boarder of Greece and Turkey and having a cop full on grab my dick like he was weighing it. We have played with tons of great bands, too many to name. On this tour we are playing with Power Trip, Mindless, Heartless and Dead In The Dirt, spread across three days in Texas. As far as Europe goes, it was really cool. We had never been and I didn't know what to expect. Some people even knew the words to our songs. Of course there were bad shows too, but overall it was an awesome tour.

MRR: Do you notice much of a difference touring in the US as opposed to Europe?

Yes, huge difference. In Europe everyone feeds you, in the US it's not always like that. It also seems like if you put "From America" on a flyer for a Euro tour people will come just to see the band. It's not the same in the US. Touring in the US is harder; it is a flooded market, so many bands tour all the time, especially during the summer. It also all depends on the area, there are so many circumstances and nothing is ever certain on a DIY punk tour, it's always a risk.

MRR: Any good excerpts from your tour journal you'd like to share?

"If you're gonna grab my dick you better make me cum pig."

MRR: How do you stay sane on such long tours?

I drive a lot and listen to my iPod. Doing new things and hanging out with friends around the country is way better than sitting in one place on my ass anyway.

MRR: I know there was a negative incident involving your band being straight edge. Tell me about that and maybe mention some positive reactions to being a straight edge band.

We aren't really a straight edge band anymore, no one broke edge or anything. I just have friends who fill in who aren't edge. If I'm considered the only real member of BearTrap then it is an edge band. In Barcelona we played a show and the band we were on tour with has a singer that X's up and I guess the crowd didn't take too kindly to that. None of us speak Spanish so for both sets it seemed like people were into us. After the show someone went up to our bassist and told him that the whole time during our set, the first band that played was mocking us and telling us we didn't belong there and to go home. So basically the first band was a bunch of weak pieces of shit, who couldn't have a civil conversation with us about our life choices, instead of mocking us. I wonder where they got this warped view that because we were straight edge and they weren't, that we were any different and 'didn't belong in the same place.' They can fuck off.

MRR: What releases do you have out or what do you have planned to release soon?

We have released a demo, a tape, and two 7"s, Fueled by Self-hate and Nailed Shut, both of which also

had tape runs and are all now out of print. We have a new record called Sleep Eradication out on To Live A Lie records. We also have a tape run of that, which is currently out now. We have a four-way split coming out in Australia soon and we will be on the 100th release compilation of To Live A Lie.

MRR: Where does the aesthetics of the artwork come from? It seems a lot different to what you would imagine a hardcore band from the Boston area to look like.

I get this a lot too. I have a friend who does a lot of our art. I have these ideas which I tell him about and then the drawings come out completely different, but I always like them. The most recent one is a concept from an X-Files episode. I like that you look at our record and can't tell what kind of band we are. You have to listen to us and figure it out on our own

MRR: Have you come across any other BearTrap/Bear Trap out there?

Yeah, a bunch, but ours is one word with capital B and T, BearTrap. We are the first to do that so the rest can fuck off.

MRR: Have any of your family members seen/heard your band? What did they think?

My dad thinks I am a Satanist. One time he found a flyer that had a picture of Anton Lavey and Marilyn Manson on it and it said "sk8in for Satin" on it because it was at a skate park. I came upstairs and he got crazy on me saying "I saw you on the computer, you're bleeding and screaming about Satan" and "you better not be playing shows for this guy" pointing to Lavey.

MRR: Tell me what DIY means to you.

DIY isn't really doing it yourself. I've called in a lot of favors from friends, but they were all DIY so it's more Do It Together.

MRR: What are shows like in your area? Are there any new bands around there that need to be heard?

Shows in Massachusetts can be really awesome, but everyone is pretty cliquey and a lot of people have shitty attitudes, not a lot of crossover of styles. Sometimes I love it, sometimes I hate it.

MRR: How does your sound fit into the scene up there? How do people take to the brevity of songs?

It doesn't really. We can fit in just about any sub-genre of punk, but a lot of the time we play the same shows with the same bands because not a lot of people branch out of their divided scene. The only time anyone has complained about our short songs and sets was in Europe. They want you to play for so long over there.

MRR: What is your day job?

No full time job, I used to be a welder and saved a lot of money doing that. Now I do odd jobs, Craigslist shit. When I was home last I cleaned a friend's parents' house and painted it; that helped a lot. I landscape from time to time, and I always go through my shit constantly and sell most of it.

MRR: Any interests outside of music and X-Files?

Movies.

MRR: With so much emphasis on music, where do you see yourself in five years? Where do you see the band heading?

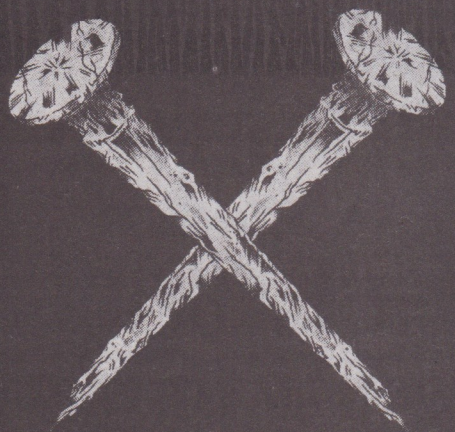
I don't know where I will be tomorrow. The van could not make it there. I try not to think in the long term, maybe more records, maybe more tours. Hopefully more tours in other countries. If you read this and live in Australia, Japan, China, South America or anywhere on Earth really, book us and we will come: beartrapband@yahoo.com.

MRR: Do any of you play in any other bands? Any embarrassing past bands you'd like to mention?

I play in a shoegaze band called Procession (www.procession.bandcamp.com) and no, I've never been in an embarrassing band...ever.

MRR: What is in store for the future?

Besides the new records, we are going to finish this full US tour and then maybe do Australia in early 2013.



Layout By Stupid Grin

the Mentally ill

!!!!!! GACY'S PLACE 7" EP !!!!!!

!! 1979 Chicago PUNK monster !!
AKA the SICKEST record ever made
is available once again !!

Also: fresh slabs from The Normals,
The Incredible Kidda Band,
The Embarrassment, The Nubs, The Knots,
The Features and much much more !!!

Last Laugh Records
american made punk reissues
www.lastlaughrecords.us

LAST LAUGH

TWO NEW 12"s OUT NOW!

SCHOOL JERKS "S/T" LP
GRAVE054

NIGHT BIRDS "Fresh Kills Vol. 1" LP
GRAVE055

STILL AVAILABLE:

GRAVE043: BAD ADVICE "Do Not Resuscitate" 7"
GRAVE051: SECTARIAN VIOLENCE "S/T" 7"
GRAVE052: BLOODY GEARS "Frozen Rain" 7"
GRAVE053: BIG EYES "Back From The Moon" 7"

UP NEXT:
THE SHIRKS 12"
86 MENTALITY "Goin' Nowhere Fast" LP
THE THUMBS "All Lesser Devils" LP
BIG EYES "Demo" 7" (REPRESS)
SECTARIAN VIOLENCE LP
BRAIN F NEW LP
STRIKING DISTANCE "March to your Grave" LP

MAILORDER: WWW.GRAVEMISTAKERECORDS.COM
FULLY STOCKED DISTRO/WEBSTORE

GRAVE MISTAKE RECORDS
P.O. BOX 12482 RICHMOND, VA 23241
WWW.GRAVEMISTAKERECORDS.COM

QUESTIONS?
GRAVEMISTAKERECORDS AT GMAIL DOT COM

EVEN WORSE &
WAY BACK WHEN REC.
PRESENT:

URBAN WASTE

Official re-release 7"

ALSO OUT ON
WAY BACK WHEN RECORDS

THINK AGAIN
"Never" LP

CITIZENS PATROL
"Retarded nation" 7"

WAY BACK WHEN RECORDS.COM

EVEN WORSE RECORDS.COM

PRISON TATT RECORDS

http://prisontatt.com

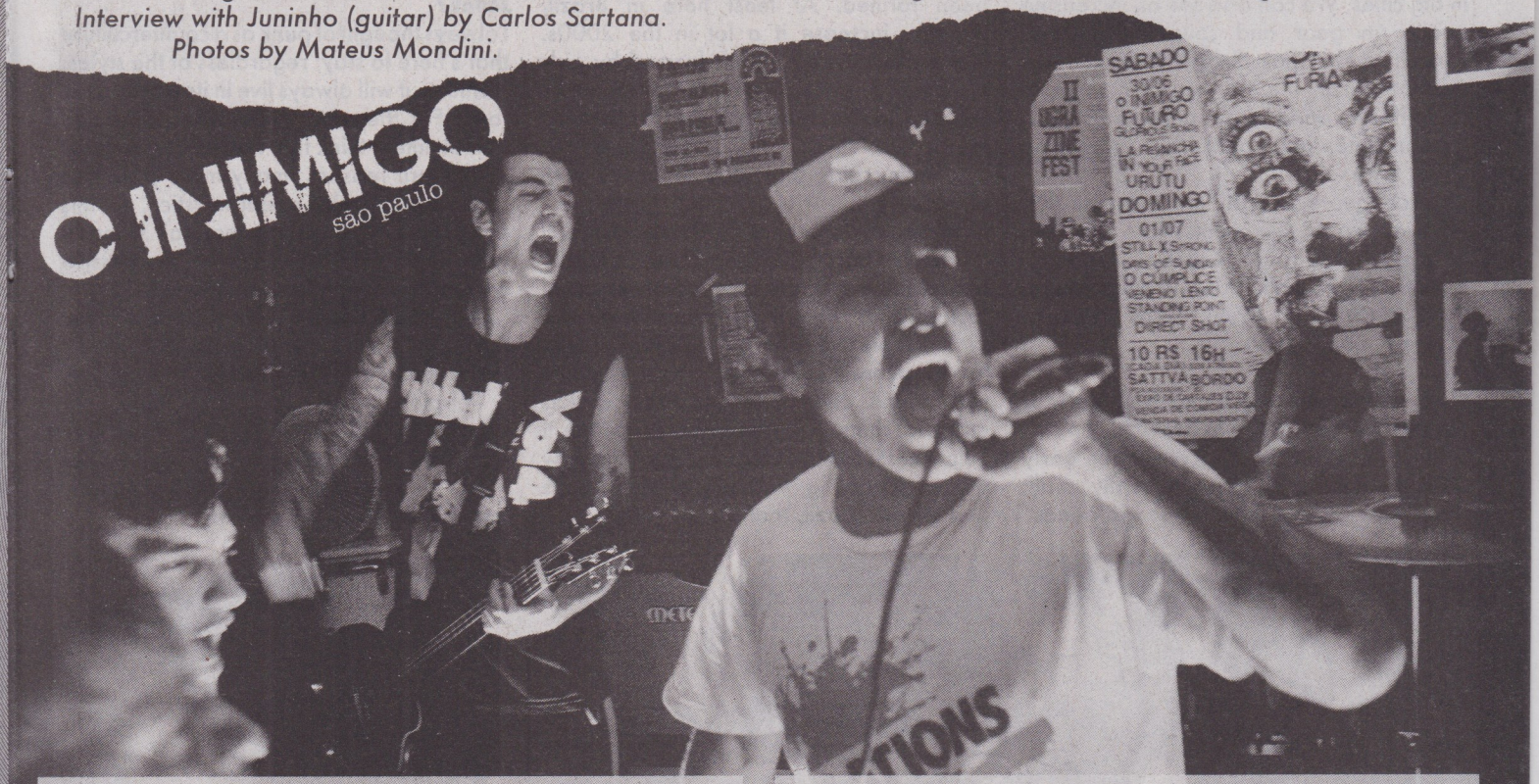
OUT NOW:
IVES
GLASS COFFIN
DEMONOLOGISTS
KILT
OPPONENTS
THE COMMUNION
LORD TIME
LONG DISTANCE POISON
HUSERE GRAV
DHAMPYR

SOON:
TOMHET
MOLOCH
CHAOS*MAJIK
EXPLOSIVE IMPROVISED DEVICE
WRETCHED WORST

O Inimigo is a hardcore/punk band from São Paulo, Brazil, the big city from where many classic bands emerged in the '80s, such as Ratos de Porão, Cólera, Inocentes and Olho Seco. Take all of their roots and influences and mingle them with the most classic American punk–that was the idea of the five guys playing the hottest shows in their hometown, and who are coming to the USA in November on a tour of the West Coast along with their newest album Imaginário Absoluto.

Interview with Juninho (guitar) by Carlos Sartana.

Photos by Mateus Mondini.



MRR: Tell us a little bit about the history of the band.

The band started in 2001, under the moniker Death From Above. Then in 2002, we started playing as O Inimigo. After a few lineup changes and a couple of hiatuses, the band has been active again since 2010.

In 2002 we released our first demo, and that was shortly followed in 2003 by our first full-length *Cada Um em Dois* (CD only). After taking a break, we released a 7-inch *Todos Contra Um* in 2006. And then after a second hiatus, the band is back with a new formation and three new members: Ale (bass, was in R.H.D. before), Fernando Sanches (guitar, one of the owners of El Rocha Sound Recording Studios) and Gian (drums, former Kangaroos in Tilt and Paura).

The original formation still have me (Juninho, also of Ratos de Porão and Discarga) on guitar and Kalota (B.U.S.H., I Shot Cyrus) on vocals. With our other bands, we have albums that were released in the US by 625 Records and Alternative Tentacles.

Everyone in the band knows each other from punk shows in the '90s. We come from the same scene, everybody went through a lot of bands, and lots of things.

MRR: So you guys have played in other bands? Which ones?

Yeah, we've played or still play in several bands like Ratos de Porão, Point of No Return, I Shot Cyrus, Kangaroos in Tilt, Discarga, Paura, Presto?, CPM 22, Againe, Lobotomia, Dance of Days, Small Talk, R.H.D., Van Damien, etc.

MRR: Some of these bands you mentioned have toured Europe several times, but only RDP has played in the USA. Where does this network with the Europeans come from and what makes a US tour so hard to happen?

The quality of the bands here is greatly increasing, and it attracts some attention from several parts of the world. And at the same time, with the internet, the distances have been absurdly decreased. Members from O Inimigo have toured Europe several times in other bands, and met many people from many countries. We've made contacts with labels, distros, bands and venues. That ensured a bond, like a friendship. And also a greater awareness of the scene here.

Many people in Europe and in the USA have heard bands from Brazil, but just not enough. We have to do it ourselves, and let them take it in our way, in our native language. I don't think it's right for a Brazilian band to sing in English just to make a name out there, I mean, it's not our reality.

One thing is to enjoy the nostalgia of the '80s bands from here, bands that were really important, bands that we like a lot. But it's also important to praise what current bands are actually doing for the scene here.

The whole idea of doing an US tour has always been a distant thought, at least for Brazilian bands. Part of that is due to the hardships involved in getting a US visa, for example. Which ends up showing why very few bands have toured there.

With the "crisis," it apparently became easier to get visas, and so the idea of touring became more plausible. So we began making contact with several American bands we are familiar with, and friends in the USA. As they're all spread, living everywhere in both the US coasts, initially we had the idea of playing all around the country. But given all the costs involved with gear and transporting, we decided to pick one coast for the tour, and try to play other places in the near future.

MRR: How goes the scene in Brazil nowadays? What are your favorite new bands?

The scene in Brazil is going really well. There's been many gigs from several bands in various cities, bands from abroad

have been able to book successful tours and it's also great to see small towns doing shows that they just couldn't do in years past... Gigs that are as good as any gigs in big cities. We can also see an increasing quality in gear and sound equipment, something that has always been a weak spot of Brazil. It's still not uncommon to see different bands sharing the same gear, I mean amps and speakers, at the same show, for example.

I can quote several great bands that have appeared in recent years like Test, Futuro, Still Strong, Cursed Slaughter, Speed Kills, Deaf Kids, Veneno Lento, Days of Sunday, Urutu, Jesus Macaco, amongst many others.

MRR: Are there many bands with girls, or girls in the punk scene in Brazil?
When we started in hardcore in the early '90s, the number of girls was really small, they were mostly "the guys' girlfriends" with one or another to add up. Was a sad reality indeed. But it has grown a lot nowadays, and for quite some time, thankfully, female zines and bands have been formed. At least here in Brazil, we saw increase it a lot in the 2000s. There's been great bands formed by girls exclusively, classic ones like Dominatrix (formed in '95) and Infect and also new bands like Vitima and Rakta. There are also many girls that play in bands with other guys.

Personally, I believe that sexism is small inside of hardcore, girls are naturally accepted, but there are other external factors that contribute negatively, like for example how the girl's parents relate to hardcore, and also the prejudice from friends that belong to other socials groups. I think everything that surrounds it influences it a little differently, the somehow distinct schooling we have between boys and girls in Brazil, that sort of thing...

MRR: More than 30 years after punk emerged, after hardcore and even after revolution summer, a whole generation has passed. Why is punk rock still relevant today?
I always thought of punk as a counterculture that's here to stay; regardless of the styles, fashions, it will always live in its most classic form. For the reasons that punk emerged at that time, I think that nowadays we have even more reasons, many more problems around the world, social injustice, so this punk posture becomes natural when it goes against all of this in an aggressive way, contesting it through music.

With punk rock we learn many things, things we always hope to pass on to newer generations, and still keep learning within it.

People's everyday lives end up changing, how they behave, how they feed, their moods, their sensibility. It makes us all people with values that somehow differ from the common sense.

MRR: About younger kids that are not familiar or have no idea about this era in punk/hardcore, or kids that do not know these bands that have influenced your sound... Do you think they might become interested in all that after hearing your band? Do you think they can relate, or that one thing doesn't lead to another?
Our audience is mostly made of people who are familiar with these older bands, but as the band has been around for more than ten years, we also have fans that belong to a younger generation, that do not know these older bands that have influenced us. I think they like our sound, because it's a somehow "melodic" sound in a different shape, with songs that are distinctive from this melodic pattern from the '90s and the '00s.

I guess that the kids who are really into it, they chase after the older sounds, the origins. It happens in any musical style. I hope that our sound contributes to this chase, because the essence is in the history, back there.

MRR: So what are the ten records that you'd recommend to a 14-year-old kid that likes O Inimigo?
Well, records are a tough one, 'cause it's kinda personal, like, a record from a certain band might be a personal favorite for me, but not for the next person, ya know? I'd rather cite several bands like Embrace, Rites of Spring, Descendents, ALL, Minor Threat, Black Flag, Dinosaur Jr., Marginal Man, Fugazi, Wipers, Dag Nasty, Cólera, Minutemen, Hüsker Dü, Garage Fuzz, Big Boys...

Since the band first started, the whole idea was to make a sound in the shape of the Dischord bands, but as time passed, influences and ideas were also in a growing process, and our sound is a result of all these years. I mean, I'm really into skate punk myself, for example. And Descendents is good candidate for personal favorite amongst at least two guys in the band, so...

MRR: Yeah, and Stephen Egerton mixed your last album, right? What about it?
That's right! The album's entitled *Imaginário Absoluto*, it was recorded in El Rocha Studios in São Paulo, by Fernando Sanches, our guitar player, and then mixed and mastered in the US by Stephen Egerton, released in CD format by SevenEightLife and in LP by SevenRightLife and by Nada Nada Discos. It was recorded in one week. It actually took a little while longer than we expected, as we wanted a pretty simple, hard and kinda "organic" recording. We haven't tried to create anything we're not supposed to be, like, so it's just how we sound like...

The record is pretty spontaneous and straightforward, without the use of Pro Tools or Auto-Tune. We personally think that records nowadays are too much edited and produced, which ends up killing the aggression, which for us, it's still what really counts...

So the idea was to make something that had that '80s/'90s vibe, like, the band playing the songs the way they really are, with just a few guest appearances by friends that played or sang stuff that we can't play nor sing [laughs]. To sum it up, it's a record that we made sure to involve close friends of whom we appreciate

the work. It talks a lot about fighting our biggest enemy, which is ourselves. All the lyrics were written by Kalota.

MRR: O Inimigo is a band that has a strong connection with skateboarding. I'm aware that some of you guys skate, there are decks pictured on your EP, band decks, photos in the website... So, who rides and what's the relation between the band and skateboarding?
Everyone in the band skateboards or has skateboarded at some time in their lives. Nowadays the only one who isn't riding is Gian (drums). The rest of the band does it often.

Our musical influence is heavily linked with early '80s skateboarding. This old-school skateboard culture is one of the most fucking awesome things that ever existed, it's too punk rock!

I started skateboarding at an older age, and it was very interesting to see it up-close and be around people from that old-school era, with their great and funny stories, lots of old decks salvaged, hooked on parts, wheels, trucks, mags... It's totally the same with punk, like records, shirts, zines, posters, flyers...

MRR: Nice... Any last words and maybe tour dates?
Yeah, well... come see us play near your hometown!

O Inimigo:
Kalota – vocals
Juninho – guitar
Fernando – guitar
Gian – drums
Ale – bass

Nov. West Coast Tour Dates:
Fri 2 – Pomona, CA
Sat 3 – San Jose, CA
Sun 4 – Berkeley, CA
Mon 5 – Oakland, CA
Tue 6 – Arcata, CA
Wed 7 – Portland, OR
Thu 8 – Olympia, WA
Fri 9 – Seattle, WA
Sat 10 – Portland, OR
Sun 11 – Portland, OR
Mon 12 – day off
Tue 13 – Reno, NV
Wed 14 – Santa Cruz, CA
Thu 15 – San Francisco, CA
Fri 16 – Fresno, CA
Sat 17 – Los Angeles, CA

GRINDLANDIA GRINDLANDIA GRINDLANDIA GRINDLANDIA

PHOTOS BY BUBBA HAMILTON, VANCOUVER CANADA

FEST REPORT By Lily Khan

There are several punk fests in Coastal BC, Fastcore Fest in Squamish probably being the being the most known to those outside of BC. Victoria, a little city with a huge senior citizen population on a rainforest-covered Island, now has their own fest too. Grindlandia 2012 is sure to be remembered bringing together best punk friends from all over Western Canada including Calgary, Edmonton, Squamish, Kamloops and Vancouver. We also got to meet grinders from America's West Coast—Tacoma, Boise and the Bay Area all represented. The chemistry made for a killer evening. Organized by two women, Kay and Kate, Twelve bands played in six hours. *It was…fast.*

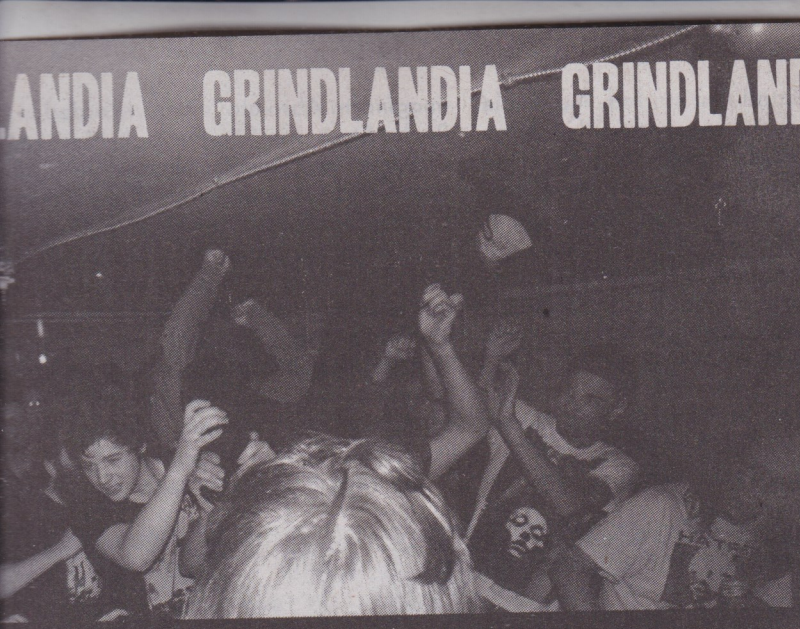
The show started with a great new local band BUNGUS. This was my first time seeing them and I love to see young people grinding. Within a year these guys will be fast as shit and a must see for grind lovers. SOY followed and Holy shit! Known for their late '90s insanity, SOY is even crazier now! Super tight, unique vocals and their drummer Doug can blast like a maniac. Everybody's local favorite grind violence band SIX BREW BANTHA followed. I hear them jam, listen to their recordings, have seen them play live tons and I still love watching them every time. They're one of my favorite bands from BC, so look out for their upcoming split releases! Next up was WRITE OFF, my favorite new band out of Vancouver: fast, straight-forward hardcore with a bunch of awesome old dudes including local sweetheart (and photographer) Bubba on vocals. Pick up their new demo! Vancouver metalcore/hardcore band BURNING GHATS followed. These guys jam the fuck out while they played fast, heavy songs with killer breakdowns. This was my first time seeing them and I was impressed!

DETROIT is the sickest band from Edmonton, especially now with Sam from SECOND YELLOW on vocals—great dudes who play wildly, fast music. PERMANENT RUIN from San Jose was next, one of my most anticipated and favorite sets of the night. Female-fronted fast hardcore with Rich from IN DISGUST on drums. What more could you ask for?! They blew everyone's faces off. Tight as fuck three-piece HUMMINGBIRD OF DEATH from Boise Idaho was definitely a highlight of the evening, followed by Tacoma band SIDETRACKED who played *by far the fastest* set. Pure insanity: don't blink because you might miss a song. SKUFF members HARI and LEWIS served up fun as fuck powerviolence from Kamloops. They're two eighteen year olds who have been doing it since they were tweens—they know what the fuck is up. Fresh off their first West Coast tour, OBACHA is the best current fastcore/powerviolence band from BC. Sharing members with SHOOTING SPREE, this band is guaranteed to deliver every time—go to Squamish and see this band. LAB RAT went on at 2:30 am to finish off the show with "vegan fastcore, we dont give a fuck!" This band is one of my all-time favorites with killer breakdowns and chant-able lyrics. Thank god for sXe kids because those guys nailed their set while couches filled with punks in the back of the warehouse. Overall Grindlandia 2012 was one of the most memorable fest of the year. We all can't wait for the next one! Thanks to Kay Gallivan, Kate Cadaver and all BC punks.

SOY

HUMMINGBIRD OF DEATH

LANDIA GRINDLANDIA GRINDLANDIA



Fest in Squamish probably being the being the most known to those outside of BC. Victoria, a little st-covered Island, now has their own fest too. Grindlandia 2012 is sure to be remembered bringing da including Calgary, Edmonton, Squamish, Kamloops and Vancouver. We also got to meet grinders ay Area all represented. The chemistry made for a killer evening. Organized by two women, Kay and

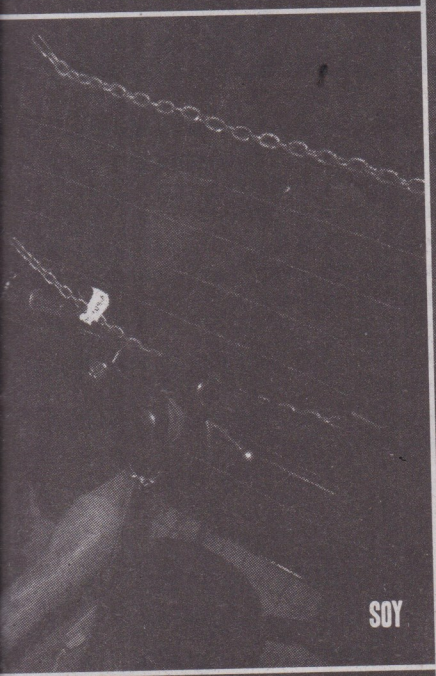
NGUS. This was my first time seeing them and I love to see young people grinding. Within a year d lovers. SOY followed and Holy shit! Known for their late '90s insanity, SOY is even crazier now! n blast like a maniac. Everybody's local favorite grind violence band SIX BREW BANTHA followed. them play live tons and I still love watching them every time. They're one of my favorite bands from t up was WRITE OFF, my favorite new band out of Vancouver: fast, straight-forward hardcore with eart (and photographer) Bubba on vocals. Pick up their new demo! Vancouver metalcore/hardcore e fuck out while they played fast, heavy songs with killer breakdowns. This was my first time seeing

ecially now with Sam from SECOND YELLOW on vocals—great dudes who play wildly, fast music. my most anticipated and favorite sets of the night. Female-fronted fast hardcore with Rich from IN They blew everyone's faces off. Tight as fuck three-piece HUMMINGBIRD OF DEATH from Boise ed by Tacoma band SIDETRACKED who played *by far the fastest* set. Pure insanity: don't blink be- I and LEWIS served up fun as fuck powerviolence from Kamloops. They're two eighteen year olds know what the fuck is up. Fresh off their first West Coast tour, OBACHA is the best current fastcore/ SHOOTING SPREE, this band is guaranteed to deliver every time—go to Squamish and see this how with "vegan fastcore, we dont give a fuck!" This band is one of my all-time favorites with killer kids because those guys nailed their set while couches filled with punks in the back of the warehouse. able fest of the year. We all can't wait for the next one! Thanks to Kay Gallivan, Kate Cadaver and all

SIX BREW BANTHA

BURNING

SIDETRACKED

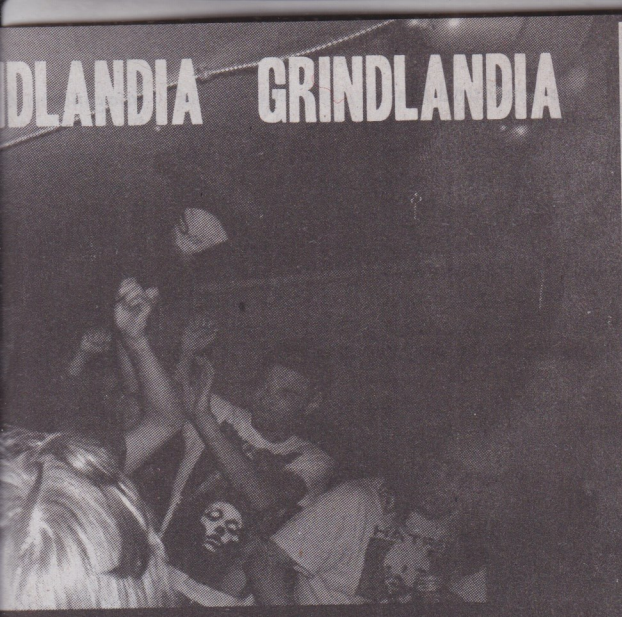


SOY

HUMMINGBIRD OF DEATH

SIX BREW BANTHA

IDLANDIA GRINDLANDIA



SIX BREW BANTHA

BURNING GHATS

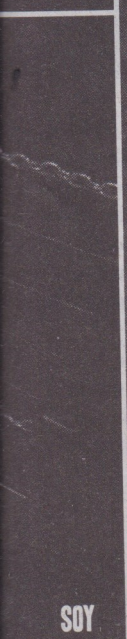
the being the most known to those outside of BC. Victoria, a little wn fest too. Grindlandia 2012 is sure to be remembered bringing Squamish, Kamloops and Vancouver. We also got to meet grinders nistry made for a killer evening. Organized by two women, Kay and

eing them and I love to see young people grinding. Within a year shit! Known for their late '90s insanity, SOY is even crazier now! s local favorite grind violence band SIX BREW BANTHA followed. watching them every time. They're one of my favorite bands from e new band out of Vancouver: fast, straight-forward hardcore with n vocals. Pick up their new demo! Vancouver metalcore/hardcore heavy songs with killer breakdowns. This was my first time seeing

ND YELLOW on vocals—great dudes who play wildly, fast music. sets of the night. Female-fronted fast hardcore with Rich from IN Tight as fuck three-piece HUMMINGBIRD OF DEATH from Boise ED who played *by far the fastest* set. Pure insanity: don't blink be- ck powerviolence from Kamloops. They're two eighteen year olds off their first West Coast tour, OBACHA is the best current fastcore/ s guaranteed to deliver every time—go to Squamish and see this nt give a fuck!" This band is one of my all-time favorites with killer eir set while couches filled with punks in the back of the warehouse. wait for the next one! Thanks to Kay Gallivan, Kate Cadaver and all

SIDETRACKED

HUMMINGBIRD OF DEATH



SOY

SIX BREW BANTHA

SIX BREW BANTHA

BURNING GHATS

SIDETRACKED

DETROIT

SIX BREW BANTHA

Available now from Ecophagy Records
the new 7" from Finnish
hardcore masters
RATTUS
KUNINGAS
an all new 4 track EP from these legends of hardcore punk, released in conjunction with their West Coast US Tour. On purple and black vinyl !
ORTHREL
order online from Ecophagy Records
www.ecophagyrecords.storenvy.com

ALL AGES RECORDS
LONDON'S ONLY INDEPENDENT
PUNK & HARDCORE RECORD STORE
OPEN EVERYDAY 11:30AM - 6:30PM
27A PRATT STREET, CAMDEN, LONDON NW1 0BG, UK
TEL. (+44) 207 267 0303
www.allagesrecords.com
shop@allagesrecords.com

HALO OF FLIES
out now:
PROTESTANT
reclamation
LP
SNIGMORD
2012 Demo Tape
NORTHLESS / LIGHTBEARER
split LP
MASAKARI
the prophet feeds LP
3rd pressing!!!
ENTH / AMAROK
split LP
MOMENTUM
whetting occams razor LP
coming next:
NORTHLESS 10"
-- Halo of Flies is distributed by: EBULLITION, REVELATION, ROBOTIC EMPIRE, DEATHWISH, and DIY DISTROS ALL OVER THE WORLD. support your local distro/label. --
HUGE DISTRO AT THE WEBSITE.
Carrying punk/ hc/ grind/ doom/ metal /post rock from all over the world for the lowest prices i can.
DISTROS, STORES, AND LABELS GET IN TOUCH FOR WHOLESALE AND TRADES
contact:
haloofflies records.com
haloofflies rcds@hotmail.com
SUPPORT DIY.
put your money where your mouth is.

MAMMOTH SOUND
MASTERING
FLAT RATES PPD
7": $45 PER SIDE
LP: $100 PER SIDE
CD/12" EP: $150
CD FULL LENGTH: $200
PROUD TO HAVE COMPLETED PROJECTS FOR ARTISTS INCLUDING
CRASS CVS SPIRIT
MIDNIGHT
ANNIHILATION TIME
NOOTHGRUSH
DEEP SLEEP
WASTED TIME
MDC
COKE BUST
VOLTURE
cülo
CAPITALIST CASUALTIES
CHAOS
DESKONOCIDOS
ARCTIC FLOWERS
DIRECT CONTROL
FYFAN
SEASICK
HJERTESTOP
CLOAK DAGGER
GOVERNMENT WARNING
AMS
MAGRUDERGRIND
CANNABIS CORPSE
NO FRIENDS
AUTISTIC YOUTH
SEEIN RED
TOTAL ABUSE
AMDI
PETERSENS ARMÉ
PLUTOCRACY
CALL / EMAIL FOR QUOTE
WWW.MAMMOTHSOUNDMASTERING.COM
(831) 566-5381

DEATHS

2012 TOUR DIARY

by Gareth Smith / photos by Gareth Smith and Johan Eriksson

March 28, 2012: On the Road Again

5 a.m. I *hate* 5 a.m.

Even though spring has officially arrived in Stockholm and the days are starting to lengthen, when the alarm on my phone went off this morning, it was still pitch black outside.

5 a.m..

I had, at least, managed to sleep for around five hours. With today's journey ahead, there would be ample time to catch a few more winks. I left home with my unreasonably heavy bag—I've never mastered the art of travelling light on tour—and headed down to the station at Sundbyberg. I'd planned to meet Jon at the back end of the train. We're meeting Andy and Johan with the van at Årstaberg.

I've been looking forward to this tour for a while. Work has been pretty stressful recently, and all I've been thinking about is getting away and relishing not having to answer my phone for a while—just getting away with the guys and playing a bunch of shows, drinking some beer and hooking up with a load of friends. This morning, that feeling had been completely extinguished, at least for a short while. Jenny's just come back from the United States and now *I'm* leaving. Bad timing.

As soon as I sat in the van though, things started to feel better again. Back on tour. Fourteen years of doing this and it's still a great feeling.

Today would prove to be pretty uneventful, which is exactly what we required because all we had on the agenda was a long journey. The first show is tomorrow night in Rotterdam. For once, we're getting the longest journey of the tour over with at the very beginning. We've printed our merchandise at a company in Hamburg and we've had it shipped to our friend Micha's record distro in Hannover, where we also have some gear that we left at the end of the last European tour. The journey down to Hannover took about fourteen hours, with a few stops along the way, the compulsory lunch at Max in Jönköping, the bridge from Malmö to Copenhagen and the boat from Rödby to Puttgarden in northern Germany.

First stop, though, was Finspång, where we picked up our friends in the band Tormented, which is the opening band on the tour—and who are also sharing the van with us. We arrived at Rockbageriet, the music venue and studio where the guys rehearse, around 8 a.m. After repacking the van, making room for Tormented's gear and merch, we sat down with a cup of coffee for a few minutes.

I met Claes for the first time a few weeks ago, at the release party show we had at Kafé 44 and I met Drette, the singer, a long, long time ago, when I first moved here, although he didn't really recognize me. The other two guys, Robban and Jocke, I'd never met before, but they seem like good guys. I took an instant shine to Jocke, the drummer for Tormented. As we sat drinking coffee and having a chat, Jocke sat engrossed in a game on his iPhone. Robban asked him what he was playing. "Snake," Jocke said without breaking his gaze. We all cracked up laughing.

The journey down to Hannover was uneventful, apart from some pretty rough wind just the other side of Jönköping and, even though it took fourteen hours, it didn't feel that long. The guys in Tormented are a funny lot and there was plenty of laughter during the hours on the road. This is going to be a fun tour. I'm looking forward to seeing the Black Breath guys tomorrow too; I haven't seen Eric since he came into the studio and played some guitar on our last record.

We decided we'd book into a cheap Formule 1 hotel for the night. We had been speaking to Micha about the possibility of staying with him, but because we'd have to split ourselves up between his place and Nico, another friend who works at Punk Distro, we decided it would be less hassle just to pay for the cheap hotel. After a long day, it would be nice just to park the van and get into bed. The rooms only cost 29 Euros a night and we can easily sneak a couple of us in and share some beds, making it even less costly. I felt a little guilty, though, when we mailed Micha after we'd booked the rooms online; he'd sorted out beds and some food for us upon arrival.

We made a final stop a couple hours outside of Hannover, in the vain hope of looking for some sort of real dinner and, if nothing else, the chance to take a piss. Having already eaten a Max veggie burger for lunch, and a packet of crisps and a yogurt for tea, I was hoping for something else other than McDonalds. We decided to just leave, even though they actually did have a veggie burger on the menu. The Tormented guys stayed at McDonalds, though. We stood around outside and waited for them, enjoying the fresh air and the chance to stretch our legs. 8 p.m., and the sun was only just going down and it was still pretty warm out. Considering that we've been on the road since 6 a.m., I felt pretty awake.

We got back in the van for the final leg, Johan taking the wheel back from Claes (The two fathers in the band have assumed main driving duties on this tour, an arrangement I'm more than happy with). It was soon dark and I fell asleep to the hypnotic mangle of Mayhem's *De Mysteriis Dom Sathanas* album. It's funny, I must have only slept for about 20 minutes but awoke feeling as groggy as if I'd slept the whole night. As I stirred and gath-

ered my bearings, Jon shunts a small bottle of Jagermeister my way. No thanks, mate, I'm good. Jocke, sitting behind me, happily takes a sip, though. I put on Neurosis's *Enemy of the Sun* and close my eyes again, the smell of Jagermeister and *snus* (snuff) humming from Jon in the seat beside me.

It was just before 10 p.m. when we arrived at the hotel. I was hoping we'd be able to find something representing an actual meal, but it was not to be. Cheap hotels are always on the outskirts of the city and this place was no different, located in some industrial estate beside a dual carriageway. The only options were Burger King and a petrol station. Johan and I resignedly walked into Burger King and placed an order, only to be told the card machines weren't working and they could only accept cash. Cash we didn't have. I was almost relieved.

We walked back over to the petrol station where the rest of the guys were and picked up a sandwich and a couple of cans of beer. The picture of the sandwich on the menu on the wall behind the counter promised Camembert and lingonberry. In reality, it was fart-warm Brie and jam. The two cans of Budvar were exactly as advertised though, cold and smooth on the taste buds. Exactly what the doctor ordered.

We finished the night off with the beers and some packets of crisps, hanging out in the room Claes and Drette were sleeping in—a perfectly relaxing way of ending a long day on the road. Tomorrow, we're picking up the remaining gear at Punk Distro before making the rest of the journey to the first show in Rotterdam. Only about four hours. No problem. I really need to get a proper meal in me at some point soon though. Hope we can find somewhere decent for breakfast tomorrow.

March 29, 2012: Rotterdam, The Netherlands

Even though I slept almost eight hours in a more than adequate bed, I felt knackered when I woke up this morning. I guess that fourteen-hour journey yesterday took more out of me than I thought it had. Sitting in a van doing nothing for hours on end is actually pretty tiring.

Once showered and dressed, I was back on track, though. In the van, we discussed our breakfast options. We'd noticed a supermarket not far from the hotel last night and decided on buying some bread and cheese from there. A Burger King breakfast is not something I'm feeling this morning. Unfortunately, the supermarket turned out to be a food warehouse, the kind you need to have a business card for, which the old lady at the entrance counter gladly explained to us. I understand only a little German, but I could tell she was chuffed.

We decided to just get going and look for breakfast on the road somewhere. We still had to go by Punk Distro and pick up our merch for the tour. It was good to see Micha and Nico, who were as happy as ever. I'd forgotten what a wonderful laugh Nico has. Just hearing it shook off the last cobwebs of sleep and put me in the mood for the day ahead. What we hadn't really counted on, though, was how many boxes of merch would be waiting for us. By the time we were done repacking the van, the third time in two days, the back of the van was crammed, with barely a slither of air to spare. Tomorrow, we'll split the gear up between this van and Black Breath's, though, because all three bands are using the same gear. Things will be a lot easier then.

As always at Punk Distro, I was forced to peek at the vinyl shelves. I picked up a pile of LP's that landed at 70 Euros. Expensive first day. I found the reissue of the Hellbastard classic *Ripper Crust,* though, so I was more than chuffed.

The drive to Rotterdam from Hannover took around five hours and was for the most part uneventful. We spent most of the ride, once again, laughing at the Tormented banter. They're an entertaining bunch of chaps. Makes things so much easier, considering that we're crammed in this van with them for the next three weeks. I can't imagine sharing a van with another band that you didn't click with. Painful! Thankfully, that's not the case here. The only real incident during the trip was when we nearly slammed into the back of a car in front that slammed on the brakes suddenly. We'd just overtaken a lorry and as Johan hit the breaks, the weight in the back of the van gave us too much momentum. Luckily, it was Johan at the wheel. He realized that we weren't going to stop in time, and, after a lightning quick glance in the mirror, swerved us back into right lane, clear of the lorry we'd just overtaken. Barely anyone else in the van noticed, only me and Claes. My balls were ever so briefly in my throat, though.

We pulled up outside the venue about an hour after the informed load-in time, but the promoter seemed cool. He understood that we'd had a long journey. It was great to see the Black Breath guys again. They haven't changed a bit, still the same happy, easygoing guys. It's been too long. They do have a new guitarist though, because my old friend Zack quit the band and went back to law school. The new guy, Mark, seems to be cool, though. He used to play in the band Go It Alone with Eric and has been friends with the other guys for years.

The club was a pretty standard, a square-shaped block beside a main road a little way out of downtown. Good-sized stage and the place probably holds around 200. When Black Breath soundcheck, the PA volume almost pins me against the back wall!

The show tonight goes pretty well. I watched most of the Tormented set and they sounded really good. Toward the end of their show, I take over for Johan at our merch table. We've got a serious amount of merch on this tour! While I stand there in the adjoining room where the merch is set up, I completely miss the fact that Claes has walked off the stage before their set is finished. I hear Drette laughing and telling the crowd that they'll play their last two songs as a three piece. Jon comes in a short while later and says Claes is in a pretty bad way.

When I go backstage to sort my stuff out before we line check, Claes is sitting in nothing but his trousers, with a towel draped over him, shaking like a leaf. He looks like shit, pale as a ghost! I feel bad for him. He's pretty confused and doesn't really understand what's going on. I guess it's a mix of tiredness, the stress of playing the first show, only being given five minutes after

their line check to get on stage and play and maybe a touch of dehydration. I hope he feels better soon.

Our show goes OK; for a first show. The stage is pretty wide and I don't hear anything but myself for pretty much the entire set, which makes it pretty hard going, but I get through it. It's hot on stage and it's not the tightest set we've ever played, but as far as "first shows" goes, it's OK. Jon tells me afterwards, that he puked during "Ett Svart År" from *Killer*. I must have missed that.

It's great seeing Black Breath play again. They really are a tight-as-fuck live band. Eric is an incredible guitar player. Jon and I stand on his side of the stage and watch him. We are getting pretty psyched as we stand there with a couple of beers. At one point, Eric is in the middle of this ripping solo, making it look ridiculously easy; me and Jon just look at each other with our beers, acknowledging the fact that we'll never be that good, despite the fact Eric is quite a few years our junior. Jon flips him off.

The Black Breath set rips and by the time they're done, I'm getting a little tipsy, even though I've only drunk four small cans of lager. We hang out for an hour or so at the venue in the bar room where the merch is after the show. We decide to move on to some of the real beers they have behind the bar. Johan tries a wheat beer, which knocks in at 10%, and by the time he's done with it, he's looking pretty saucy. Johan, Claes—who is now looking a bit perkier—Jon and I try out a few different beers and steadily get cozily pissed up. The hostel we're staying at is about a 10-minute drive away, but we can leave all the gear in the club and the lot of us can bum a lift in the Black Breath van. They have a driver with them, so it's all good.

It seems to be common in this part of Europe, but they don't accept cash in the bar. Instead they have these change machines on the wall where you put your money in to get plastic beer tokens out. Jocke doesn't really understand this concept. While kindly helping out at our merch table, he finds himself stuck for change. A confused punter gives him a 20 Euro note and Jocke, not having any change to give him, goes to the change machine beside the table and puts the 20 in it, telling the punter he'll be back with his change in a minute. The look of confusion on his face as 20 Euros worth of red plastic beer tokens shoots out was absolutely priceless. The punter is not impressed.

By the time we have to vacate the club, we're all pretty pissed. We pack into Black Breath's van, four or five of us on the floor in the back, and take the "ten-minute" 20-minute drive to the hostel. Peter, Black Breath's driver, has been given the address and we follow the GPS. We get out of the van and find ourselves in downtown Rotterdam, parked beside a picturesque little harbor with some old wooden boats moored up along the quay. We stand there admiring it for a few minutes before we realize we have no idea where the hostel is. We walk around pissed, everyone off in different directions looking for this place, until someone finally shouts that they've found it. We all slump off in the direction of the voice. It's now 1:30 a.m.

The hostel is this really weirdly shaped building that looks like something from a David Lynch dream or something. We walk into the reception area and into a weird scene. We stand there for ages with no sign of anyone who works at the hotel. There are, however, about 50 young, drunk kids running around the place shouting. We don't know what the fuck is going on. Some older guy appears at some point and tells us that there is a night manager around, but he doesn't know where. We decide to explore the place ourselves. There is an unattended bar opposite the reception desk so we help ourselves to a couple of beers. After about 20 minutes the night manager finally appears, carrying a bottle of Bailey's. We all crack up, but he hurriedly assures us that he has indeed confiscated it from one of the kids upstairs. I guess it's some kind of school trip or something.

The night manager is actually a good crack and he informs us where we can smoke weed without drawing attention from the neighbors, should we so wish to do so. Elijah, the Black Breath bass player, is delighted. We finally sort our room keys and head upstairs to dump our bags. The corridors are crawling with teenage school kids who are shouting and screaming, completely fucked up on booze. Weird scene. It seems the word has spread that there is a band staying and some of the young girls seem to have taken an interest and try engaging us in drunk conversation. We smile politely and carry on walking, but then an older, very pissed off looking lady, obviously a chaperone, appears and pulls them away.

When we find our room, the door besides ours opens and we're faced with yet more drunk teenagers, this time boys. "Hey dude!" one of them says to a very drunk, confused Andy. "Are you in the Red Hot Chili Peppers?"

We dump the bags and head back down to the bar, which the night manager guy has now happily opened up for us. We sit around chatting over a couple of beers with the mayhem of the screaming kids droning in the background somewhere. The night manager sees the beer Elijah stole from the bar but seems to think that Elijah brought it with him. Night Manager seems chuffed that Elijah has discovered the great local beer and commends him at length on his choice of beverage. When he leaves, Elijah feels really guilty and leaves to offer the guy

a drag on his joint, in an attempt to even out his karma.

Elijah comes back, and soon, he and Robban are fully engaged in a conversation about pinball. Elijah is some sort of pinball wizard and, unknown to us, Robban is also an enthusiast. The rest of us sit around in awe of the deep level of conversation. I mean, they're not just talking games. They're talking tactics, manufacturers, professional players and rankings. Every now and again, Jocke, who is sat beside me, asks me what the fuck is going on. After about a half hour of this, just as the conversation is reaching a climax, Elijah excitedly lifts his palm in the air in the hope of a high five from Robban. To our amazement, Robban holds back with a look of doubt on his face and then pulls away. "No, man. I don't know you!" We all piss ourselves laughing. I thought they were about to get into bed together, but apparently a high five is too far a step for Robban at this early stage of their relationship! Elijah sits there shaking his head, looking really gutted. "Nah, man. He's right."

After a while, we head out to the veranda where Neil and Jamie from Black Breath, along with Claes and Drette, are enjoying a bottle of Jim Beam. We join them enjoying some fresh air and a few sips from the bottle. I'm feeling more tired than drunk now and I'm starting to think about bed. As I'm making to leave, a middle-aged man turns up, another one of the chaperones.

He's here under the guise of smoking a cigarette, but it's soon pretty clear why he's out here. He starts talking to Elijah. "Ha! You look like Jesus!" while feeling his hair. Elijah has a *lot* of hair. He then starts explaining the situation with the kids. We're not even really interested, to be fair, but the guy keeps on. He tells Elijah that he understands that we're in a band on tour and all, but that we have to keep our hands off the young, drunk girls under their supervision. The fact that they're all drunk suggests to me that we should be questioning the chaperones, but never mind. Elijah is a little taken aback by this. "No, dude. That's not even on the agenda. I mean, we're talking about *children* here." "I know, I know, but I'm telling you," the chaperone continues. "I'm *telling* you: Don't touch them." Elijah is completely thrown by this and I'm starting to feel pissed off. To our utter amazement, the chaperone then says, "Listen, tonight, we're looking after these kids, so we can't let you mess around with them. But tomorrow, we're off and they're nothing to do with us then, so *tomorrow* you can do what you want." What the fuck is that? He then slinks off back into the hotel. Fucking stunning turn of events to this day.

It's almost 4 a.m. by the time I make my way to bed. Johan follows my lead. Jon disappeared a while ago, but the Black Breath guys, Drette and Claes, are all still enjoying the Jim Beam and the fresh morning air on the veranda.

March 30, 2012: Antwerp, Belgium

I only slept for about five hours but felt pretty good anyway. I wasn't that drunk when my head finally hit the pillow. I lay in bed for a second and considered just sleeping through breakfast, but decided it would be a bad idea to miss a free hotel breakfast. Passing up free food on tour is a big no no.

The breakfast was pretty good too. Your typical continental fare, but appreciated all the same. Most of the guys in the three bands made it down. Only Jon and Drette were missing, which kind of made sense, since they were both pretty gone last night.

I got another hour's rest after breakfast, followed by a pretty rubbish shower before we all gathered down in the reception to check out. Drette and Jon have now appeared, both grinning through their hangovers. Jon had apparently ended up walking around the hostel looking for his room for about half an hour, after he'd disappeared last night. Drette had ended up in another room altogether! In his drunken haze he'd simply found an open door in one of the corridors and walked through it. He found his way back to his room eventually, but he's not quite sure how.

We drove back to the venue—ten-minute drive my ass! Promoters always tell you ten minutes—and loaded the van before grabbing a quick cup of coffee with the promoter. The drive was really quick and, for once, we pulled up outside the venue a couple of hours early. I wish every drive was like this. Unfortunately, we have far worse coming up.

We're playing a show with Napalm Death tonight, which should be a lot of fun. I haven't seen those guys for a while. Last time I saw Barney was in New York a couple of years ago when he came to a show. I know him from the Raging Speedhorn days when he lived in Kettering. Absolute gentleman. The venue was big, bigger than anything else we'll be playing on this tour otherwise. I guess the capacity is around 600 or so. In typical European style, the place is clinically clean and efficient.

We decided we'd take advantage of the free time and take a walk around the city for a while. I'm sure I've been to Antwerp before, although the memory is a bit blurred. I remember sitting outside a bar in a square by a river; the sun was shining. Today, it was pretty grey, but it was still a nice walk. Pretty much all of the guys in the bands came along. Elijah had pinball withdrawal, so he was in search of a fix somewhere and soon disappeared. A few others stopped in an Irish pub for an afternoon pint. Not really what I'd hoped for, but there wasn't much else on offer. We'd walked about an hour through a pretty rough area following the tram lines and then suddenly arrived at Central Station. The station itself was really grand; it looked more like a castle than a train station.

We arrived back at the venue around 5 p.m. and after loading in, just hung out in the large communal dressing room, snacking on crisps and pop. It was good to see Barney again. We hung out for a while, catching up on things back home and what's been going on with the bands. It's always good to see him. I couldn't help but notice how many of the posters on the walls of this dressing room advertising other shows coming up at the venue, were these "so and so plays this record" type events. One that caught my eye in particular was Helmet playing *Meantime*, although it's actually Page Hamilton with a bunch of other guys I've never seen. Fucking sad, really. I loved that band when

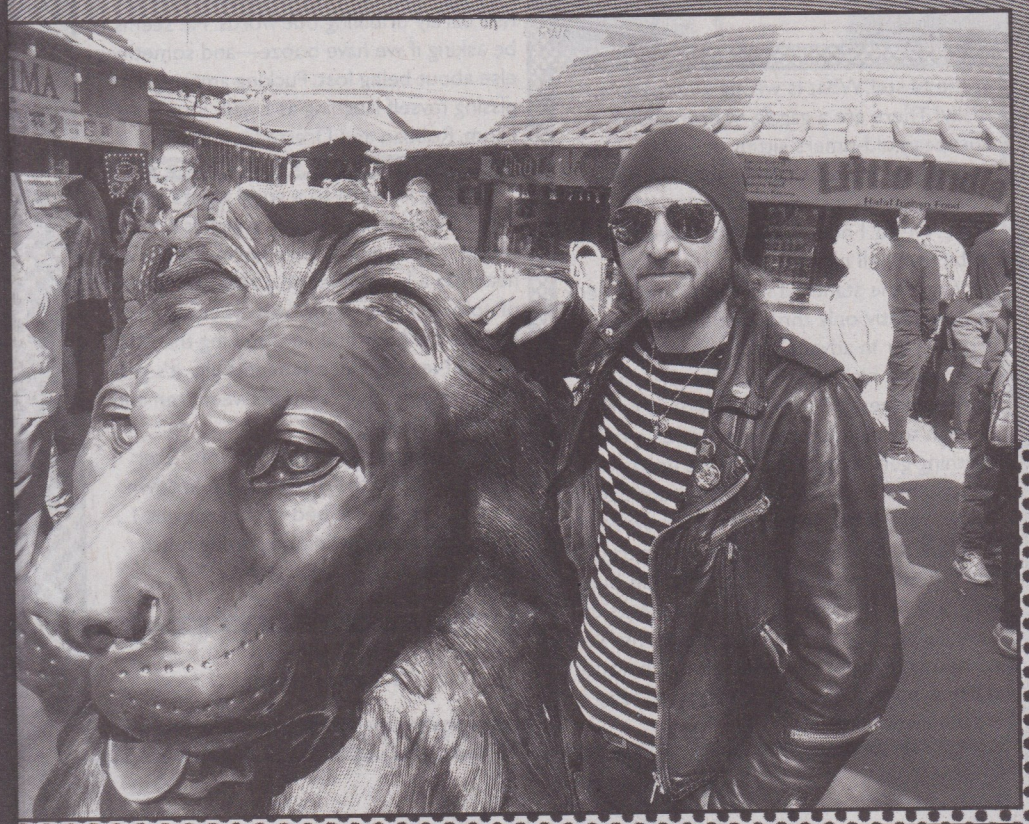
I was a kid. Even more amazing than that though, was that Andrew W. K. was at it as well, although fuck knows what record he's self-honoring himself with! Jesus.

As well as the three bands on our tour and, obviously, Napalm Death, there is another band on the bill tonight. I'm not really sure who they are, but apparently, they're called Kadavrik. The details are a little bit hazy, but they're going to be doing a few shows with Napalm Death. Anyway, we're sitting around in the backstage room shooting the breeze when this young, long-blond-haired metal kid turns up and asks for the drummer. Jamie introduces himself politely, as he always does. Metal Kid who, I can't really tell, is either shy or just very serious, asks Jamie when he's setting the drum kit up, because they're playing it tonight and they are a bit stressed for time because the doors are opening soon—and they're on practically as soon as the doors open. That obviously leads to a great deal of confusion because nobody mentioned this to us. Unfortunately, this kind of crap happens all the time. Metal Kid quickly realizes the situation and humbly apologies to us, feeling bad that nobody took the courtesy of telling us we're lending our gear out. They had thought they were going to be using Napalm Death's kit but had just found out they're not. I guess they haven't played many shows. What are we going to say? Fuck off? I guess some people would, but we just grumble under our breath and go help them set up our kit.

It gets better, though. They soon tell us that they require five cymbal stands for the kit. Five? Er, what the fuck do you think you're doing with five cymbals? I think Andy has, like, two. They just look at us blankly, not understanding anything. We get them set up, even lending out our cabs and cables, although they have actually brought their own amps, which is nice of them. The best crack is, Elijah happens to find a copy of Kadavrik's rider lying around in the dressing room. It's absolutely insane! It's three A4 pages! These kids are ridiculous.

On the rider, besides all the usual diet requirements, it states among other things that they must have five crew members on stage while they play and that they require such-and-such amount of space on stage because they have a keyboard. Who the fuck are these kids? The poor bastards will have to learn quick. I almost felt sorry for them.

There were a lot of people in the place by the time Tormented took to the stage. I spent most of the time at the back by our merch table and watched them from there. They seemed to have a really good show, but worryingly, once again, Claes seemed to have some weird turn and was forced to leave the stage with a couple of songs to go. Drette ended up going to the hospital with him and someone else from the venue. He was back later on, but it seems like he's having some strange nerve- or stress-induced attacks. I feel really bad for him, but I think he'll be OK. He's been given some pills to take, which should sort him out, although he can't drink or drive while taking them. Jon, our very own chemist, has been giving him an encyclopedic run down on the medication *he's* on, which, I guess, is his own little way of making Claes feel better about things.



Our show was pretty good. The stage was pretty fucking big, but it sounded good. We had a shorter set tonight due to the fact that there were five bands on the bill, something I never have a problem with. 25 minutes is a perfect amount of time for a punk show. The crowd was into it, too. Pretty cool playing with Napalm Death because they have fans pretty much across the board and certainly no shortage of punks. That would be a fun tour to do, I think, something Barney and I talked about earlier. It'd be great if that came to fruition some day.

After we played, I hung out at the merch table and drank a couple of beers while keeping an ear on Black Breath's set. It seemed like it was going well for them, too. Our friends in Reproach were at the show; always great to see them. Stijn told me they're hooking up a Japan tour with Crucial Unit. So jealous! That will be an amazing tour.

I noticed the Kadavrik guys sitting down at the end of the long merch table, looking sad. They were selling their merch at a higher price than everyone else, although selling is probably not the term to use because Jocke said he hasn't seen anyone buy anything from them all night. They'd even gone to the trouble of buying miniature wooden stands, the kind on which you'd put a little painting canvas, to advertise their CD's. Poor bastards.

There was an amazing metal guy at the venue tonight. He looked like a mini-Danzig and walked around the whole night with his top off. Not like he was sweating or in the mosh pit or anything, he was just walking around bare-chested all night. On one arm, he had a list of tattoos. I mean a *list*. At the top was the Slayer logo, underneath that Obituary, and underneath *that* Entombed. They were pretty shabby tats as well. Topping that, he had another Slayer logo tattooed across his back from shoulder blade to shoulder blade. Brilliant.

It was a lot of fun watching the Napalm Death set. It's been a while since I saw them play. I think the last time was at Debaser a few years ago when I was working in the bar. Barney is a great front man and it's always entertaining listening to him talk between songs in his Birmingham accent. "This song goes out to Victims, Black Breath and Tormented. Lovely stuff!"

It's a lot of fun hanging out at the merch tonight. There is a half-decent distro at the show, too, I think it's the guys from Reflections. I'm close to buying a Government Warning LP, but my wallet is way back in the dressing room and I can't be arsed going to get it. There will be further opportunities, I'm sure. Our merch tables are set up on a long podium, which is about a foot in height. At one point, Robban from Tormented crouches beside me while I'm standing by our table and pretends he's a dwarf with the goal of freaking Jon out. Jon is afraid of little people.

After the show, we pack down and load the gear into a back room ready to be picked up tomorrow. We're staying at another roadside motel way out of town again. Eric and the Black Breath guys have some friends who have travelled from Germany and feel obliged to hang out in town with them. Eric asks me if I want to come and, for a moment, I consider it but reconsider when I see it's already getting on to 2 a.m. By the time we've sorted the hostel out, it's going to be at least 3 and I can't be arsed with that.

I'm greatly disturbed when we get to the hostel, which is in the standard industrial milieu, to find a Jeep parked in the car park with two beautiful German Shepherds, confused and barking—left there presumably for the night by some fucking retard staying at the hostel. What is wrong with people, really? There are a gaggle of drunk, east European old-timers sitting at some tables outside the hostel, sharing what looks like a bottle of moonshine and making a lot of noise. Weird. I hope those dogs aren't going to be there all night.

We get the standard nonsense upon check in. Apparently only three of the five rooms are paid for in advance by the promoter. After some fucking around though—and to be fair, the guy in the reception is cool enough to ring the promoter for us—everything gets sorted out and we head up to the rooms. The Black Breath guys are being driven back into town by Peter, but we're all going to bed. I go back downstairs to see if there's any chance of a night cap, but find only Drette and Robban sitting outside having a cig next to the old drunks. They've obviously brought their own booze because there is no sign of a bar or even a vending machine selling beer.

Elijah seems like he's in the mood to stay at the hostel, dropping hints now and again that he could deal with just hanging out there. He reasons with himself, though, that if he gets a couple of shots in him at the bar, he'll wake up. They head off. Fuck knows what they're going to find open at this time. I head upstairs with Drette and Robban, who are kipping in the room besides Andy, Peter and now myself.

As we approach our rooms, a very drunk, beer-bellied Englishman appears from one of the other rooms holding a phone and wearing nothing but a large pair of green boxer shorts. He's completely fucked up. He seems to be locked out of his room and, although he appears to be talking on his phone, he is actually trying to converse with us. I can barely make out what he's saying because he's barely dribbling out words. He seems to be asking if we have booze—and something else about being lost. Fucking amazing. I'm pissing myself laughing as I walk into the room. Robban and Drette look chuffed.

Looking forward to a good night's sleep. After a long disco shower, which is possibly the best shower I've ever had—the shower head has a lamp in it and a revolving display of colors as I wash my balls—I crawl into bed beside Andy and lie watching the BBC World News Service. It seems like it's getting pretty fucking tense between Iran and the west. Scary shit.

Peter comes back about an hour later having dropped the American off in town. I'm glad I chose the bed option tonight, I guess those guys won't be getting much sleep tonight.

To be continued...

SUDDEN DEATH RECORDS

PEOPLE, NOW'S THE TIME! TRUST IN JOE & SUDDEN DEATH RECORDS

FROM THE LEGENDS OF CANADIAN PUNK

NOW OUT ON CD/LP

D.O.A.

WE COME IN PEACE

BRAND NEW STUDIO ALBUM

"*D.O.A.*'s best album since the mighty *War On 45*"

~ Barry Weiss, Alternative Action Press

Canada's Men of Action deliver the goods on *We Come In Peace*. It's a must listen, as the legends of punk come at you with a deadly combo of humor, power and politics. *D.O.A.*, the originators of *Hardcore*, led by Canada's godfather of punk *Joe Keithley* don't disappoint. Guest vocalists include *Jello Biafra*, *Ben Kowalewicz (Billy Talent)* and *Hugh Dillon (Headstones)*. Must listens are *We Occupy*, *Boneyard*, *War Hero*, *Do You Wanna*, *Lost Souls* and *Who The Hell Do You Think You Are*.

GO TO SUDDENDEATH.COM

FOR

DAMNED
NO MEANS NO
DAY GLO ABORTIONS
POINTED STICKS
SHAM 69
REAL MCKENZIES
D.O.A.
MDC
YOUNG CANADIANS
MODERNETTES

SUDDEN DEATH RECORDS

RARE VINYL
POSTERS
PUNK MEMORABILIA
AND
$5 BUCK CDS

WEEKEND NACHOS/LACK OF INTEREST 7"
SIDE TRACKED/SELF INFLICTED 7"
COLD WAR "FAST BERLIN HARCORE" CD
LANDMINE MARATHON 7"
CYBORG 7"
BASTARD NOISE
"SKULLDOZER" LP/CD
CRIPPLE BASTARDS
FRAMMENTI DI VITA LP+7"
LOOKING FOR AN ANSWER
Eterno Treblinka LP
REPROACH
BITTER END LP
WEEKEND NACHOS
WORTHLESS LP
EXTORTION
DEGENERATE LP SICK LP
LANDMINE MARATHON
GALLOWS LP
LOW THREAT PROFILE
PRODUCT #2 12"
Brutal Truth/Spazz split 7" re-issue
BASTARD NOISE
A CULTURE OF MONSTERS LP/CD
THIS COMP KILLS FASCISTS VOL 1 / 2
NO COMMENT DOWNSIDED 7"
NO COMMENT "COMMON SENSELESS 7"
D.I.S "CRITICAL FAILURE LP/CD
PHOBIA "22 RANDOM ACTS OF VIOLENCE 12"
LANDMINE MARATHON "RUSTED EYES AWAKE" LP
DEEP SIX RECORDS: P.O BOX 6911
BURBANK CA. 91510 U.S.A
7" $8/$11 10"/12" $15/$26 CD $10/$10

PUTREFACTION

Blood Cult lp

OUT NOW ON DISTROY REC.
Irish Death Crust of the 'Mad Max' stylings crushing noise that can only be compared to that of a post apocalyptic crust world that trundles through the ashes

Go to Distro-yRecords Website to check out PUTREFACTION

www.Distroyrecords.com

COUNTDOWN TO ARMAGEDDON

COUNTDOWN TO ARMAGEDDON
THROUGH THE WIRES | EATER OF WORLDS CD/CS

COUNTDOWN TO ARMAGEDDON EURO TOUR 9/28-10/28
VINYL VERSION OUT ON SKULD RELEASES (GERMANY)
AVAILABLE THROUGH: WWW.ABORTEDSOCIETY.COM

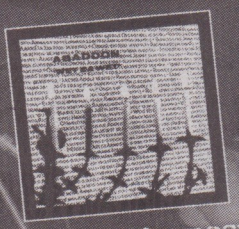
ALSO AVAILABLE:
MURDERESS LP REPRESS
ADELIT@S LP/CS
AGE OF COLLAPSE LP/CS

ABORTED SOCIETY RECORDS

ABORTED SOCIETY
1122 E. PIKE ST #1377 | SEATTLE, WA 98122-3934 | ABORTEDSOCIETY@HOTMAIL.COM

WARSAW PACT RECORDS PRESENTS

ABADDON
WET ZA WET



One of the most classic release of Polish HC available again on vinyl!
Originally released on New Wave Records from France in 1986.
9-track LP with a gatefold cover and additional 16-page booklet.

Also available:
MOSKWA "Studio 84" 7"EP (3rd press)

Out next:
THE CORPSE "Fight against rules" LP
MOSKWA "Nigdy!" LP

Ordering: **warsawpactrecords@gmail.com**

HAVOC

WWW.HAVOCREX.COM

77-84 HARDCORE PUNK RE-ISSUES

MINNEAPOLIS

CRUST

THRASH

D BEAT AND RAW PUNK

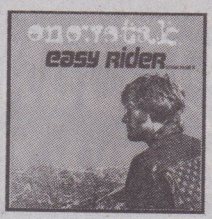
SCANDINAVIAN IMPORTS

CHECK OUR WEBSTORE AT WWW.HAVOCREX.COM

FOR THE MOST CRUCIAL SELECTION OF RECORDS, T SHIRTS, CDS, AND PLASTIC SLEEVES FOR LPS AND 7"S

STORES AND DISTROS WE DEAL DIRECT!

WE NO LONGER HAVE A PRINT CATALOG.



ENEWETAK

EASYRIDER SESSIONS VOL. 3 7"

RECORDED OCTOBER 31, 2003 AND ORIGINALLY SLATED FOR RELEASE ON CRAWLSPACE, THIS THREE SONG SINGLE FINALLY SEES THE LIGHT OF DAY.

UZALA / MALA SUERTE

SPLIT 7"

DOOM AND GLOOM. UZALA (ID/OR) AND MALA SUERTE (TX) TEAM UP AND OFFER ONE NEW SONG EACH FILLED WITH HEAVY SLUDGE AND ATMOSPHERE.

SERVILE SECT

SVRRENDER LP

VINYL RELEASE OF THE CASSETTE RELEASED ON HANDMADE BIRDS EARLIER THIS YEAR. SOME OF SERVILE SECT'S MOST ACCOMPLISHED AND OPPRESSIVE SOUNDS TO DATE.

VENOWL

NO HONOUR 7"

"NIGHTMARISH, NOISE-INFLICTED DOOM FROM IL", WITH PREVIOUS CASSETTE ONLY RELEASES ON IVORY ANTLER, TRIANGULUM IGNIS AND A TERRE RECORDS, KOTM IS PROUD TO RELEASE THEIR VINYL DEBUT!

ALSO AVAILABLE

GOG: IN OUR ARCHITECTURE...2X12"
SERVILE SECT: REALMS OF THE QUEEN LP
HORDES: ABARGNOSIS 7"
ALTARS: LIVE ON PURE HATE 12"
ELDERS: BLIND RAGE LP
ROYAL MONSTERS: BLACKWATER 7"
OSS: DEMO 7"
GEHENNA: UPON THE GRAVEHILL LP

IN THE FUTURE

MOLOCH / CLOSURE: SPLIT 7"
UZALA 10"

KING OF THE MONSTERS

KOTMRECORDS.BLOGSPOT.COM

REPLICA

Out of the new crop of current punk bands destroying the Bay Area, Replica stands out musically and visually. Playing their own brand of metallic tinged hardcore, these four have seamlessly merged their musical tastes, informed by their various experiences and various extensive musical pasts, proving that punk can be the unifier regardless of origin. Read on if you want to be inspired and remember what it is that lead you to punk in the first place.
Intro by Mariam Bastani, interview by Lydia Athanasopoulou and Mariam Bastani, photos by Murray Bowles, Kayla Castanon, Ben and Martin Sorrondeguy.

MRR: Please introduce yourselves.
Dharma: I sing.
Juliana: Guitar.
B: Drums.
Alicia: I play bass.

MRR: What were your impressions from your recent tour?
D: The tour was awesome, it was my first time going on tour and traveling around. Baby's first tour! [laughs all around] I didn't want to come back. I have post-tour blues. All the shows were really great and people came out and supported us and were really hospitable, and we got a really good response. Not to sound cheesy, but it was really positive; it was tight.
J: We travelled—let's count, Oakland, which was the tour kick off show, Sacramento, Eureka, and then we went north, Portland, Olympia, Tacoma and Seattle. It was my first tour in the US, so it was really good for me. Because I'm from Brazil and I've toured with my former band, Infect, but reality in Brazil is totally different. Bands don't tour a lot because it's expensive. The cities are really distant from each other, which makes touring really difficult. You have to drive more than five hours to get from capital to capital, it's crazy. I've only toured Brazil once and it wasn't really all the cities in Brazil, so it was a totally different experience and it was really awesome.

MRR: Anything memorable?
B: It was great to just feel the benefit of the people who are out there in the networks, so we played with good friends. Two friends in Olympia set up shows for us, Adriana ad Outlook and the people in Crude Thought; and the people in Walls played with us in Portland and Seattle and it was a wonderful. The road was well paved and the shows were really good and we were lucky to plug right in to all that.
J: Probably two broken noses during the tour. [laughs all around]
A: There were a lot of flat tires. Some archetypal personalities definitely came out on tour; it was funny. Juliana says let's do it, I say let's figure it out, B say I don't care and Dharma is the one who says, I'm over 21 but don't have an ID so my opinion doesn't count. [laughs all around] Things kept happening that reinforced these personality stereotypes.

MRR: You've all been involved in a number of other bands in the past and you're from different backgrounds. How did you all meet anyway?
J: The first person I met was Alicia because we had a mutual friend, Melina, and I met here when she came to Brazil in like 2006 and when I came to the Bay Area after that was when I met Alicia. We kept in touch for all those years and when I moved here, I wanted to play in a band, because I hadn't been in bands for two years in Brazil, so I said let's start a band! Then we invited B and he invited Dharma and that's how we met.
D: In only met Alicia a couple times through a friend and I knew B from No Statik and the local scene and I met Juliana just before practice.
B: I met Alicia through Ruby, who sings in No Statik, and I've know Ruby since we were teenagers, kids really. We grew up together in Tampa, Florida so we grew up going to high school and punk shows together. Been out here for three years; came out here to do music and, I have another life an academic world and a lot of connections through that. So I knew I had that and a lot of cool friends doing music out here; and my older brother, he lives out here too. I've been playing drums for twenty years, since I was 24. So I toured the US for the first time in 1996, full US tour. I had a band called End of the Century Party, we toured with a great band called Inhumanity, from Columbia, South Carolina. We have a new band with the singer, called Serebro Febro, it's a cross country project. When lived out here before, I was in a band called Scholastic Death and it was a fun band to be in, we toured up and down the west coast but the further we got to was between Reno and San Diego. Couldn't get around very much, but it was a great experience, and we toured with some cool bands.
D. And now he's in our band! [laughs all around]
A. I could take it back to age thirteen, because the reason I know Michelle or Ruby is because she's friends with someone who was in a band with me when I was thirteen years old, so that's nineteen years ago. And she lived in Ohio and that's where I met her, all the way back then.

MRR: Have you ever been in a band that has this broad of a spectrum as far as ages go?

D. Duck and Cover started when I was 16 and everyone else was already in their early to mid twenties. That was the only other band I've been in, but it was a pretty huge age gap for me.

B. I've never been in a band with this a diverse group of people.

J. Well, if you think of it, all of us are in our early thirties, except Dharma, but you know, she's been in the punk scene for a long time.

MRR: Was there something different you wanted to do with this band, something in particular you wanted to achieve or avoid? Do you have a direction?

J. We had no plans at all. [laughs all around]

D. Really fast, really heavy, really angry, it didn't matter to me how that panned out in terms of genres, I just wanted to rage.

J. When I invited people to join the band I had some riffs and B asked me what kind of band do I want to be in. I said, I dunno, just fast hardcore. I had no idea what it was going to sound like. It was crazy because it worked perfectly, when we started playing, I said that's it; it's fucking awesome. Then Dharma sang and the first time I heard it I said perfect. It's crazy because it fits so well and we didn't go for a certain sound, it was a different experience to me, because usually in my other bands we had some kind of direction.

B. We go to the rehearsal room, Juliana busted out a couple of riffs. It's chemistry, something like that. After our first practice we had two, three songs, Dharma came to the next one and it went from there. Easy chemistry, knowing we had a love of similar hardcore, fast hardcore.

J. But we also all had experience before from other bands. It wasn't our first time, so it made it flow very well, I think.

D. In my other bands we had good chemistry, but in the end each of us wanted different things and I just wanted to play hardcore. And we were constantly arguing and bickering and...that's how we made songs? Even though it was different, we came up with the weirdest shit because of it. It was a completely different method for me, because there was no specific goal, it just worked, we were all on the same level, whatever that was.

A. I'm gonna add that everyone contributes to the songwriting. You know, sometimes Dharma will come with a bass line, we're all writing parts of the songs, so it's a cohesive mix. Melodies, rhythms of vocals, we all have ideas and we all bring them and we're accepting of them.

MRR: Your Flexi, out on Radical Punx Never Die, is already sold out! What's your next move?

B. We're writing songs and we're going to try and put out a record before the end of the year, a seven inch perhaps. And we're also going be on a compilation Brian Stern is putting out, with a bunch of local Bay Area bands. We recorded for that already. Also, this guy from CTS, Flo, might do an seven inch for us in Europe, so he's interested, we've said yes. We asked Ken if he would help put it out on this side of the ocean. We're hoping to record it and have it our by the end of the year, to tour in December.

MRR: I first read about you on my friend's blog, fifteencountsofarson. At the beginning of his review, he had a small definition of what replica means, which I found very interesting. So, how come 'replica' came up as a name and does it reflect any feelings you may have about the music you play?

A. I think it has to do with commodification. Why would someone make a replica, what does it means, why is it important? How do you distinguish a copy from an original? It also means the same in Portuguese and it was important for me that Juliana could also relate to the name.

J. I definitely like the name because it means the same in both languages so it's international.

B. It was the kind of name that has a lot of over tones, undertones, resonances, and we still haven't picked out one of them, but when I hear people discuss it I find myself compelled by people's answers.

D. I never fully grasped it, I don't think about it too much. But thinking about the songs or lyrics I've written, which are a lot about human struggle, philosophy and society, identity, together with the awareness that every human being goes through a similar struggle, just living, gaining, losing. No matter how unique for each person the situation is, everyone goes through it. I thought of this the most with the song "You can't stop the weather". I was grieving for a friend I'd lost and just really questioning why I was here, because after that everything felt so temporary and meaningless, I had to get a grasp on the bigger picture. Tons of people go through this every day; I'm not the only one. You can't stop the way things go. People die, people are born and that's the way it goes for everyone. It's all kind of shared.

M. So replica in some sense could be negative but in the same way it can be positive.

D. It's negative in the way that no matter what kind of shit situation you're going through, others are feeling that way too, so you just have to deal with it, because everyone is suffering in some way. In the positive, it makes you feel like you're not the only one going trough some shit. That's my take on it.

B. It goes on and on and on.

MRR: Musical references aside, what other things inform your lyrics, or your message in general?

A. When I made the EP and tape, I made them similar, thinking of what kind of meaning can be derived from the visual? The simplest thing was to replicate our name. With our eyes, it's like you said, it's because you can distinguish us from our eyes, our irises. So it's abstract but also very apparent. The writing process for me is easier when I'm away from instruments I can actually play. I think about the progression of a song inside my head. So, with our song "Night Life," I thought about it while in Brazil. It's kind of a removal process. So while I like to get together with people and play music together, I also like the distance between me and the instrument I'm playing, it helps me think about the song and the structure, so that's one of the process ways I write songs.

B. Pretty much, I play the music I love to see played, and love to hear and experience, so I channel that as much as possible. I push myself in wider directions. I'll hardcorize a disco drumbeat; I'll do drum rolls I can't actually pull off. I push it in certain directions to expand upon that basis that I love.

J. When I write a song for Replica, it's not just a replica of a hardcore song. Most of my influences are from totally different stuff. I realized that if you listen just to hardcore, you can't do anything good. Basically the things that inspire me to write Replica songs are basically non-hardcore things.

D. When I do write bass lines, I'm not thinking about hardcore music, or even punk. Sometimes it's classical, sometimes soul, whatever I'm feeling the most at the time.

J. Eighties pop music. [laughs all around]

MRR: You mentioned experimenting with drumming. Do you think it has to do with the composition or appearance of the band? I mean, what's your perspective on the fact that the band is three quarters female? Because in the Bay Area there are women in bands, but not women that play together in bands.

D. It never crossed my mind honestly. Duck and Cover was two boys, two girls. I guess there was some sexist commentary with us being in a band, which was challenging, but recently in this day and age, whether here or anywhere, there are a lot more bands with women in them and people aren't so skeptical about that anymore. Over the past two years, women in bands have kind of blown a lot of the water. At least in the anarcho-punk scene I was in growing up, it was extremely sexist and 'women could never understand rock'n'roll or punk rock, or hardcore like men.' And I believe there's a better understanding of that day. We're all the same, it hadn't crossed my mind, what gender we are.

J. It had crossed my mind and I have played in all girl bands, bands with just me being a girl, bands with half women, half men. I don't know if there's any influence in our songs or lyrics. I thin the Bay Area is a place with a lot of girls and bands and I feel like it's less shocking for people to see girls playing hardcore. In Brazil for example, it was like "oh, that's something so new, I've never seen that before."

D. I will say "Sandy Bottom," the song on our demo, sort of pokes fun at that sexism that was around for a while. It plays with gender, because I wrote the lyrics from a man's point of view and it's not so much offensive in the sense that I'm making fun of a particular gender, it's poking fun at relationship between males and females, in punk scene or any social circle. You know, there's a man objectifying or being bitter at women, for being beautiful or attractive, things to that nature. I feel it's the only thing we have that is gender related and it's kind of the only jokey song we have. That was the only point where I thought of gender.

B. There are certainly a million things to say about this topic, but I'll just add that we didn't set out to be a band that has three women in it, just a band with friends. The occasion is of doing something we enjoy doing.

A. I do think about it a lot, I'm always analyzing it. After a certain show, I'll think of how people react and for me it's always apparent that the gender dynamic is apparent. But like B said, we didn't set it up. We're all independent people and are coherent together. It's not invisible to me, but it's not something super compelling, or something I'm always thinking about.

J. To me personally it doesn't make any difference how we look. Maybe to the audience it's a shocking experience. Because in Infect it was the same thing; 'Oh look at those cute girls" and then we played fast hardcore! But it's something I don't think about. For me it's just hardcore, it's music, it doesn't make any difference how I look, how my band mates look. Maybe it's a reaction other people have, but to me it doesn't make any difference.

D. I feel, the fact that we don't rely on the fact that we have women in the band, or use it as a theme, or that we're from different cultures and backgrounds, I feel it forces people to look past all of it and see the bigger picture. I could be writing songs about how much it sucks being a black woman in a punk scene, but it's not really about that. We're not dwelling on those facts.

B. I'm trying to think how much this has affected us a band and I think it definitely has. To the degree that you already brought up, that the first thing they get from us is visual. And I don't know if it matches or fails to match what preconceived notions they have, but then we play and it wipes out or changes or transforms what they thought before.

D. It's about being back on the cutting room floor, to revaluate what they're experiencing.

B. A couple times we got asked to do interviews that had questions we didn't really like. We looked at the zine, but we didn't answer the questions.

D. It was stupid questions that were directed at men, or stereotypically men, like, "where's the craziest place you've jerk off?" I don't know if it was supposed to be funny but it was kind of a fail; like juicy questions.

B. And it rubbed us up the wrong way. And one time someone posted a comment "sexy hardcore" and I wrote to the guy and said what's that about, we're not sure if it has to do with our music, we don't want you to say that. And he said sorry. So maybe in terms of preconceptions, you know, the girls setting up, the token drummer...

D. We got more positive responses from listeners and people acknowledging our band more in this one than in any of my previous experience in bands. It used

women in band. There was some blog post about Duck and Cover and I don't know how the topic came up, but there were nasty comments, like weird nigger bitch; people didn't like it. So it's good that it's this way, it's a breath of fresh air. So, for the most part we've been received well.

J. Because this thing about girls in bands is something that blew my mind the first time I was in the Bay Area. I remember one of the first times I was here, I watched Michelle singing! And there are some girls in bands in Brazil but not like here, where basically every band has a girl playing in it. In Sau Paulo maybe they're used to it, but wen you play in the country side and small towns, it's lame, people screaming at you, calling you hot and all these fucked up things. I've had some crazy experiences, you can't even imagine, so it's great here being with all these cool girls.

MRR. So what do you do when you're not shredding it on stage? What's the rest of your life like?

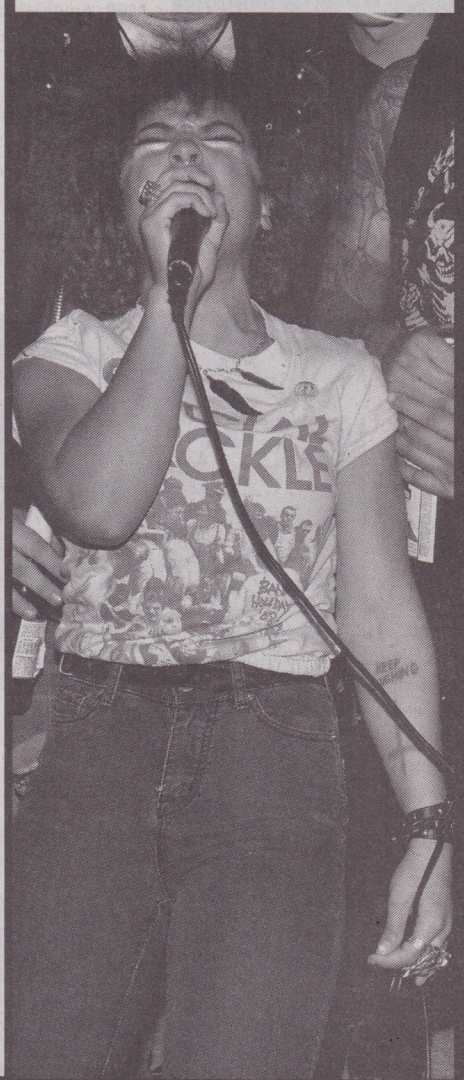
D. I'm a bookkeeper, so I do that. I sing sometimes. I have a little side project singing in a '60 soul Motown style band, doing back up vocals. I used to sing professionally when I was younger. I sang jazz, like Billie Holiday, shows with jazz bands. My mum worked at Yoshi's, a history jazz venue, so I got some good gigs. And jazz and soul music have been a major part of my life, so I try to keep that intact. I love skating, hanging out with friends, going camping.

J. I've been in the Bay for eleven months, I've been teaching Portuguese. I like to ride my bike, because it's so cool to ride a bike here, way easier than Sau Paulo. I go to shows in Oakland, so many good shows and bands, there was the occupy Oakland thing. And me, B and Alicia went to that a lot.

B. I have a PhD in Philosophy, Dr. B PhD. I'm an assistant to a guy at UC Berkeley, do some lectures, papers, discussion sections. So I have some feat in the academic world and through those connections I'm also doing some research with a guy in Santiago.

A. I'm an elementary school teacher at a public school in Oakland. I teach visual arts, kindergarten through fifth grade, have been doing it for seven years. I also study judicial in Oakland, garden, write music, play the piano. Hang out with my cat, cook.

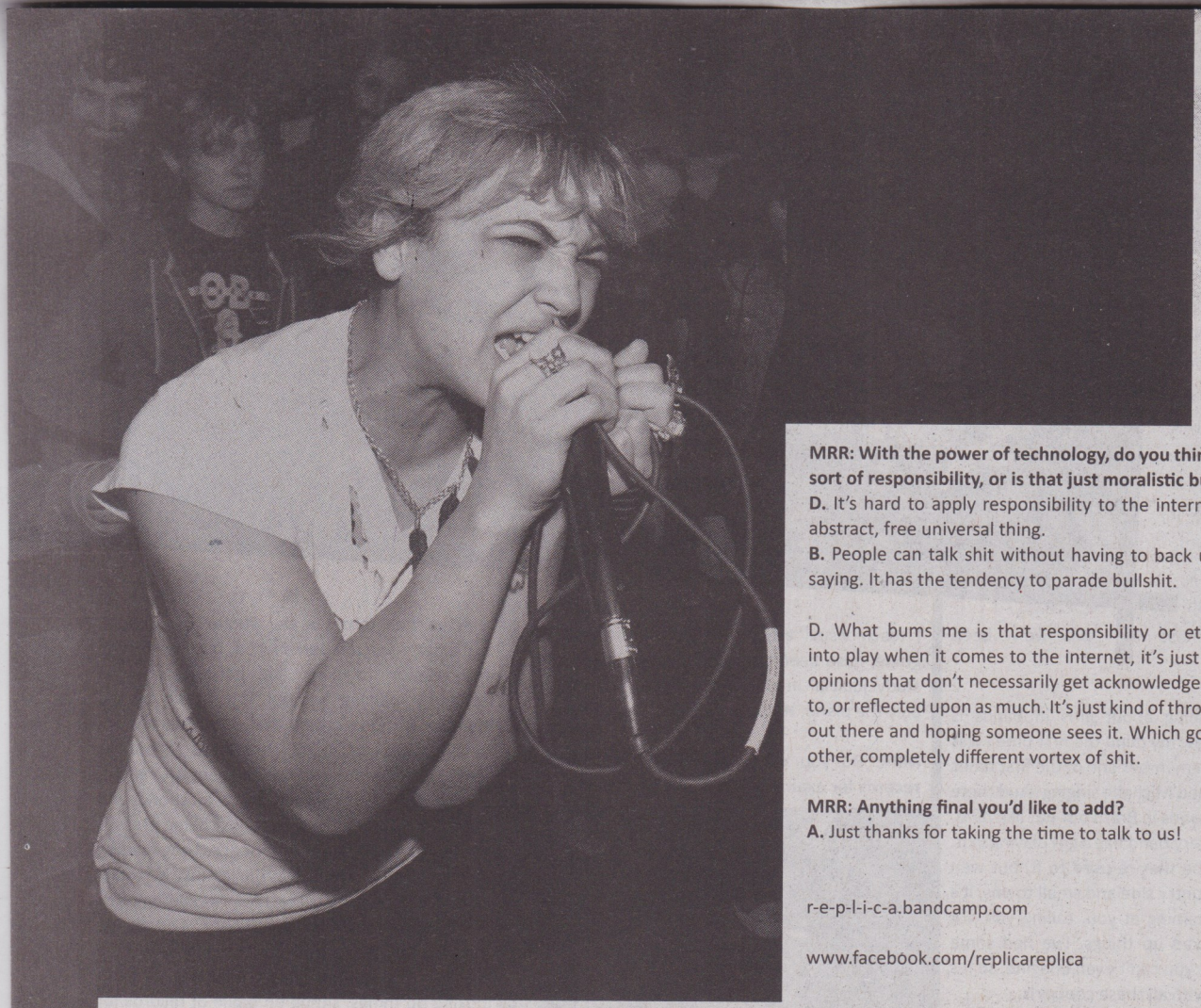
MRR: Do you ever use the internet, to buy records for example?



D. I've kind of rejected the internet on the whole, like facebook and blogs. I see the benefit of it, but my lifestyle and relation to punk and hardcore feels a lot more fulfilling without the crutch of the internet. I kind of butted that out of my life. If I want to check out band, sometimes I'll borrow someone's computer and look them up, but for the most part, it's about going to shows and checking out bands there and just being present as a human. Living my experiences, not reading them online. I haven't lived it if I just looked it up online. If I wasn't there, I didn't experience or feel it. It feels a lot more authentic. And also in the sense of record collecting, these days it's a big thing. For a lot of people it's going on eBay, looking up things, sitting on a pile of records for ten years and then selling them for twenty to hundreds of dollars and it's never been my thing. I have a couple good friends who inspire me to just go out to record stores and check them out, based on instinct; if they sound cool from shows I've seen, recommendations from friends. I feel that means a lot more to me and it makes music a lot more significant to me. Books too, there are always books!

A. Being on Skype, I can comment on that. It's ironic because we normally wouldn't be able to communicate, but we can actually talk online. And actually, our band uses a Google group all the time, and we share a lot of files digitally, and I think our bands flows because of that. But I agree, there's a disconnect. I remember a lot of mix tapes I made in the '90, but I don't get or make them anymore. It definitely plays a prominent role in my life, even just within the context of the band.

B. I think it cuts both ways. I was doing a lot of punk in the '90s and now I see pictures on facebook and I see their old phone dialers, these things you could hold up to a payphone and it would make a noise and that's how we called the contacts. You went on tour with a big thick notebook, with direction to where you were going, phone numbers, everything you needed



MRR: With the power of technology, do you think there is some sort of responsibility, or is that just moralistic bullshit?
D. It's hard to apply responsibility to the internet, since it's an abstract, free universal thing.
B. People can talk shit without having to back up what they're saying. It has the tendency to parade bullshit.

D. What bums me is that responsibility or ethic don't come into play when it comes to the internet, it's just a clusterfuck of opinions that don't necessarily get acknowledged, or responded to, or reflected upon as much. It's just kind of throwing something out there and hoping someone sees it. Which goes into a whole other, completely different vortex of shit.

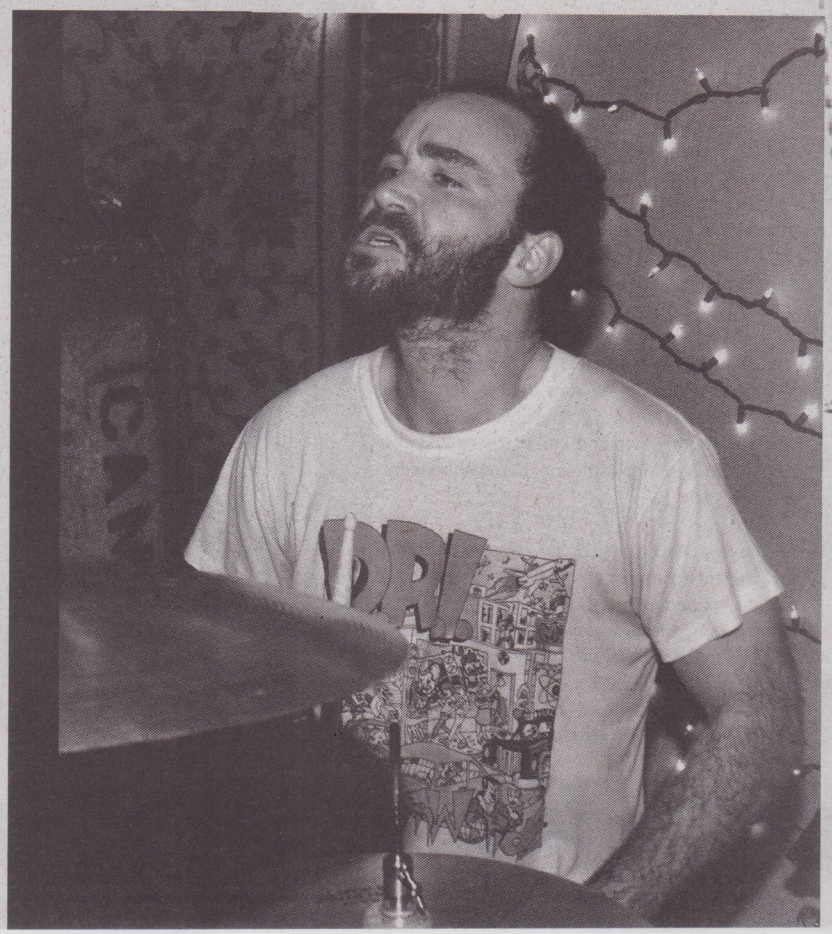
MRR: Anything final you'd like to add?
A. Just thanks for taking the time to talk to us!

r-e-p-l-i-c-a.bandcamp.com

www.facebook.com/replicareplica

to know. There's a different kind of investment and time spent involving yourself in punk. I talked to a lot of people about this recently and I find it a very interesting topic. Nick in Eureka and Chris in Portland both made a similar point, they said internet makes punk into entertainment, and takes away the life style, ethical, maybe political, existential investment that you need to be in punk; and it takes them out of it and delivers just the entertainment, and they lamented this. I'm also compelled by the idea that we can share thing so easily, broaden our networks, go have shows in places you couldn't before, and people hear your band on the internet and buy your record.

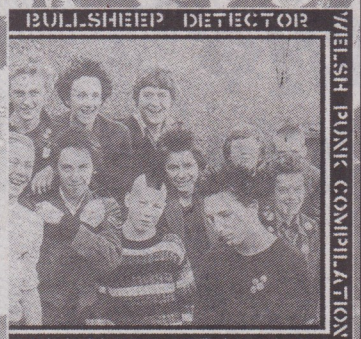
J. I agree with what Dharma and B and Alicia said, but as a person form Brazil, the internet helps a lot in punk. We can find out a lot of bands form the US and Europe from the internet, if we didn't have it we never would have found out about them. So basically, if punk is like a network right now it's because of the internet and it helped us as Brazilian people to make contacts and meet different people. We could never see a show from really good US bands if it wasn't for the internet, we can watch in Youtube, download it. I think the connection thing is really important right no, especially for countries that are not in the top rich countries. It can really make a difference in places like that. Even records in Brazil are expensive. You can't really find punk stuff in stores. We have a few, but we get them online. Shows are also cool, some really good bands, but we would only be focused on these bands if there was no internet. It helps expand our horizons to different things.



ANTISOCIETY

BULLSHEEP DETECTOR

WELSH PUNK COMPILATION



Anti 020 LP

20 BANDS

FOLDOUT COVER

ONE RECORD SET 1980-84

BULLSHEEP DETECTOR EXTRAS NOT ON LP

WELSH PUNK COMPILATION

Anti 020 CD

EXTRAS NOT ON LP

12 BANDS

2 X CD

TWO CD SET 1980-84

first 500 copies with free DVDr

Anti 020 lp/ 2 x cd

antisocietyrecords@yahoo.co.uk

wholesale in usa: www.ebullition.com

CHAPTER 1 RECORDS

OUT NOW!!!!

Stagger and Fall
Hero To The People 7"
SF Street Punk.
Crazy good.

The Randumbs
Triumphant Return Of... 7"
Sonoma CA's bastard children are back - 4 new piss soaked burners. Dumb as ever.

Roadside Bombs
Bring 'Em Home 7"
Debut 7" From RSB! - Streetpunk with hooks ahoy! Ex-members of the Muggers and the Bodies!

Still Available:
Randumbs - It's about time LP
Randumbs - Piss on it - CD
No Guts No Glory CD
Workin' Stiffs - My Ghetto 7"

FOR A FREE! 20 BAND SAMPLER GO TO

OUR DISTRO/MAILORDER
WWW.CORPITUS.COM

CORPitus

the future is tomorrow...

NO PROBLEM

LIVING IN THE VOID

NEW 7"

+ DEBT OFFENSIVE RECS + DEBTOFFENSIVERECS@TELUS.NET +

FIRST 100 ON RED VINYL

DEBTOFFENSIVERECS.BIGCARTEL.COM

Xibalba

HASTA LA MUERTE LP/CD

Xibalba has stormed the gates with its apocalyptic, down-tuned, and slow-motion brutality. *Hasta La Muerte*, Spanish for "To The Death", is the band's first full-length album for **Southern Lord**. It's a lethal collision of death metal, vicious hardcore and oppressive sludge. Recorded and produced by **Taylor Young (Nails)**.

MARTYRDÖD

PARANOIA LP/CD

While undeniably influenced by acts like **Anticimex**, **Bathory**, and **Totalitar**, the Swedish horde **Martyrdöd**'s new release, entitled *Paranoia*, intertwines crust roots, sinister, haunting soundscapes & unique blackened riff attacks.

Poison Idea

THE FATAL ERECTION YEARS CD

This is the essential collection of the **Poison Idea** recordings from 1983-19886. Compiles the *Pick Your King* EP, *Record Collectors are Prentious Assholes* LP and a raucous live show from 1983!

NUCLEAR DEATH TERROR

CHAOS REIGNS CD

Nuclear Death Terror are a an amazing metallic crust punk legend from Denmark. *Chaos Reigns* is a compilation of tracks that were recently released on vinyl only... to be devoured by fiends of **Amebix**, classic- **Slayer**, and **Discharge**.

OILTANKER

THE SHADOW OF GREED LP/CRUSADES 7" CD

This killer numbered, limited cd combines **Oiltanker**'s previous vinyl only releases: *Shadow of Greed* LP and *Crusades 7"*. 16 socio/politically-fueled crust anthems in under thirty-two minutes. For those into **State of Fear**, **His Hero is Gone**, **Hellshock** etc..

www.southernlord.com SOUTHERN LORD PO Box 291967 LA, CA 90029

Coming soon: EAGLE TWIN's *The Feather Tipped the Serpent's Scale!*

SIGNALER FRÅN OVAN! RECORDS

WARCHILD umeå sweden

This is back to the roots, 1981 styled hardcore. The best hardcore/rawpunk 7" that has been recorded in Sweden for many years now. Members from Regulations, UX Vileheads and Sänkt.

GOD'S WILL norfolk usa

Unreleased tracks from the same recordingsession as their classic 7" "Hey! You're On My Property Now, Son"... And these tracks kills for shure! Furious and honest Hardcore from 1983

Vinyl 7"s
Glued Covers

All releases are limited to 250 copies.

Contact us on Andymongoloid@yahoo.se

Listen to the records on http://signalerfranovan.bandcamp.com/

Still got some copies of the Poor Lifestyle 7"

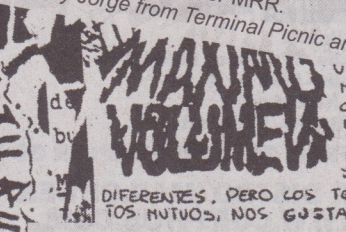
MÁXIMO VOLUMEN

GERONA DE NUEVO!!!

APT. 637
17080 GERONA

It's true that the punk world has seen a recent wave of reissues of some great and not too great punk from the past. It's also true that many current bands and scenes take maybe too much from the past, as opposed to creating something for the future. Despite all of this, the recent vinyl release of Girona/Barcelona punk band Máximo Volumen's 1992 demo is not a record that should go unplayed. Combining the influences of Italian hardcore of the time and their own creative vision of punk, this band confronted the world around them with the rage, fury and blasts of anger that will inspire the most jaded punk of today to look forward. This band made an indelible mark on many of us who sought out punk in a common language and one that could attest that creavitity and self expression, even in the most recognizable genre, was most important. Risky, the singer of Máximo Volumen, answers some questions for MRR.

Interview by Jorge from Terminal Picnic and Joni from Burka for Everybody. Intro by Mariam Bastani.



MRR: It's always been said that Máximo Volumen reminded many people of some of the best Italian punk bands like Negazione or the pioneers Indigesti because of your vocals, Risky. Was it intentional? Did you guys know these bands before forming Máximo Volumen?

We've always been fans of great Italian bands like Wretched, Raw Power, Indigesti and Negazione. You have to consider that Máximo Volumen's main musical base formed around the time of the great boom of these bands and the release of their first works.

At our shows we always covered songs like "Tutti Pazzi" from Negazione. We observed the scene in Italy and became so attracted to it that we tried to deliberately copy their attitude, their fanzines and even the way of life they had in the scenes in Milan or Naples. They made HC a way of life… and of course that's what it was and still is for us…

About me looking to imitate the singing style of those bands, I don't think that that's what I was looking to do, but I'm not displeased to be compared, in our performances we all imitate our masters.

MRR: What do you think about the fact that so much time has past between the demo being released and the vinyl coming out? And that it got a good reception among the fans, given that it was sold out a few weeks after its release?

It's gratifying and it brings out nostalgia that they remember us—a band that from the beginning worked hard based on the principles of being a good representation of our country's hardcore.

Actually, people really have supported every musical project I've worked on and Máximo Volumen's demo had been distributed since it came out and until a few years ago. It worked in our favor to see the new generations supporting the hardcore scene; they bought or recorded the demo, which served them as a positive or a negative reference—not everyone who I've spoke with likes it, but half of the people in the scene have listened to it and that's part of the charm.

MRR: There were different releases of the demo right? With different covers and through different labels?

The demo had a lot of releases, with different covers and through different labels. It was never meant to be for profit, but to let people know about a hardcore band and the original spirit of the hardcore scene in our country. DIY is very important to me, therefore the demo was used as a bargaining chip with other demos or records of people from other places who were also infected with the same disease I was. Furthermore, every time a label, especially in South America, asked me to reissue the demo I acceded with no conditions. Some sent me copies for me to see, others forgot to mail them, I think.

In any case, it was a demo (not the only one we did) that showed how things were going in our country years ago, in a time of change in the scene. We had abandoned the "no future" attitude and we wanted to show that "united we can" form a strong and serious hardcore scene—all of that within libertarian and alternative margins.

MRR: Do you like how the record ended up?
For years I wanted to reissue the demo on vinyl or CD; I like that it was reissued on vinyl. And to be honest I've played it a few times, but I won't scratch it from listening to it too much. I think you did a great job with the distribution and the recording and reissuing of the demo. I just have to criticize the title you put on the vinyl's cover, we never wanted to name it. "It didn't go with us" and the title "Inyecciones por el Bul" ("Shots by Bul") sounds a little cheap; or too "Punk of Barrio '77"... but listen, this isn't a reproach, it's just a comment.

MRR: What impressions do you have of the fact that it's been over 30 years and you can listen to your demo and apply the lyrics to the current state of things?
The lyrics to those songs are what I played at the moment, they were what I felt and what I lived. It's been 30 years and I don't like some of them, but I remember that that's what was on my mind when I wrote them.

Songs like "Vivisección" (Vivisection), which Joan wrote, are still active today and are still relevant to current issues. Songs like "Transportes públicos" (Public Transportation), even though the message is clear and I still think the same, today I'd approach the topic in a different way and not with a message that punk or direct. Songs like "El más pequeño" (The Smallest One), denounced but didn't hurt anyone... I'm very critical of my songs, I left a lot unsaid without denouncing it or stuff that I could have denounced without being so direct.

MRR: What memories do you have from that time? Of your band, the shows, other bands...?
The one memory I have from that time is being in a "rush"—a rush for playing, a rush to get to places, a rush for marching to demos, a rush for band practicing... playing faster, playing in many venues. I have great memories of many shows and awesome bands we shared stage with, but I also have negative impressions of shows and of people that came to our gigs, self-destructive people sought to create chaos all the time. From when we played in Euskadi (Basque Country), I have good memories of gigs we played in Pamplona and the terrible organization of the Rentería show (this one was the worst of all shows M.V. did).

We played gigs almost every weekend and we asked every band that played a show if we could play with them. Let me remind you that it was very hard for a HC band to trick a venue promoter and to let us play a few gigs, but still, we had the equipment and the repertoire to piss people off...

MRR: Did you ever tour outside of the state before?
We never toured outside of the state; we were in Amsterdam looking to make contacts with people to hook us up in that scene, but our handicap has always been our lack of fluency in spoken English and the lack of economic resources.

I think that in this trip to Amsterdam we bought DRI's *Crossover* and it was like an explosion and a time of change in our music. We went back to Barcelona and Andrés was very clear in that Europe was not for him, "life on the road" was not for him and touring was never our strong point.

MRR: Nowadays, you get hundreds of web pages and blogs with the entire discography and information of any band you wanna check out and of similar bands. How was that process for kids in Girona in the '80s?
Everything was a result of exchange, Girona and Barcelona were very active cities in the Punk/HC movements, zines flourished, a scene with a potential started to establish, squatting persisted and we were always there, active within the scene.

Joan has a zine calle *Hueso Duro* (*Hard Bone*), Andrés was our contact person with other bands and people form the HC scene, Manolo was a great artist and I made a couple of zines in Barcelona *Consultorio Médico* (*Medical Practice*) and *Anti-Social*. At the same time, we were involved in social activities at the Ateneu Llibertari de la Verneda (Libertarian Athenaeum of the Verneda) where we share the space and had an awesome time with other activists of hardcore.

We were always looking at the others and learning from them, our role in the scene was always as apprentices and that has made us big because we were very enthusiastic about hardcore and its scene, but we didn't want to be the protagonists, we just wanted to be active in it.

MRR: Did any of this have to do with the creation of Anaconda records?
Anaconda was a way of channeling a space for distribution and a way to expose a part of that scene. We got into the commercial world to be able to present to people everything that was made in other scenes. We established relations with big record labels, we distributed their work and we exchanged records, cassettes, they knew our scene... We also booked shows for their bands in Barcelona and some of our bands visited the cities where they could become known.

MRR: To me it was a special distro. It's where I started to get records from...
We were distributing extreme music and promoting bands for ten years. It was very difficult to distribute extreme material, either hardcore or grind, but I think we reach an audience that keeps telling me the same thing you just said; people that tell me about the catalogue and the bands they met through us, and that's nice.

Another aspect of Anaconda was their role in the organization of shows in Barcelona. For many years we were booking gigs for bands that didn't even know what Barcelona was, and we also put local bands on the bill as opening acts.

Anaconda disappeared because the time came when not even paying rent was sustainable; vinyl and CDs no longer interested people because they could download music from the internet... We got bored and we killed the project with the same illusion we saw it come to life.

MRR: Why did you split up?
Máximo Volumen was a band that really cared about spreading the hardcore spirit; the two years we spent together were brief but intense. Two of the members are from Girona and the two others from Barcelona. We changed our rehearsal spot and we all came to Barcelona, and we argued constantly. We were young and difficult to deal with, we never abandoned the original ideas of punk and we always pushed our ideas and approach to the limit. We disbanded so that everyone in the band would continue pursuing their own musical projects, but deep down we've always regretted not having continued with the band.

I appreciate the interest you have in the band after so many years; hardcore is a way of life, or an attitude against the system. I always thought hardcore was completely opposite to punk, or a realistic progression from the "no future" concept to "together we can change the system..." the easiest way we had to spread our message was music, and Máximo Volumen's songs are still here and I believe they're still relevant and unchanged waiting for new generations to get to know them.

Over the course of Synthetic ID's 7" and upcoming 12" one thing is certain: they do not share the same musical impulses of your average punk band. Guitar leads weave in-and-out in unexpected places. Bass guitar and drums lock up into Teutonic patterns that would make Neu do a double-take and vocalist Nic Lang's salvo consists of songs of both ardor and ennui. But don't let the trimmings fool you. Everything about the band exudes a natural catharsis. It rocks, it rolls- but that isn't the point. The guys of Synthetic ID seem to hinge upon one principle and it is simply to work outside of the accepted tenants of punk. And in doing so, they've created one of the most interesting and exciting sounds in the Bay Area.
Interview and intro by Corey Cunningham, photos by Martin Sorrondeguy.

synthetic id

MRR: I'm here to see you guys at Thee Parkside in SF. What's this show all about?
Nic: It's a fundraiser in memorial for Bruce Roehrs, a columnist and contributor for *MRR*, and a good friend. Tonight is all about Bruce.
[cheers]

He was a stand-up cat. A one-of-a-kind dude and a strong supporter of new music. More so than anyone else I've ever met, which was pretty impressive with all the bands and scenes he'd seen come and go, he always kept an extremely youthful excitement about seeing new bands. He'd be right up front, rocking out harder than anyone else in the building.

MRR: I'd seen some of your other bands before. Had you guys played on bills together? What spurred you on to get together?
Nic: Jake and Will had played in bands together. I played in a band that played with their bands.
Jake: It was Paul and Will first.
Paul: Will and I met on Craigslist. I had just moved to the Bay Area and I didn't know anyone. I had played in bands in Fresno, where Will is also from, but we didn't know each other before that.
Will: You know how we always joke about it being on "Casual Encounters?" That's what it was.
[laughter]
Paul: Will kind of put the band together.
Nic: I started talking to Will at a show that he and Jake were playing, back when Will was in Yadokai. They were playing with Crow. We got in a conversation about playing something different. Some non-hardcore shit. They called me up and we started playing music. The first time I met Paul was at our first practice.
Will: When me and Nic were talking about what it should sound like, what I pictured in my mind was how the last recording turned out, actually.

MRR: Jake you play with Face The Rail and Nic I know you were in Deadfall. What were the other bands you guys played in together?
Will: Me and Jake were in a band called Nightstick Justice.
Jake: And then Yadokai and before that I played in Second Opinion...
Nic: To name a few! (Laughs)
Jake: I also play in a band called Hunting Party

MRR: When you started at the first practice did you have a clear vision?
Nic: No, we just knew we wanted to do something different. I mean, I love hardcore but I wanted to do something barrier-free.

MRR: I've heard people describe you as sounding like British post punk. Does that bother you?
Nic: That wouldn't bother me, I love British post punk.
Jake: I think we're going for that kind of feel. But obviously it's not a carbon copy
Will: It's more dark wave. (Laughs)

MRR: It's not like there's one band you have in mind
Paul: Not at all

MRR: I think the guitar playing in particular sets it apart from anything else. Really bold guitar-playing.
Paul: The new stuff is pretty different than the old stuff too, we came up with a lot of it on the spot.
Jake: it's pretty much just jamming

MRR: Nic played me some of the new stuff. It's progressed a lot since the 7"
Paul: The 7" songs were based on riffs we brought into practice.
Jake: But now we'll start with a bass riff and I'll just do something over it
Paul: Jake's a really good guitar player. If I come up with a bass riff, Will loops the rhythm and Jake will come up with something great. Then Nic will build off of that. We all put our own touch on it.

MRR: That's one of the interesting things; you have the band "sound" and then Nic doing what he does, which is almost in it's own world. So you recorded the 7" yourself and with the upcoming album you decided to go into a studio. Was this part of a conscious progression?
Will: Jake and I had worked with Jack (Shirley, Atomic Garden) before and we knew how good he is. We basically wanted to go to a studio where we knew what we were going to get. We knew it would be precise and focused. There was no doubt that the final product was going to be exactly what we wanted.

MRR It's not like you went straight from 4-track to Butch Vig
Paul: We turned down Butch.
[LAUGHTER]

MRR: Are you guys planning to tour?
Will: We have a west coast tour we're planning soon. Probably a US tour
Paul: A West Coast tour with Index.
Jake: Index by the way—a great new San Francisco band.

MRR: The album is coming out on 1234 Go. How did that come about?
Paul: Steve from 1234 Go sent us an email right after we had finished recording some songs, so the timing worked out really well… When I lived in Oakland that was where I'd always buy records and drop off copies of our 7". So it's cool to be able to have him release it.

MRR: Any tour secrets? Good advice for touring?
Nic: Punk houses don't have toilet paper. Take toilet paper.
Jake: You don't shit at punk houses. You do it at Starbucks. One bathroom stall and you can take a nice peaceful poop.

MRR: OK, I have so many dumb questions left... Do you have any advice for kids who want to play music?
Jake: Don't play punk! Don't go to school anymore; I work a shitty job, play in shitty bands…
[laughter]

MRR: What would you name yourself if you had to pick a different name?
Paul: Husker Doobie.

MRR: Least favorite band of all time?
Nic: Rush? I'm sure there's someone I hate more than that...
Will: Lynyrd Skynrd!
Jake: U2 sucks
Nic: I hate all that hippy shit

MRR: Well that brings me to my final question for you guys. Do you like The Doors?
Jake: One of my favorite bands of all time

MRR: I agree. It's funny how within every band it's so often a dividing point
Paul: Jim Morrison's lyrics are horrible. The music is good though.
Nic: Ray Manzarek was sick with X.

One of the things that has continuously preoccupied punks and punk bands, across both spectrums of time and space, is the message delivered by the music. Not just the obsession with the process of creation, the way it sounds, the method of production and means of distribution, but the actual thoughts, ideas and concepts behind the music. Ancient Filth, from Massachusetts, seems to be one of those bands. Playing back-to-basics hardcore, with a modern twist and fervent delivery, their latest seven inch packs a mean punch and is sure to get you raging if you like your hardcore solid and straightforward. They were just recently on an East Coast tour and so, when they drove through the Bay Area, we had to invite them over to pick their brains about it all! We talked for hours and the result was this interview. Intro by Lydia, interview Lydia Athanasopoulou, Mariam Bastani, by Martin Sorrondeguy. Photos by Matt Carroll and John Cates.

ANCIENT FILTH

MRR: Who are you?
Max: Try not to drop your "Rs" gentlemen…
John: I play guitar. Hello how are you?
Nicholas: Drums for Ancient Filth. I will pass this to Maximillian.
Max: It's not Maximillian, just Max.

MRR: You have a nickname for a name, man.
Max: My parents named me Max because it's only three letters, so if I was stupid in school I wouldn't feel so bad. I play bass, so it works out.
Frank: Hi, I am Francis Nelson LeClaire, but you can call me Frank. I play guitar.
Matt: Hi, I am Matt and I sing.

MRR: When and where did you start?
Frank: March 2010-ish… We met up one day at the apartment I lived in at the time and started discussing that we wanted to be as a band—what we wanted the band to be about. We knew we wanted it to be about more than just music, but about ideas and thoughts. We had a long conversation and before long we were practicing and playing shows.

MRR: Who was the brainchild behind this idea and what was the idea behind the band?
Matt: I had been done with my previous band, Fruit Salad, for two years and I just really wanted to put everything I loved about punk and hardcore into one band. John used to play in a band called Ape Shit that had a similar style as my old band and we just wanted to find people to play with. We met Nick from our friend Craig in Boston, Crusty Craig. Nick wanted to play with us and we said yes. Frank was living with the bassist from Fruit Salad in Cambridge and they had been in a band together before, called Goser. We got together and said "Let's just do this."

MRR: So you guys got together and discussed not only what you wanted to do musically, but thematically?
Nick: When we all got together it was obvious that we were like-minded people and wanted to do the same thing—we all had this aggression. Before we knew it, we were playing and having fun and trying to get our ideas out there. And…now we're here…
Frank: A lot of us didn't know each other before the band. I barely knew Matt through Andrew. I had never met Nick before and I had never hung out with John before… It was this awkward afternoon of hanging and being like, "You like that band? I like that band too. That band had a song description in their lyrics. That's awesome! Oh, you like comic books too?" There were all these moments of gelling and when we played a few riffs for each other that afternoon, we knew it would work. We knew right away.
Max: There was a lack of things going on besides music within the environment around us. In the Boston scene specifically, no one was questioning what we were doing here or what the point of all this was. We knew we wanted to play hardcore, regardless of influences; we just wanted to do what we liked, something that had meaning to us. We wanted to find meaning in something we were doing.

MRR: You are all very different people…
Frank: There are little things… John and I go to the comic store on Wednesdays, and Matt and I go to see midnight movies. There are little things that tie us together, but we are drastically different people. That's what makes it work. You should hear us in the van, we argue… It's insane the dynamic that goes on in our band, we are so different, but for some reason we offset each other in a way that works.
Matt: We all come from very different places and have very different views, but we all want relatively the same thing and we care about what we are doing. The ways we express that makes this work.

MRR: What has influenced you musically, lyrically and beyond?
Matt: Musically it's from everywhere—from pop punk, to surf, to grindcore to hip-hop to blues, but we love every type of punk. I think what people are influenced by has a lot to do with what you have heard first.
Everyone: Yes, for sure.

MRR: With that said, do you trust each other, to check out what each of you are influenced by? Is that a unifying factor?
Nick: Yes.
Max: I'd say that a big part of it is that everyone in the band is really open minded and whether or not we argue about whether a certain record or not sucks, we are all completely open minded to listen to something new and check out what everyone else is into.
Frank: Nick and John have introduced me to random bands I had never listened to before. I would have never heard that Chumbawumba record I played earlier, I would have never known that it existed if Nick hadn't made me that mix tape a year ago, and I have been geeking out on it ever since. That just adds to the influence, if I play this fast riff on the guitar and Nick plays this random D-beat drum part over it, it creates some thing new and cool.

MRR: Are you all from Boston? Was there something about the Boston scene you agreed or disagreed upon? Is that why you united as a band?
Matt: We all come from different places, some from Boston, some from the suburbs…

MRR: So you are a Massachusetts band, not a Boston band per se…
Matt: We were all involved in the Boston scene. We all went to street punk shows early on. Max and I grew up together, Nick…
Nick: I am not from Boston originally, but when I did move there after my family split up, it gave me a way of feeling comfortable with like-minded people. These boys are my family now, so I feel comfortable with them and them taking care of me. Boston punk gave me a sense of belonging to something, rather than being alone and having nothing, feeling alienated, than going to something and feeling welcomed. It's a little different now, but I feel happy with what I am involved in.

MRR: Initially Boston punk gave you a sense of inclusion, but it's a little different now. Do you feel the push and pull of Boston punk being inclusive and exclusive?
Nick: It's a bit divided now, going to different houses and people not wanting to go to this show or that show. It's fucked.

MRR: What is it actually like now there?
Frank: From our perspective, we feel that the scene is diversified and separate… almost clique-y… It's crappy, but there are definitely factions; there is the metal crowd, raw punk, HC kid crowd. I guess we wanted to create a band that started to break down those walls a little bit. The scene needs that right now in Boston.

MRR: Do these various crowds meet or cross?
Nick: If bands from different scenes play together.
Frank: There is definitely crossover, but if you don't belong to one of those cliques then you band is not going to be put on the show. You can throw a show but those kids aren't gonna come out.

MRR: Besides playing shows, what are the other areas in which punks cross or meet? What else is going on?
Matt: One big problem in Boston is that it is a transient town, it's a college town so punk is a party. Punk is not a party… it's definitely not a party.
Nick: It's fun.
Matt: Obviously. It's definitely a beautiful thing. It's not a place to be yourself and express yourself. There is no one trying to start kickball games so punks can get together outside of shows. Trying to do pot lucks at the Democracy Center, one of the only 100% DIY spaces in Harvard Square that has been around forever… There is a lack of community. And there are crossover people but uniting has always been and always is a problem, but there are a lot of DIY scenes within the Boston community, which you don't really see in a lot of other places.

MRR: You are on the road now; this is a huge feat for many bands and people. Is this the first time this band hits the road, what were your expectations? Hotspots / clunkers? Why are you at the *MRR* house?
John: Last year we went on tour for a little more than a week as far as Michigan. We played NY, Ohio, Michigan. This is a really big deal, because we really wanted to go around the whole country.
Frank: That first day that we met up we wanted to do a lot of things, but touring was a goal. No matter what, we had jobs and shit, but we wanted to make it happen and it was a major goal. After we put out our 7" that was the next milestone. Once we finally committed to fronting the money to buy the van, we started the process of setting up the tour
Matt: As far as expectations, we didn't really have any, other than the tour itself; going on the road, having fun and playing as many shows as possible. It was difficult to get shows but we tried our best and we're making the best of it and having a damn good time.
Max: None of our shows have been huge or anything, but some of the shows we've had have been tiny. We played in San Jose with three bands and ten people showed up, but it was so much fun and it was so great. Everyone that was there wanted to be there for all the right reasons. It was perfect.

MRR: Do you just wanna reach as many people possible and what is your opinion of bands that are more concerned with self-promotion prior to touring or more concerned about having big shows.

Matt: MySpace… I mean Facebook? I don't have one… but fuck Facebook. I mean it is a useful tool, but…

Frank: As the guy booking the shows, I will say that having a Facebook did obviously help, but not in regards to hype, just as a way to reach people in different areas; but it sucks that it is the only way now.

Matt: Even the phone is hard to talk on, but voice communication is essential. That is one of the problems in this world; communication is changing and it's difficult. The only reassuring thing is voice confirmation.

MRR: Talk to us about the record. I randomly found it in a box in Chicago!

Nick: It is our first record. Our friend Dan from Shock to the System helped us a lot getting it out. He put it out there by taking it with him on the road with his bands. We just released another tape, which is our second release. But the EP was put out by Shock to the system and Ancient Filth records [laughter].

John: If you will… [laughter]

Frank: When we first got together we wrote a ton of songs, like eleven? We put out a demo immediately, recorded by Dan from Shock to the System. He has been a big help the whole way. We took our favorite songs off the demo and fine-tuned them for the 7". We went to Dead Air studio with Will in Western Mass. and he recorded it for us. The tape just happened to coincide with the tour.

Matt: The 7" came out in January 2012. We are happy with it—we put it together ourselves. Frank worked really hard laying it out. We all worked really hard

Frank: We are an honest band when it comes to the music. However we were feeling that day we went into the studio, where we were at that point, is where those songs came from—it was that pure moment. Sure I coulda nailed that first lick on the first song better [laughter], but it was very organic and we banged out six songs in one day and it was an experience. As far as the artwork, it took us almost eight months to finish the record because we wanted the artwork to be a collective process. I am a web designer during the day so it seemed like I would be doing most of the technical work, as far as printing and making sure that everything looked OK, but I was adamant about the other guys coming over and saying, "I am not the only one doing this lyric sheet, I am not gonna draw it, let's collage it and you cut these pictures…" It took way too long to get the record out, but looking at the cover and the art, I know that it's pure and that everyone of us had a piece of it… we are all a part of the record.

MRR: What do you hope to do in the next year?

John: We just got a new practice space back home and we really want to start working on a future. But we all really want to write more music.

Frank: We are all definitely extremely creative people and want to write more music with this band, but you know how life is, it's a day to day. So in three months from now if we aren't a band, that's just the way it's gonna be. But from our point of view, we just want to keep playing and writing. I have always been frustrated with bands that exist for just six months then disappear, just to put out some cool 7". As far as I'm concerned we are in it for the long haul. Hopefully.

Max: I'd say that we have a lot going on in the band and in our lives. I am in school and I work and everyone has a full time job and at least a couple other things going on. Our main focus once we get home is to write a whole bunch of music and put something out.

Frank: We do have a few more songs that we are hopefully putting out on a split with Foreign Objects.

MRR: Punk has managed to be independent, doing labels, zines, distros, tours, shows, spaces, info shops… That's pretty good that we have managed to do all that, but given that the world is in such a fucking state right now, do you think that there is something more that punks could be doing? Should be doing? Are we doing enough?

Matt: The biggest problem in life and in punk, even though we have many differences, is that we are pretty much all the same. We all want to be happy, we all want to be fed, to be clothed; we all have human desires. There are differences and we are obviously going to like certain people and be around the people we like and get along with. There is always gonna be hate because you can't have love with out hate, you can't have good without bad. It's a cycle of life. We have to accept that even if we are different, we are the same and we all want the same goals. It's not going to be perfect but at least we should recognize this and accept this. It sounds hippy, it sounds idealistic, but we could all try to understand each other and try to do no harm. We can't all be good but at least try. If you can't love, then try to understand. Fight the fear we have of daily life, of ourselves, of everything that is going on.

Nick: Of addiction.

Matt: Of being alone. There is so much you can do, stop saying "These people aren't doing X." The first person is yourself, it's myself. I am trying to work everyday on myself and trying to be happy. There is a trend of saying "There is no hope." Well, if you have no hope then there isn't going to be any hope! While you're alive believe in something.

Nick: I think being accepted by like-minded punks helps me with my addiction problems and feelings of no hope. Like when Matt tells me to breathe in and out and stuff like that helps me deal with the loss of hope and rhese feelings of not wanting to live. It makes me want to live when people accept me into their homes like this and feed me without questioning why I am here and not making me feel ostracized. I am not the most articulate person here, but I feel better around people like you guys.

Max: I think another part of it is also that we are all punk, and we all here got into it for a reason, for our own reasons but we are all *here*. Regardless of whether you are punk or not, there is no fucking reason not to talk to someone. Jst because they don't look like you or they don't listen to the same music as you or they don't have the same interest…That's our problem in the scene today.

MRR: Why are you laughing?

Frank: I don't know…I…I don't smoke weed that often… [laughter]

MRR: In an ideal world, and in the way punk was in its inception, anyone was welcome. You can pick and choose whom you want to hang out with and whom you relate to, but ultimately that is why bands formed, to take care of one another. You share a vision of expression that others within punk don't have. Is the reason you are together directly related to why you chose your name?

Matt: The name… we were looking for band names and it's a hard thing to do. We played our first show without a name. I didn't have the concept first, I had the name before the concept. And it just fell into place. We are all atoms, we are just matter and we have been around forever. All my particles were dust or stardust or whatever, and it's just the cycle of life and we are all part of that. Consciousness is relative, even our thoughts here and now.

Frank: This interview has been heavy on the punk scene and our band name and our band mantra comes from overlying humanity philosophies. And how to fix the world, or not even fix it but just fix our perception. Ways we think we can improve things or help.

Matt: We grabbed whatever we are listening to or reading from here and there. Thinking on the world logically and in a non-reactionary way. Just trying to think things over without preconceived notions.

Frank: Ancient Filth, idea of hate, we are just particles and matter and who knows what we will be a million years from now.

Nick: Everything just continues. Just regenerates.

Frank: There is a track on the 7" called "Ancient Filth" with a chant "We're all the same, just a human brain." If we can come to this base level of realizing that humans are humans, we are creatures and we

live on this planet, we have our place here, we can break down those initial barriers right away. So it doesn't matter where you live and where you are from, we are all creatures, we live here. From that level then you can take it up to another level. There are punks and businessmen, but if you can look at people as 100% the same and equal then you can start looking at things from their perspective. What makes someone evil? What makes someone a terrorist? What makes anyone anything? Then you can start to grasp it, "OK you did this because of that. Maybe if I was in your position maybe I would act the same way." I don't know…at least be open-minded.

MRR: It's funny because historically punk has been a reaction to the outside world, and the idea of punk being insular is a more modern one. Do you think it's just a pendulum of history coming back—punk actually reacting to the world and not being afraid of it, as opposed to punk being an insular community. Is it more about feeling a connection to humanity or is it that punk is not particularly unique?

Matt: It has to do with that punk is not unique. Obviously it is in many ways, but it is a *sub*-culture it is a product of the fucked up system.

Nick: I think that it is a lot more accessible now; you can look up anything.

Matt: It's part of the post-modern society. Our band approach is more about unifying humanity.

MRR: Do you identify as punks or more as humans in general?

Matt: It's a choice now. I feel like the base problem is that we are disconnected to the natural world, from where our food comes from, to who picks up our garbage, to where our litter goes. We are not connected to the natural world where I feel we are meant to be, this connection to nature, from living in cities for so long. That is the next step. We are part of this world and we are a microcosm of the world and the universe, and punk is just another microcosm, it is a reaction. From politics to how we related to one another. In one song, in joking we are always trying to one up each other, trying to get the better of one another, even if there is laughing at the end and we know it's not to be taken to heart. Rather than learning if we accept our place that we are equal.

MRR: Is punk one of those places where we can pick and choose what is good and bad about humanity at large? We exist in a world that we don't have to have that if we don't want to.

Matt: Definitely, but a lot of times and in many places, the same stuff that goes on in the normal world goes on in the punk world. I feel that there are definitely big things that DIY punks stand by and they are very good things, based on not oppressing people. But then there are still a lot of things that are very oppressive.

Frank: But it still happens, there is still macho bullshit that goes on in the DIY scene.

MRR: So in some sense, is punk set apart because you don't want the things that create inequality or do we not have a choice?

Matt: If you go to a show and ask every punk, you are gonna have a different answer. Even in the band we disagree a lot.

Nick: Yes, I agree with much of that and I don't want to sound like a hypocrite, but intoxication has a lot to do with it, in that people think it's a big party. A lot of the younger kids need to think before they can ruin themselves.

MRR: So punk can be a place to party and to work it out?

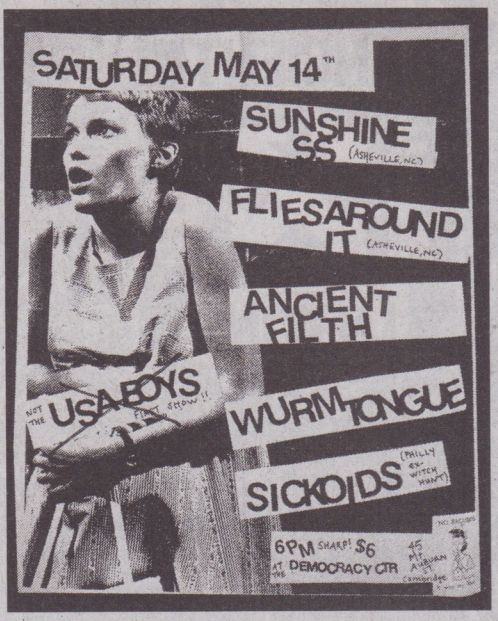
Nick: I wanna tell some of these kids to think before they pick up the bottle every fucking day, moderation is the key. Think more than drink…or drug. Just think.

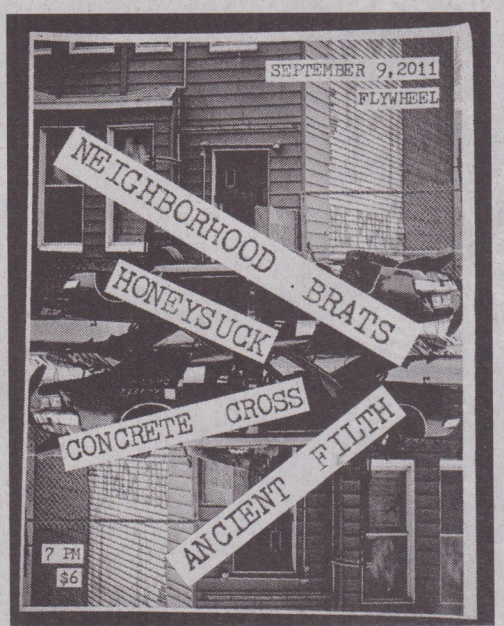
MRR: So punk affords you the freedom to actually think more, rather than tell you what to think?

Frank: I think a lot of kids don't realize that punk is a place that they are free to think. Punk has become this uniform to jump into. That's what we are trying to get at…

Nick: I think there have been a lot of bad examples of people getting wasted and not doing anything with their ideas and ideals and not putting anything into punk. I just see all these kids when I play just getting hammered and just wanna get hammered and hear fast music all the time and that gets fucking old sometimes. That sounds really shitty, but that's the fucking honest truth of it. I wanna tell these young kids, just don't do it. Actually read the lyrics of the bands you listen to and think about the world and do something.

Frank: We have a song called "Culture's not your friend." When we play it live Matt says "the massage is that no matter if it's punk culture or any culture, you have to be able to think for yourself first." Punk is a good jumping-off point, to feel comfortable to express yourself in this community where you are allowed free expression. We have to make sure that is happening, because right now I feel that





punk has become almost oppressive to the people in it, because they feel like they have to wear that shirt, or they need to play that type of music or have that equipment or have that guitar…
Nick: Or that patch is cool…
Matt: Fuck the elite. No matter where it is. Punks started playing shitty three-chord music and just doing it because they loved it. But there is that eliteness that gets transferred from culture.
Max: Back to what Nick said, you have to think about everything that's involved in punk too. Even think about the destruction aspects; you go to a show now and it's in a house and people are throwing couches down stairs and getting wasted and smashing holes in walls, and there is a place for that but…

MRR: Sounds like a frat party… [laughter]
Max: Exactly! It sounds like a frat party! You have to think about everything else and figure out why these issues are in your society and in your life and in your family and try and be a free thinker…
Nick: Or a healthier person, and think about the pain that comes with doing that shit to your body. Think about what is going to happen to them down the road. I just wanna say to anyone out there that is getting into drugs or alcohol or anything like that, just fucking think about it; you are gonna feel like shit in the morning, you are gonna feel horrible and you are gonna be in other people's homes that don't wanna deal with you. You are gonna ruin friendships and ruin everything. Just fucking think about it.

MRR: Live fast die young doesn't come fast enough.
Nick: And I'm sorry to be that crude and honest about it… you will hate yourself. Trust me.

MRR: The road back is harder than the road there. If not here, then where? If you can't be crude and honest then what's the point?
Nick: Just trying to put it out there. You don't really wanna die before you're fucking 30 years old, so just think think think think.
Frank: We don't wanna tell people what to do…
Nick: Not at all.
Frank: Just take a moment and make sure that the things you are doing aren't because you want to fit into some mold. Or things you *think* you are supposed to do. If you wanna drink all the time and you honestly think that's the thing you gotta do, we aren't going to try and stand in your way. Just make sure you are doing it for the right reasons, for what you wanna do.
Nick: You don't wanna ruin other peoples' dreams.

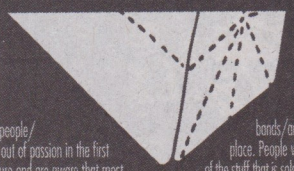
MRR: I kinda got that your band is about creation and destruction. Destroy the things that piss you off and build the positive things around you. A balance.
Matt: It's been said before, how many times can punks say the same things over and over? But we aren't listening. Don't ruin yourself, fight what's real. I have to do it too! We do the same thing. I don't step up where I need to. I don't take care of myself where I need to.
Nick: Try not to numb yourself.

MRR: You don't want punk to cannibalize itself. There are so many factors eating away at us, why fuck yourself over?
Matt: We have the power. We know what we need to do! We know; it's whether we wanna accept it.

MRR: Any last words? This was a heavy one…
Max: I guess we have a couple of thanks yous: Casey in Michigan, Muskegon you guys are all amazing. Thanks to Dan.
Frank: Dan Barker who helped us get some shows on this tour, and thanks to DSS, we got to play a bunch of shows with them on this tour in the Midwest.

WWW.TRUST-ZINE.DE

TRUST



We like to meet people/ do what they do out of passion in the first underground culture and are aware that most that flag is total crap only made to make money. get in touch. To put it with Fugazi's words:

bands/art/sport/etc. that place. People who believe in a of the stuff that is sold nowadays under And, if you feel you can write and relate,

"NEVER MIND WHAT THEY'RE SELLING- IT'S WHAT YOU ARE BUYING"

independent LABEL DISTRIBUTION

EXCLUSIVE DISTRIBUTORS FOR:

AFTER MUSIC RECORDINGS
ANCHORLESS
BEER CITY
CAVITY
CHUNKSAAH
CI
DIONYSUS / BACCHUS ARCHIVES
FRONTIER
INIT
NO WAY
PATAC
PROFANE EXISTENCE
RED SCARE INDUSTRIES
RIOT FEST
RIOT HOUSE
RODENT POPSICLE
RIPPING RECORDS
SIX WEEKS
SYMPATHY FOR THE RECORD INDUSTRY
TANKCRIMES
TO LIVE A LIE
TRIBUNAL / DIVEBOMB

WWW.ILDISTRO.COM
QUALITY COUNTS!

Blue Cross
HAUTE COUTURE
the Coltranes
NASA SPACE UNIVERSE
inserbibles
Lapinpalthajat
CRIPPLED OLD FARTS
THAWED OUT
MÖRKHIMMEL
STRONG X EN
F.O.H.
APPARATUS
SHOGUN RECORDINGS

We carry a HUGE DISTRO!
7" and tapes: €4,50
LPs: €12 - PPD WORLD!
In the U.S., get them from Ebullition, Vinyl Rites, Grave Mistake, Sorry State and many others!

VINYL PRESSING

LUCKY

100 7"s - Color Vinyl $619
500 7"s - 400 Black, 100 Color $748
500 10"s - 400 Black, 100 Color $1203
500 12"s - 400 Black, 100 Color $1153

Includes Master Lacquers Flat Cut, Masters Shipping, Plating, 4 Tests, 2-Color Center Art, White Paper Sleeves

100 7"s - Black Vinyl $523 *
500 7"s - As few as 100 of Each Color Vinyl $763 *
* Same as above, except one Color Center Labels

Lucky Lacquers
6907 University Ave #224
Middleton, Wi 53562
(206) 497-3006
Email for Order Forms orders@luckylacquers.com

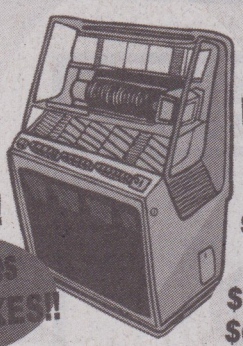
NEW!! Digital Downloads!!! 500 Codes = $25 Creating Download File: $35

Quality Vinyl & CD Mastering

Get a Reference Lacquer, so you know how your music will sound on vinyl, before you pay for Metal Plates and Test Presses! Recent Jobs include: The Briefs, Leatherface, Samiam, Toys That Kill, Grabass Charlestons, Muhammadali, Pangea, Creepoid, Mac Blackout, The Hot Toddies, Now In 3D, School Jerks, Night Birds, The Rockers, The Finders, Adelitas , The Limit, The Bomb!, Gentlemen Of Horror, F, Born Without A Face, Thee Chemicals, The Steve Adamyk Band, Red Dons, The White Wires, Guantanamo Baywatch, Mind Spiders, Ch13, Mean Jeans, Crusaders Of Love, Banditas, The Vaccines, Tion, The Pietasters, God Equals Genocide, The Pilfers, Edna's Goldfish, Low Culture,

www.luckylacquers.com

Monthly 7" Series
For JUKEBOXES!!
JUKEBOX



45 RPM!!!
BIG HOLE!!!
Rock N' Roll !!!
Monthly 7" Series For JUKEBOXES!!

Your Favorite BANDS!
Performing Oldies
(And Originals)
From the '80s and BEYOND!!!
Side B is a COVER Song!!!

Subscriptions:
$30 for 6 Months
$60 for a Year!!!

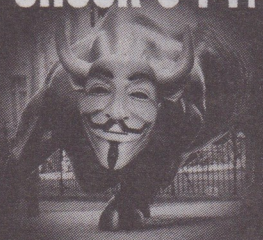
2013 Jan thru June- Limited Edition of 500!!!
January - The Hot Toddies
February - Thee Chemicals
March - Mac Blackout
April - Now In 3-D
May - Rad Company
June - Banditas

July thru Dec announced soon!!!
Surprise gifts for Subscribers!!!
NOW Accepting DEMOs!!!

Make Checks out to
Lucky Lacquers
6907 University Ave #224
Middleton, Wi 53562

RECORDS

JELLO BIAFRA
AND THE GUANTANAMO SCHOOL OF MEDICINE
SHOCK-U-PY!



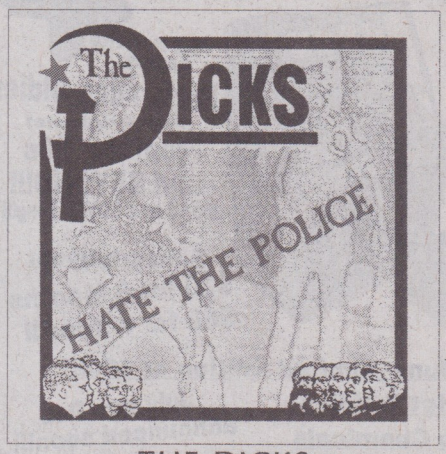
OUT NOW!
10" EP with download,
CD EP & digital.

Includes 2 songs NOT on the forthcoming new album, White People and the Damage Done.

ALSO AVAILABLE FROM ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES:
DICKS! UNSANE! KYLESA! DEAD ENDING! VICTIMS FAMILY! PINS OF LIGHT! CROSS STITCHED EYES!

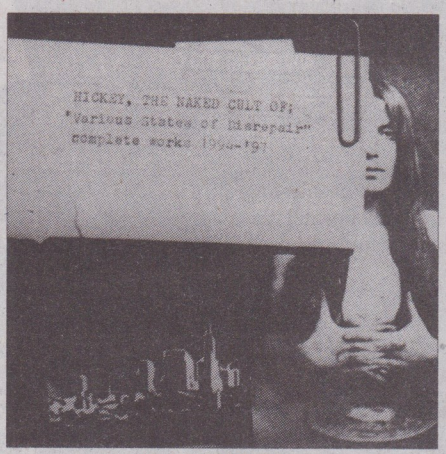
ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES RECORDS PO BOX 419092 • SF, CA 94141 • USA
www.alternativetentacles.com

OUT NOW ON 1-2-3-4 GO! RECORDS!



THE DICKS
"HATE THE POLICE" 7"

BADDAT FOR TRUBBEL
"DET HAR AR INTE
NEW YORK + ISO 9004" LP



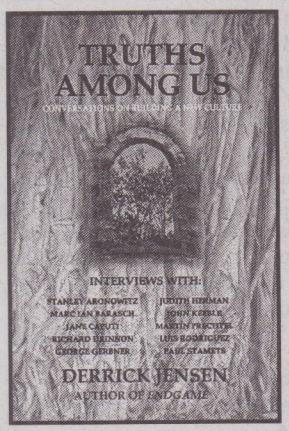
HICKEY
"VARIOUS STATES OF DISREPAIR"
2XLP

COMING SOON ON 1-2-3-4 GO! RECORDS!

F.U.2. "PUNK ROCK" LP, SHANNON & THE CLAMS "OZMA" 7", LENZ "WAYS TO END A DAY" LP, UZI RASH "CORELESS ROLL CAN LINER" LP
HUFF STUFF MAGAZINE 7", HUMAN WASTE "TURBULANCE" 7", TRASHIES 12" AND PROBABLY A LOT MORE....

WANT TO MAIL ORDER THESE FINE ITEMS? GO TO OUR WEBSITE AT WWW.1234GORECORDS.COM. WANT TO GET THESE FER YER STORE OR DISTRO? HIT UP OUR DISTRIBUTOR DIRECTLY AT WWW.NOIDEARECORDS.COM. IS YOUR LOCAL STORE TOTALLY BLOWING IT BY NOT CARRYING THIS STUFF? TELL THEM TO STOP BEING A RUBE, GET ON THE DAMN TROLLEY AND ORDER THIS STUFF ALREADY! IT'S AVAILABLE DIRECTLY FROM NO IDEA, REVOLVER CARROT TOP, EBULLITION AND A BUNCH OF OTHER PLACES TOO!

BOOKS



Truths Among Us
Edited by Derrick Jensen
257 pages • $20
PM Press
www.pmpress.org

For some reason Derrick Jensen just strikes me as a good guy. He's intelligent, provocative and has a way of expressing deep concerns about the present state of society without ever appearing purely academic. In brief, he's engaged. And according to more than one publicity photo he also has a penchant for snazzy sweaters. I like that. However, despite my fondness for the man I have to confess that I've never completely read one of Jensen's books. Aside from a handful of articles, my familiarity with his thought has come primarily through hearing him speak, interviews on the radio and his surprisingly funny spoken word albums. So when I was handed a copy of his recent collection of interviews, *Truths Among Us*, I was excited to finally have an opportunity to better acquaint myself this guy I've grown to admire.

I generally enjoy interviews as a way to get to know writers. Something about the interpersonal format often allows one to formulate complex ideas in a concise manner that isn't always afforded when a writer is staring at a pile of blank pages that need to be filled. And conversations don't always follow a linear progression from point to point. Sometimes they swerve off course, completely change directions, cover unanticipated ground. And this is exactly what makes this collection so engaging.

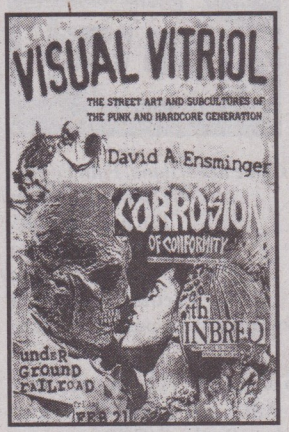
Though I was initially surprised to find that *Truths Among Us* was not a book of interviews *with* Jensen, but rather a collection of Jensen's interviews with an array of *other* thinkers over the past few decades—it's my own fault for not reading the cover fully—I quickly found myself almost more enamored by him as an interviewer than as a writer. In the book Jensen sits down with an array of activists, philosophers and scientists (almost all of them unfamiliar to me) across a number of fields, and talks with them with the familiarity and casualness of old friends catching up. The topics they touch upon range from the ideological underpinning of science's claim to objectivity (Stanley Aronowitz), the environmental significance of shamanism (Martin Prechtel), to the allure of gang culture (Luis Rodriguez). And throughout the book Jensen guides these conversations, asking questions, making jokes and generally pushing the discussions forward, sometimes to completely new territory.

As an interviewer Jensen has a great manner about him. He usually begins with a quotation from his subject's work, or a general question, and then tosses the conversation to his interviewee, only occasionally interjecting when he has a rare point of contention or a request for elaboration. He steps back and lets this talented group weave stories, conjecture, and interrogate a plethora of societal ills, sometimes proffering solutions and sometimes simply mining them for insights. Even at those brief junctures when the conversations do start to delve into a type of New Age-ism that I can't stand, Jensen always manages to steer them back into something meaningful and material before they veer completely into hippie drivel. I never would have thought that I could find the spiritual approach to disease (Marc Ian Barasch) or the social life of fungi (Paul Stamets) subjects that didn't elicit even the slightest cringe.

And while every one of these interviews kept me rapt, the two most powerful come from the only two female contributors, Judith Herman and Jane Caputi, both of whom deal with issues of trauma, rape, repression and the patriarchal society's need to "eroticize oppression." What makes these two encounters so meaningful is not just the deadly seriousness of their subject-matter, but the way in which both Herman, Caputi and Jensen draw out experiences from their own lives in order to reflect on their significance in a greater conversation.

One of Jensen's assets as interviewer resides in his willingness to expose his own relationships with these issues, and he frequently calls upon a personal history with abuse, and sickness, and frustration to enrich these dialogues. And it is this vigor and intimacy from all parties that reminds us that these conversations are not simply exercises in intellectualism, but very real issues with very real consequences for our daily lives. I highly recommend *Truths Among Us*, especially if you're unfamiliar with any of these writers, as these interviews present both a great introduction to some extremely talented thinkers and a solid model for some discussions that a lot more of us should be having.

—Matthew McKenzie



Visual Vitriol: The Street Art and Subcultures of the Punk and Hardcore Generation
David A. Ensminger
336 pages • $35
University Press Of Mississippi
www.upress.state.ms.us

The name of this book perked my interest as my friend Welly from Artcore fanzine in the UK had actually done a tour of the UK with Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys (RIP) which had both music and simultaneous art exhibition a few years ago. Turns out Ensminger interviews Welly along with Turner (RIP) in this ambitious book on the subculture of punk "art." Ensminger himself was a fanzine writer in the '80s (Left Of The Dial) and has since moved into the world of academia while still remaining actively involved in the punk world writing for underground magazines like the one you hold in your hand and Artcore.

It's about time people put the aesthetics of punk under a microscope and few have done it as well as Bryan Turcotte in his book Fucked Up and Photocopied, a vital addition to punk history with literally thousands of punk flyers from all eras to drool over with a stunning layout. Ensminger's book takes a different approach, coming at the aesthetic of punk art from more of an academic slant.

Where books like Fucked Up And Photocopied and Radio Silence did a fantastic job of capturing the visual aspect of the punk aesthetic, Ensminger goes deeper in terms of words and interviews, but skimps on the actual visuals. Ensminger's scope, however, is far beyond anything attempted previously as he covers everything from early punk graffiti (fuck the mods, etc) through punk's convergence with skateboarding all the way to Hispanic punk art, queer punk art and women's place in the art subculture.

While there is definitely a strong feeling of "academia" in this book it is overshadowed by Ensminger's obvious love and interest for the subject, and his depth of understanding which is often missing from many of the cash in punk books…especially the ones who claim punk died whenever they chose to get on with whatever the fuck they did for the rest of their lives.

What Ensminger has been able to successfully do where many others have failed is to bring about the feelings of excitement that ones first initiation into the punk rock subculture brings. Ensminger is first and foremost a fan and so his raw enthusiasm for all forms of the subculture shine through:

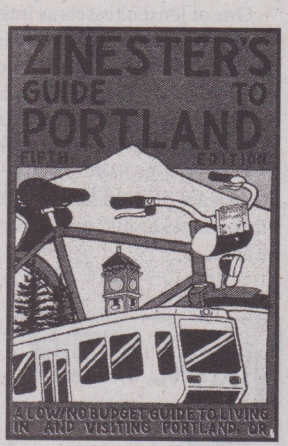
"That single moment in a person's life, whether it was at a show, hearing a song on the radio or hanging out in a record store, that his or her life was changed by punk. The punk movement, he says, isn't just about listening to

a certain kind of movement, but about participation in a vibrant, defiant culture."

This book is a tremendous read for anyone even remotely interested in the ephemera that surround the subculture of punk…a subculture that in many ways was as much about the aesthetic as about the music. Obviously the simple layout has enabled the author to sell this book at a reasonable price and still cram it chockfull of writings, but I really wish more thought was put into the presentation of a book that is primarily abut that the "look." This book could easily have been split up into a number of books with the writing accompanied by more art. Perhaps later editions will add more of the art rather than a handful of flyer reproductions. That said, this is a tremendous addition to your bookshelf.

—Tim Brooks

Portland For the Frugal Vagabond
112 pages • $11.99
Skint press
PO Box 1054
1505 S. 6th Ave
Portland, OR 97201
www.skintpress.net



Zinesters Guide to Portland, Fifth Edition
by Shawn Granton
128 pages • $5.95
Microcosm Publishing
636 SE 11th Ave
Portland, OR 97214
www.microcosmpublishing.com

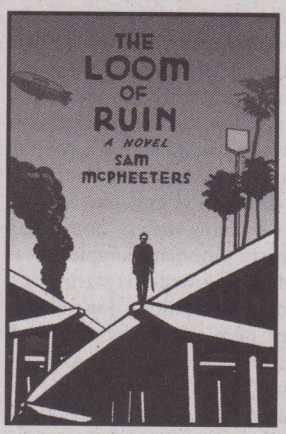
Back in May I was lucky enough to be able to attend the HP Lovecraft film festival in Portland, Oregon. Coincidentally, *MRR* had just received two Portland guidebooks, the newest *Zinesters Guide to Portland* (*ZGP* from here on out) and Skint Press's *Portland for the Frugal Vagabond*, so I snagged them both and brought them with me. The whole week I was there I legitimately tried to limit myself to things contained in the guidebooks. It was a pretty fun challenge with lots of up and downs. For example, I learned right away not to rely on *either* of the guidebooks to be your sole map source, since none of the maps are detailed enough for you to know where the heck you are. While the Skint maps are generally of far superior quality than the *ZGP* ones (which are hand-drawn and really only serve as decoration), they are still really vague and totally useless in case you are lost. I highly recommend learning from my mistake and purchasing a good map the second you get into town.

For those who don't know, Portland is divided into five quadrants: North, Northeast, Southeast, Southwest and Northwest. This geographical fact is pretty key to understanding the city's personality and also poses an interesting guidebook-organization challenge. The Skint guide and *ZGP* choose different routes to deal with this: *ZGP* divides things up by quadrant first with activities listed as subsections, whereas Skint puts activities first and quadrants second. This seemingly slight dissimilarity actually illuminates some really huge personality differences. *ZGP* is clearly designed for a fiscally challenged pedestrian crowd, one where you may really be limited to the quadrant you are in. The Skint book obviously assumes you know what you want to do (rather than knowing your location and travel restrictions) and have the means to get there. Both methods have their advantages and disadvantages.

But in the interest of being honest, I have to admit I actually hated the Skint book on principle, so I won't be able to give a fair review of it. I found the Skint guidebook skeezy and offensive. The first chapter after the introduction—the *first*, before we get into where to stay, how to get around, before *anything* else—is the "Dive" section. Not Bars, not drinks, just... "Dive." Not that drinking at dives is a bad thing, but to put it before *anything else* clearly shows the priorities of the authors and their intended audience, priorities that I do not share. Also, there is a "Strip Club" chapter. Again, not that I'm against sex work but...ew. Just ew. Also the restaurants listed were places where the whole meal (tip, tax, drinks and all) would be $10 or less. Which is actually super cool, but restaurants like that don't tend to cater to people with dietary restrictions (like me) so I couldn't even use it to find food. The one thing Skint did right (far, far better than *ZGP*) is list all the public restrooms downtown put them on a clear and easy to read map (which is also the only exception to the shitty-map-rule). They also did the same thing for all the small commercial art galleries in the pearl district.

Ironically, I was able to use the Skint book so little that I got out of the habit of reaching for it, so I didn't end up using either of these maps at all. The *ZGP* is more of the same thing that they've been doing for years now: vegan and vegetarian restaurants, lots of parks and museums and other free or cheap activities that cutesy seventeen year old pop-punk types will like. Let me summarize the difference between these two books this way: If you are an aging drunken hesher, a little outdated and super cynical, choose the Skint guidebook. If you are a young, fresh eyed and bushy tailed folk-punk aficionado, choose *ZGP* (also chose *ZGP* if you have dietary restrictions and a penchant for parks, like I do). Regardless of which book you choose, there is really no substitute for a friend who knows the area.

—Ariel Amend-all



The Loom of Ruin
Sam McPheeters
262 pages • $16
Mugger Books
www.muggerbooks.com

Late last year word came that Sam McPheeters was finally due to release a book. His prose, having expanded from the incisive hilarity of his well-loved fanzines *Error* and *Shooting Space* to a streamlined kind of humorous journalism with improbable scope and angles, seemed ready to burst into a full-length proper novel.

The Loom of Ruin is what we got. More Michael Bay than Thomas Pynchon, McPheeters has said before that he doesn't like his art to overly concern itself with unwieldy conceptualism. His current voice, the one that the general public may soon come to know, the one not hemmed in to a strictly "underground" constituency, is generous and accommodating to his audience. And why not? The very act of reading an ol' fashioned paper book in the second decade of the 21st century is kind of like wearing a Black Flag t-shirt in 1985, for example: *"Hey, cool! We have a thing in common!"*

Broken into short vignettes with chopped headings like "The Commands," "The Fungibles," and "The Muslims," the story follows Trang Yang, gas station franchise owner and possibly the angriest man alive. Like, not the "Angriest Guy," but seriously someone with a problem. You know how punk music takes negative emotions and makes either cartoons or weird trophies of them? It seems McPheeters wants to start with that idea, but then stop the song and call to our attention that something is *seriously wrong* here, and maybe we should talk about it!

But no one really gets to talk to Trang Yang in this book. As protagonist, he storms through the narrative, which is a Rube Goldberg contraption of mostly bad things happening. There are a lot of car crashes, fires and sweating through the clothes in *Loom Of Ruin* (oh, before I forget, I did revisit Ursula K. Le Guin's *Lathe of Heaven* right after finishing the book, and just in case you were thinking it too, it doesn't seem to be a reference. Nothing doing, really). The authorities are closing in on Trang, as they suspect he's up to something weird, and big. But you see, he's legally untouchable. But I won't tell you why, because the underlying reasons are a cornerstone to the realities that make the events of this book not only possible, but also nearly *probable*. But anyway, they're right. The authorities. And the Hmong gangsters. And the CEO. And the lawyer.

One of the defining characteristics of the book is that its fleet cuts among players and minor story lines, all veering into a well-orchestrated confluence of circumstance and design. Within a mere 262 pages, we get to explore, not

with depth, but with panegyric detail, an ostensibly random sampling of southern California's (and by extension, any suburban hamlet from which we may hail, though the book is *very* Los Angeles) typical 21st century human fauna, some of whom make it through this firestorm of a novel alive.

Characters appear that you may recognize from the urban decline sequences of *Wrangler Brutes* songs. For example, a particularly funny passage from the book is an exchange between two liberal, intelligent young men on their lunch breaks, making furtive ironic racist jokes at the expense of passersby: "The joke here was the joke itself. Both men were so confident in their actual non-racism that they could make jokes about the worst possible things to each other, secure in their mutual decency, and equally secure in their knowledge that no butt of their mock- hateful buffoonery would ever know they've been ridiculed."

This kind of thing is as *David Foster Wallace* as the book gets. Instead of the meta-meta psychology of many of the songs we know him from, which attempted to subvert their very form, McPheeters has written a solid novel. And it's weird that I have to predicate the review by saying "novel-as-novel," but you know what I mean. This book isn't a joke at the reader's expense. It's a regular book, with a narrative arc, a protagonist, peripheral characters and a denouement. The whole bit, albeit with extremely short chapters.

The book ends with a simultaneous feeling of tragedy and understanding of the characters' sense of being corralled and directed, maybe. Given the variables, it had to work out this way. But there are surprises, and there is even a maybe supernatural aspect to the book. Or maybe it's more meta-fictional than I initially thought, and the voice of the author directs certain key events right in front of the reader. It's good to have these questions at the end of what's basically a bonkers action-tragicomedy.

— Mike Taylor

After the Future
Franco "Bifo" Berardi
181 pages • $16.95
AK Press
www.akpress.com

In 1909, just as Henry Ford was unveiling his first assembly line, a young Italian artist named Filippo Tommaso Marinetti declared to the world that a new avant-garde movement was about to storm Europe. *The Futurist Manifesto,* with its glorification of machinery, turbulence, speed and war, announced a coming century that was to be dominated by the logics of production and mechanics. Technology could promise us progress, and this faith in the future would propel humankind into a new gloriously new, if necessarily violent, century. Yet by the early '70s, as the world economy began to falter, this blind trust in the necessity of progress also wavered, and by 1977 punks were already chanting "No Future!" in the streets of London. So what happened to "the future?" How did a generation so enamored with the notion of progress, charmed by the promises of machinery and production, so easily turn away from those illusions?

These questions are precisely those that motivate Franco "Bifo" Berardi's inquiry into the motives and failures of the "century that trusted the future," in his new book *After the Future.* Bifo attempts to understand how a century plagued by warfare, revolutions, boundless technological progress, and eventually culminating in massive "anti-globalization" movements, could fail to live up to that glorious future lauded a hundred years ago. Using Marinetti's raving *Manifesto* as a starting point, Bifo traces the western fascination with the future through to the present, attempting to assess the concept's motivations and losses, and what implications this has for the coming century.

Marinetti's polemic, with its stark admiration of mechanism and disturbingly prescient insistence on "wireless imagination," is a perfect place to begin this task. For while futurism would eventually devolve into Fascism with Marinetti lending his talents to help pen the first *Fascist Manifesto,* the movement also undeniably provided the impetus for a number of radicalized Leftist avant-garde factions. Dadaism, surrealism, the Situationists and even the Italian autonomist movements can all trace at least part of their intellectual lineage back to Marinetti and his prophetic vision. And though Marinetti would eventually renounce fascism—though whether an apostasy from principle or ego is debatable—the coming decades and movements on both the right and left would share this assuredness in the future and progress.

The bulk of Bifo's book deals with the failure of this promise to materialize on both sides of the spectrum. The ever-expanding role of financial capital has severely altered the productive landscape, and the rise of *semiocapital*—loosely understood as the immaterial products of a new "*cognitariat*" class—has had a number of effects on the success of resistance movements. Once upon a time workers could physically gather, strike, make demands. But the new era of wage laborers sitting in front of computer terminals, often with no steady hours, have forced a divide in this class system. The objects of this kind of production are immaterial, infinitely reproducible and their producers are no longer even required for great stretches of time. The precarity of work, the social voids of computer culture, the deep neuroses of fractured cultures—for Bifo these are the true legacy of the future and a far cry from the glorious utopia prophesied a hundred years ago.

A number of Bifo's arguments and themes and will seem familiar if presented differently. A deep pessimism regarding the myopic techno-capitalist vision of progress runs throughout a great deal of radical criticism in the twentieth century. The concern that the instrumental reason of advanced capitalism would inevitably lead to a new kind of fascism was an early concern of the Frankfurt School. World-systems theory identified the new crises of financial capitalism and their implications for labor movements decades ago. And the rise of a new *cognitariat* class finds a clear analogue in the recently revived discussions of the autonomist notion of affective labor. But where Bifo seems to be simply reiterating old lines of argument, his conclusion is radically different.

The crux of *After the Future* lies in its prescriptions for the radical movements in the present. In a controversial move, Bifo argues that political engagement as we know it must be utterly abandoned. The radical movements of the past century failed, not due to lack of participation or a poverty of tactics, but because they relied on the same necessary and sequential notion of history that has brought this situation to us. Protest politics are useless at best, and at worst will engender a fierce resentment and alienation. Bifo sees only an imminent catastrophe and calls upon radical movement everywhere to a new task: "to live the inevitable with a relaxed soul. To call forth a big wave of withdrawal, of massive dissociation, of desertion from the scene of the economy, of nonparticipation in the fake show of politics." Rather than fight fruitlessly against impending disaster, the projects of resistance must turn away to create new networks of association, new aggregates of goods and services and new kinds of therapy to combat the endless alienation of consumer society.

For such a radical proclamation, Bifo remains fairly vague when envisioning this massive dissociation and a more nuanced account of these possible forms of refusal would seem necessary. And while his call is controversial, it's one with which I think a great number of radical movements can share a certain sympathy. But is this a viable program for the coming century? I think many might argue that we hold something of an ethical duty to combat the increasingly prevalent forms of domination, and that withdrawal would only intensify these forms and lay the track for a gradual descent into world collapse. Still others might ask if this kind of abjuration is even possible. You can turn your back on politics but that surely won't mean the political will relinquish its interest in you. Eventually every resistance will confront authority, purposefully or not.

I suspect that Bifo will address a number of these concerns in his forthcoming books, but until this new vision of resistance is clarified a number of necessary discussions should ensue. Is Bifo's assessment of the twentieth century useful to us now, or is it another strain of utopianism destined to fail? What would a nonparticipatory resistance look like? What are the constraints put on withdrawal by specific geographies, economies, and political forms? I genuinely hope that *After the Future* does enter into the discourse of radical communities as these questions could very well lead us to a new point of departure for political engagement (or disengagement) in the coming century. And for what it lacks in a sustained argument, Bifo's book does present a provocative alternate path for resistance; one that at least eschews the limits and necessities of sequential history, and might offer a new way of turning toward the future.

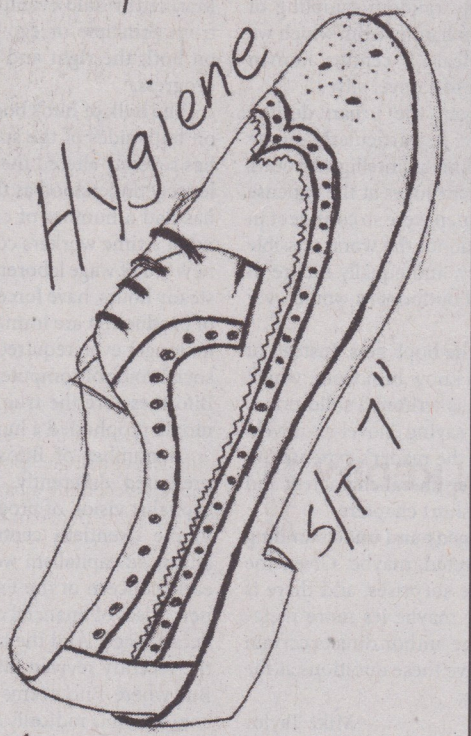
— Matthew McKenzie

HEADACHE RECORDS CATALOG 2012

5" CANDY SNATCHERS – live on a five
5" DROPKICK MURPHYS – live on a five
5" WRETCHED ONES – live on a five
7" STEEL TOE SOLUTION - debut
7" LIMECELL – bloodthirsty stalker
7" THE CUFFS- cut theat (clear wax)
CD THE WRETCHED ONES – make it happen
CD THE WRETCHED ONES – go to work
CD NIBLICK HENBANE – happy happy oi oi
CD LIMECELL – destroy the underground
CD LIMECELL - s/t debut album
CD URBAN RIOT-public enemies
CD SQUIGGY- hate, destruction, and...
CD LOUSY BREAK – don't wait for the next ...
CD WRETCHED ONES – we don't belong to...
7" BRASS TACKS – the good life
7" MENTAL DECAY – walking stick (grey wax)
7" LOUSY BREAK – no reason- (pic disc!)
7" TR6 – psychobilly mayhem
7" HEIDNICK STEW – trials and tribulations
7" NOTORIOUS GRUMBLE (orange wax)
7" THE WRETCHED ONES – rut/lady boss 45
CD STEEL TOE SOLUTION- eight year war
CD/LP THE WRETCHED ONES – s/t
CD/LP THE WRETCHED ONES –we don't....

ALL TITLES AVAILABLE FROM
www.headacherecords.com
www.interpunk.com

Sorry State Records



Also Out Now:
No Tomorrow: Nuclear Exposure 7"

DIRTNAP RECORDS

SOMETHING FIERCE // OCCULT DETECTIVE CLUB

SPLIT 10"
"Leave it to Dirtnap Records to show the world how to do a split...Texas delivers again!"
-FASTER AND LOUDER

LEGENDARY WINGS

MAKING PAPER ROSES LP
"It happens very rarely that we here at Dirtnap get a random CD-R demo in the mail, pop it in, listen to it a couple of times, and then slap our fist down on the counter and say "fuck it, we'll put that out!" But once in a blue moon you get one that's just THAT good."

THE WHITE WIRES

WWIII LP
"Armed with strategic jangle, jittery trio wins 14 battles, if not the war, against tuneful garage-punk inertia."
-SPIN MAGAZINE

UP NEXT:
MIND SPIDERS 7"
THE NOVICE 7"

DIRTNAPRECS.COM

DIRTNAP RECORDS
3840 SE GLADSTONE ST
PORTLAND, OR 97202

DEMOKRATI ELLER DIKTATUR?

DESPERAT – DEMOKRATI ELLER DIKTATUR? EP
US PRESS OUT SEPT. 2012 ON BEACH IMPEDIMENT

6 TRACKS OF RAW SWEDISH HC,
MEMBERS OF MOB 47 & WARVICTIMS

BEACHIMPEDIMENTRECORDS.BLOGSPOT.COM
FOR MORE INFORMATION

STILL HOT:
IMPALERS – DEMO 7"
FRONT LINE – BASIC TRAINING EP

ONCE HARDCORE ALWAYS
FUCKING RAW HARDCORE!

BEACH IMPEDIMENT RECORDS

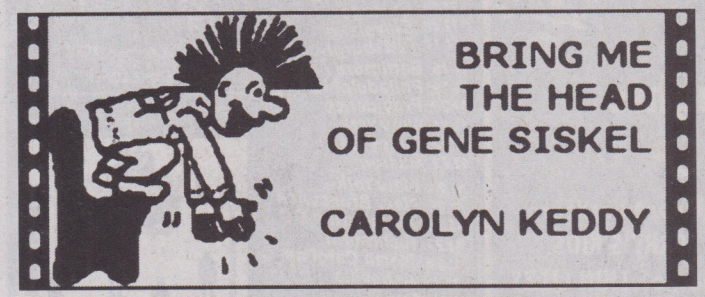
$WINGIN' UTTER$

The Librarians Are Hiding Something

Brand new 7" out Nov. 6th!

FAT WRECK CHORDS
www.fatwreck.com

MOVIES



I'M GONNA CHANGE THE FUCKIN WORLD

I do not take my duties as President of the Punk Rock Film Critics Association™ lightly. I'd even say I go above and beyond to see any film that might remotely interest my wonderful readers. Let me tell you about going to see **Bananazzz**. It was a Sunday night. Although I prefer not to go to San Francisco on weekends and I work early on Monday, the film looked fun. I arrive at 7:45 for the 8pm start. Of course, I don't know if the film is first or the comedians or the band, but I am a very punctual person. I am told the film will be first. Good news…until it is brought to my attention that the people with the film haven't arrived yet. When they do arrive around 9pm and after a bit of scrambling about, it is discovered that there is no way to play the film. Fortunately for all involved my friend and I are the only two in attendance and we don't make that much noise about our inconvenience. After being bribed with a few free drinks we even stay and laugh at the comedians.

On my way out the club I am slipped a DVD copy of **Bananazzz**. Strangely I went home that same night and watched it. **Bananazzz** is the story of Craig Evanhalen and his brief flirtation with being a punk. Evanhalen has big plans for his band Bananazzz and goes about it in a way I hope most kids don't think starting a punk band happens. He gets a publicist to help him assemble the band. His publicist sips champagne and informs him that his musicians' image is more important than their playing. This is where the film needed a bit more. If the band assembled were really good-looking non-musicians, it would have really set the mood. Instead the guitarist, bassist and drummer are just average looking dudes with minimal chops. None of them even sport a punk look.

Bananazzz does a good job of poking fun at someone who is by every definition a poseur. Evanhalen's claims at being a punk are undercut by everything he does. There is an interview with the former manager of Craig's boy band C U L8R (played by AP Mike Lisk of *The Best Show on WFMU* fame) who reveals that Craig may not be that good of a singer, but he is a great dancer. In their interview Craig's parents reveal that they home schooled Craig because he was too much of a crier. He does shed more than a few tears in the film. He also claims he hates his parents, even after asking them to pay for his trip to Austin. Various people on the street call him names varying from loser to misogynist. Fellow musicians at SXSW look down on him. Yet he maintains his importance, sincerity and punkness. However, it is his videotaped performance at SXSW that gets him what he craves—attention. Then he moves on to the next thing. (realbananazzz.tumblr.com)

Sometimes the most enjoyable type of music documentary is one where you have no knowledge about the subject covered. When you know a lot there is more likely the chance that you know more that the film, thus lessening your viewing experience by being aware of obvious oversights, mistakes or the inability to capture the subject to your liking. I have seen it happen with many films about the history of punk. No need to worry about that with the topic of R. Stevie Moore. Aside from hearing a few of his albums and seeing him perform a couple of times, I know nothing of his personal life or history. That all changed with **I Am A Genius (And There's Nothing I Can Do About It)**.

I Am A Genius (And There's Nothing I Can Do About It) is a present day account of what happens in the life of Moore sprinkled with some historical bits from his past. Moore has had an interesting life, as his music no doubt infers. These days he plays shows, records at home and sells his records over the web. Moore was born in Nashville, TN. His father is session bass player Bob Moore who played on records by Elvis Presley, Patsy Cline, Roy Orbison and others. R. Stevie also began his musical career as a session musician singing on a Jim Reeve's single "But You Love Me, Daddy". He then followed his father's footsteps becoming a bass player for Nashville singers. Moore got the DIY bug when his experience in the music business made him realize how easy it was to make a record. He began recording his own songs and eventually gave up his day job as a hired musician.

The scenes depicted in **I Am A Genius (And There's Nothing I Can Do About It)** are rather ordinary. It is the editing that makes it a bit off. There is a scene of Moore standing by the train tracks. It is obvious the filmmakers are waiting for the train to go by, but instead of editing out the part where Moore is just standing there while nothing is happening it is completely left in. I assume it is reflective of the filmmaker's view of Moore's recording style. Another scene shows Moore trying to get his recording equipment working. The camera is looking on while Moore leans over the machine and in front of the camera, unplugging and plugging chords. The shot stays in the same place capturing Moore's troubleshooting in real time. One scene I particularly like is an interview with Calvin Johnson. The screen is split in three parts all shots of Johnson. While he is speaking in the one of the left, the other two are frozen. Then the center one starts while the left becomes still. Then the right begins. That is cleverly done though I can't remember anything that Johnson says about Moore. (disques.rotin.free.fr)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. www.carolynkeddy.com

SICK CLUB

GET SICK!
BE LIKE THE REST OF THE DISEASED FLOCK AND JOIN THE SICK CLUB!
Are you tired of singles club's that don't cater to the real punks or the HC guys n' gals, just lame indie rock for boring, trendy hipsters?
Well, this club is for **YOU!**

SUBSCRIBE

AN 8 SINGLE SERIES featuring some fantastic HC and punk bands, covering the majority of the bases genrewise. To point out-COLOR VINYL is ONLY for the 1st 100 subscribers! These will be 500 pressed ever with never a repress, ONLY exclusive songs will be featured on these **7" SINGLES!**

Featuring records by such bands as **The Ropes, Tenement, Male Nurses, Weekend Nachos** and more!

And as an extra incentive, there will be an **EXCLUSIVE SUBSCRIBER ONLY 7"** available to those who subscribe for the whole set! So the only way to obtain the record is to subscribe! No other way in hell can you obtain the single! SUBSCRIBER ONLY record ONLY available to FULL SUBSCRIPTIONS, not half.

AND LASTLY, A BOX SET OF TEST PRESSES will be awarded at the end of the 1st series to 1 lucky subscriber at random! Other goodies will be sent out at random with 7"es as well, who knows what!?

Prices will be set in 2 diff ways, for 1/2 subscriptions and Full. 1/2 subscribers ONLY get 2 color vinyl copies, of my choosing and it will be picked at random. **SORRY, BUT TRUE NERDS GET THE FULL REWARDS!**

PRICES-ALL PRICES ARE PPD

1/2 SUBSCRIPTIONS- US-$26/ CAN-$35/ WORLD-$45

FULL SUBSCRIPTIONS- US-$66/ CAN-$75/ WORLD-$100

ALSO, WHOLESALE SUBSCRIPTIONS AVAILABLE! Email me to inquire! Sorry, not doing trades for these. Only my regular label releases will be considered.

DO NOT email me asking for a certain single on color vinyl, I'll just mock the email and ignore it.

Make money order out to Nick Lovro and send to me at- 311 Steam Dr Genoa,IL 60135 USA
Email me for paypal info at nicksick@gmail.com

Unholy Thoughts "The Attic" LP

Rocking and ripping deviant hardcore bringing the speed of JERRY'S KIDS, and the rock n' roll snarl of THIN LIZZY and ANNIHILATION TIME.

ex/current - GOVERNMENT WARNING, SOUTHSIDE STRANGLERS, DEVIL'S HAND, and the HAVERCHUCKS.

US press on 180 gram 45 RPM vinyl

www.forcefieldrecords.org

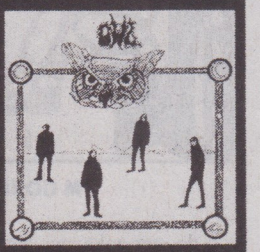
FORCEFIELD

OWL

"This band seems to have come to fruition out of the NWOBHM lovin' sect within the Oakland crust metal scene."
-MRR

US TOUR 2012

11.7: Portland
11.8: Tacoma
11.9: Seattle
11.10: Missoula
11.11: Fargo
11.12: Minneapolis
11.13: Madison
11.14: Milwaukee
11.15: Chicago
11.16: Cleveland
11.17: Pittsburgh
11.18: Baltimore
11.19: Philadelphia
11.20: Providence
11.21: New York
11.22: Turkey Day
11.23: Boston
11.24: New York
11.25: New Brunswick
11.26: Washington DC
11.27: Richmond
11.28: North Carolina
11.29: Asheville
11.30: Athens
12.1: New Orleans
12.2: Houston
12.3: Denton
12.4: Austin
12.5: Las Cruces
12.6: Phoenix
12.7: Los Angeles
12.8: San Francisco



LOOK. LISTEN. CONTACT. BUY:

www.owlbrotherhood.net
www.owlbrotherhood.bandcamp.com
4123 Broadway Box 441
Oakland, CA USA

Shaman Records presents:

RESISTANT CULTURE

Natural Law Fall 2012 US Tour

Salt Lake City, UT	11/09	Burt's Tiki Lounge
Denver, CO	11/10	Blast-O-Mat
St Louis, MO	11/12	Cusumanos Bar
Indianapolis, IN	11/13	Indy's Juke Box
new London, CT	11/15	El "n' Gee
New York, NY	11/17	The Acheron
Providence, RI	11/18	AS220
Pittsburgh, PA	11/20	Belvedere's
Chicago, IL	11/23	Reggies
Minneapolis, MN	11/24	Medusa
Rapid City, SD	11/25	Roman's
Seattle, WA	11/30	Club M
Portland, OR	12/01	Red Room
Bend, OR	12/02	Domino Room
Oakland, CA	12/08	Burnt Ramen
Los Angeles, CA	12/15	Tba

Friday November 23rd 2012

Shaman Records 13th Anniversary
& "Tribes of Metal Punk" compilation CD release party

Tribal grindcrust warriors from L.A. California (with members of TERRORIZER)

RESISTANT CULTURE

Mexico City's Hardcore punk/metal since 1996

CARROBOT

KRANG

MALAS

cülo

$12 in advance
$15 at the door

Sponsored by:

artsnprints.com

6PM 17 +

rockotitlan.com

REGGIES
CHICAGO
2105 S. STATE STREET
CHICAGO ILLINOIS
REGGIESLIVE.COM

RECORDS

Send **two** copies of vinyl or CD-only releases (if on both formats, please send the vinyl) to **MRR, PO Box 460760, SF, CA 94146, USA**
We will review everything that falls within our area of coverage: punk, garage, hardcore, etc.—no major labels or labels distributed by major-affiliated distros. Please include postpaid price and contact information. Let us know where your band is from! *No reviews of test pressings or promo CDs without final artwork.*

Reviewers:
(PA) Pete Avery
(MA) Matt Badenhop
(MB) Mariam Bastani
(BB) Brace Belden
(WB) Will Blomquist
(GB) Graham Booth
(JU) Justin Briggs
(MC) Mitch Cardwell
(WN) Robert Collins
(BD) Brian Dooley
(SD) Sean Dougan
(AE) Amelia Eakins
(FF) Francesca Foglia
(LG) Layla Gibbon
(DG) Dan Goetz
(GG) Gemma Greenhill
(JH) Jason Halal
(GH) Greg Harvester
(MH) Mike Howes
(RK) Ramsey Kanaan
(KK) Kenny Kaos
(CK) Carolyn Keddy
(BL) Brad Lambert
(SL) Sam Lefebvre
(P$) Paul Lucich
(RL) Ray Lujan
(MM) Marissa Magic
(KM) Kevin Manion
(JM) Jeff Mason
(AM) Allan McNaughton
(TM) Tony Molina
(LA) Lydia Phelps
(LP) Langford Poh
(RO) Rotten Ron Ready
(KS) Ken Sanderson
(FS) Fred Schrunk
(JS) Jess Scott
(MS) Martin Sorrondeguy
(AU) Andrew Underwood

013 – "Armoa" CD

A self described '77 Finnish punk band here. This band is from the early '80s and here they have some new recordings. I'm hearing DEAD KENNEDYS, AVENGERS and 45 GRAVE. They even have the obligatory flipping off the photographer shot in the packaging. Sung in Finnish and not nearly as good as their influences, we do have four pretty punk rocking tunes here. (RL)
(Treffipub)

45 ADAPTERS – "Collected Works Vol. 1" 2x10"

Look, the craziest colored vinyl we have ever seen. This color wax is the weirdest combination of metropolitan orange and blue, it looks radioactive. Crazy to think the time has passed so quickly that Brooklyn's 45 ADAPTERS is releasing a "complete works" collection, but here it is and I am old. Longshot has provided their typical top notch packaging with a full color gatefold, plus double 10" colored vinyl, so all you have to do is crack a beer, sit back and remember the good old days. Nothin' fancy or overproduced, this is four sides of super fun sing-along street punk rock'n'roll from some of the best in the business. Oi! (GB)
(Contra Records / Longshot Music / Pirates Press)

ABJECT! – "Try Again" CD

Very boring NYHC with a heavy bar-punk vibe, complete with goofy old man punk style vocals. This is basically the NYHC equivalent of a John The Baker band. Shut it down. (TM)
(self-released)

ACCELERATORS – "Fuel for the Fire" CD

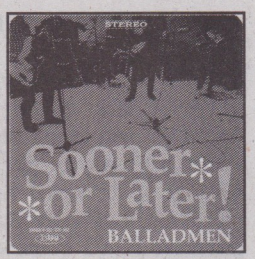
I feel like this record has been made over and over by every pop punk band that's trying to make a living off their music. All feeling has been lost by the over-production and polishing done to the recording. There is apparently a huge market for this type of music, but I feel like the average *MRR* reader is not the target audience for this. The average Hot-Topic shopper, however… (BD)
(No Reason / Shield Recordings)

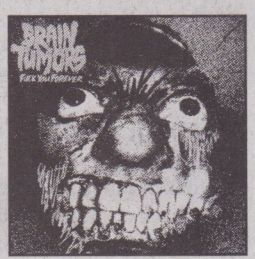
ACIDEZ – "Don't Ask For Permission" LP

"We are ACIDEZTRCTION! Destroying Your Rules With our Noise!" Charged, studded and spiked, two fingers in the air punk from Mexico's ACIDEZ. Similar to the regurgitation and building-upon straight-up UK-'82-ish punk, through the (relatively) more progressive-edged CASUALTIES/punk core-styled pro punk filter. Powered by an upfront club-style snare drum attack and buzzing tinny guitars, growled vocals that bounce off quick choruses, sung in both Spanish and English. Thirteen chunks of straight-forward 1-2 punk are bookended by melodic intros, threaded by charging guitar leads and solos and an occasional ripping bass line. Rock solid in both delivery and song structure, I'd argue having this band record them in a more lo-fi setting would give them more of a raw edge and teeth, (and maybe more of a classic '80s South American/Mexican hardcore sound) but the vocals are harsh enough and the songs themselves are occasionally full tilt caustic hardcore, that it balances the choice of a more professionally smooth production. Punk lyrics and the inner sleeve also has a showcase of the band's hair. The bright green splattered vinyl matches their giant and liberty spikes! The cover seals the deal with a photoshopped explosion of spray paint, rats, beer cans and a skeleton with a Mohawk! (KS)
(Voltage)

ADAPTIVE REACTION – "Family Entertainment" CD

Woah, synth based street punk from Canada with a pic of Manson with Mickey Mouse ears on the cover. All of the other artwork is dystopian IMB computer Winston Smith style. The female singer has a cool Penelope from the AVENGERS voice, the music sort of ruins this by basically sounding like something that should have been on a soundtrack for a Christian Slater movie in 1992. Actually this band is sorta like that in general; *Gleaming the Cube* meets *Pump of the Volume* meets BEKKI BONDAGE and one of those guitar toys that make "rock" sounds you can get at the dollar store. It's fun to listen to; a *wailing* guitar lead will burst through a wall of synths and make me laugh so hard. I definitely like the woman's voice better than the guy's; he reminds me of the METEORS, a psychobilly BILLY IDOL mash up. Do you wanna go there friends?! I have to admit I am enjoying listening to it though, it's so ridiculous and fun. I think it's a discography?! It's not "good" but if you like ATARI TEENAGE RIOT, street punk and psychobilly fuckin' grab this! This should be the soundtrack for a new wave exploitation movie, circa 1982. (LG)
(P in a Circle)





ADAPTIVE REACTION – "Scream the First Few Bars" EP

This record is rad. This Canadian three-piece merges UK82 punk and early industrial. There are samples, some digital noise, metered danceable drums, catchy, early-punk sounding guitar with flange-y psych moments, understated synths on mostly punk tracks. The woman's vocals and delivery are fucking awesome—imagine EXPELLED meets CHROME; they actually compare themselves to CHROME and it is justified... While I wasn't into the dude's vocals at first because they remind me a lot of psychobilly vocals, but they won me over after a few listens, sounding more like something on a KMFDM record. The artwork is very appealing and you can tell that they care a lot about aesthetic and the use of media, which I love. The songs all sound very different from one another, the winners being "S.O.S" and "Kill, Kill!" As a punk I was a little turned off by their "we wanna make it" vibe website, but as a person who grew up seeing the rise of bands like PIGFACE, KMFDM and the Chicago industrial scene, it makes sense. This band won't be considered punk forever, but this is a band that I will definitely be following. Interesting stuff! (MB)
(self-released)

AMEAÇA CIGANA / HOMEM ELEFANTE – spilt LP

After a sinister sounding start, HOMEM ELFANTE kick off their side of the split with fuzzed out mid tempo sleazy punk. '80s USHC seams in by way of the guitar leads, while the majority of the sound here is just nasty punk rock'n'roll à la early Sub Pop tempered with gratuitous FLAG overtones. On the flip, fellow Brasilians AMEAÇA CIGANA cut all the bullshit and pretensions in favor of ripping through ten no-frills hardcore numbers that go straight to the throat. Superb riffs spew forth like a teenager on his first binge night at the lake (or like the first TOTAL FURY 12") while adolescent vocals rev the engine from start to finish. Some might try to write this off as part of the rebirth of Y2K fast HC, but I'll put AMEAÇA CIGANA in league with any current hardcore act... Makes this old man feel like dusting off the knee brace and getting wild. (WN)
(Give Praise / Karasu Killer / Läjä / Riding Ancient Waves / Rock Mutante)

ANOTHER SOCIAL DISEASE – "Brain Damage" LP

I took one look at the live photos of these dudes on the back cover and thought to myself, "I really hope this sounds like mid-to-late '80s NYHC crossover shit" and that is *exactly* what I got. Fast, face-ripping, thrashing metallic hardcore that completely splits the line between hardcore and metal without being one fucking bit "metalcore," with total *Just Look Around*-era Lou Koehler vocals. This is perfect...well...crossover of the New York variety, none of that less interesting Cali-thrash-ness to muck it up. (JU)
(Social Disease)

ANTHRAX – "All for the Cause" CD

I might have the advantage of reviewing this album, since I'd never heard any of this classic UK band's old stuff. I was never a fan, only because they weren't on my radar. Therefore, I can't complain about how this new album doesn't sound like their old stuff because I don't know any better. That being said, this album is really good. ANTHRAX plays solid UK anarcho-punk that borders on street punk at times, incorporating anthemic choruses and strong, catchy guitar melodies that make most of the songs on this disc memorable. The band is still political to the core, singing about greed, austerity measures, the destruction of our planet and a lot more. One of my favorite tracks on here is called "Happy", a song that seems to have that same timeless quality of "Moon Over Marin" and has a guitar melody that will stick in your head for days. Maybe this isn't like their old stuff, but who cares? Fuck the past. It's 2012 and ANTHRAX put out a fucking cool album. (GH)
(Grow Your Own)

ANTISEEN – "Blood of Freaks, the Singles 1989-1992"

If you were one of those people like me who could never initially understand why the late great Bruce Roehrs constantly sang the praises of ANTISEEN, then this early singles collection is the place to start. I admit when these songs came out, it was too rock for the poppier side of me and too poppy for the part of me that was wearing out a cassette of NEUROSIS, *Word As Law*. Besides, the people who always tried to turn me on to them also swore that the DWARVES were the cat's meow. Later on I admit some of the Southern imagery was a big turnoff for me, as well as some of the stuff that some of their Confederacy Of Scum brethren did. (Sorry, but guilt by association can be hard to ignore.) Still, almost all the tracks on this collection rock in a MÖTORHEAD meets raw early hardcore, rock pretty hard and lack the questionable lyrical content of some of their other stuff. I will admit, that most readers of this magazine will have already made up their mind regarding this band, but if you want some good straight up punk, pick up this record. (JF)
(Death Train / TKO)

A PASSING FANCY – "A Passing Fancy/I'm Losing Tonight" EP

Sick! Man what a fuckin' rager. Compared to the US, Canada has a fraction of the garage records, but the good ones are fuckin' *great*, giving us Yankees a real run for the money. "I'm Losing Tonight" is top notch Canadian garage, which you might mistake for a folk garage jangler if it wasn't for that unmistakable screaming fuzz lead guitar. Shit doesn't get much hotter. Sadly the guitarist sits out on the flip and they take it down a notch with a real moody organ garage lament to lost love. We won't hold it against them though, everybody has their bad days. Get to it! All you up and coming garage DJs seek this 45 out post haste; crippling fuzz like this is a rare commodity. (GB)
(Ugly Pop)

THE ASTRONAUTS / THE DESTRUCTORS – split CD

Wow, two bands long past their expiration dates for the price of one! That's some kind of value proposition, I guess. You may barely remember the ASTRONAUTS from their time on the fringes of the CRASS orbit back in the '80s. Well, here are some tracks from them. Very cleanly produced, very boring, with plenty of histrionic lyrics and a shit ZOUNDS cover thrown in to boot. The DESTRUCTORS are quickly becoming the UNHOLY GRAVE of boring old man rock, issuing a seemingly endless stream of uninspired pub-rockers with "moon/june"-level rhyming lyrics. This one has a terrible WIRE cover plunked in among the terrible originals. Are people really buying this stuff? (AU)
(self-released)

ATTACK OF THE AXEMAN – "Systematic Death Slaughter" CD

I was kind of hoping this would totally suck because the cover has a bunch of orangutans killing people and there is a song inspired by "Who Let the Dogs Out?" so I could just dismiss it and move on with my life. It turns out these dudes know a thing or two about grinding and, despite weird animal costumes and a general goofiness, are entirely able to put together a competent record. A lot of the lyrics are in what I'm pretty sure is German, or something close, but the ones in English can be pretty priceless: "now you've got more enemies/than there are Agathocles split EPs" and "he's playing tricks with our friends/makes rabbit's life a mess/one moment: eating carrots in a garden/other moment: sitting in a magician's hat." The songs are mostly super fast and the playing is right on. Without looking at the lyrics, the band stands on the merit or its riffage but once you figure out the message in those angry growls it's hard not to grin along and laugh at their joke. (BL)
(RSR)

ATTACK SHIPS ON FIRE – "Vegas Soul" CD

Are you curious about what bar-rock bands in Vegas sound like? Ever wish more bands tried to sound like MÖTLEY CRÜE? Do you think Pro Tools is the best thing to happen to music since Mike Patton joined FAITH NO MORE? Well, then this CD will have you dancing on rainbows. (FS)
(Squidhat)

BABY GHOSTS – "Let's Always Hang Out Together, Okay?" CD

I like this band. Fun, happy stuff from Salt Lake City. A little twee, a little bit garage indie rock and a little bit pop punk. Guy singer, girl singer, little production and twelve songs that mostly include the word "ghost" in the title. Like TIGER TRAP meets NIKKI AND THE CORVETTES but with a guy singer too. A good full length. (RL)
(self-released)

BABY TEARS – "Rusty Years" LP

This attempts to straddle the lines of bleak rock and psych punk and manages to wash away the scum it tries to reach, turning it into a polished product. They've worshipped those and then let the slick of post hardcore sink in, sounding more like HOT SNAKES on a weekend bender then MAYYORS. Like the drunk jocks just pulled up to the party full of weirdos on weak acid. This isn't bad, but neither is it groovy or violent. PUFFY AREOLAS sans the chaos, or TOTAL ABUSE sans the bleakness. (MM)
(Doom Town / Rainy Road)

BAD BEACH – "Seasick" CD

This double CD compiles a number of this band's two late '80s LPs and other odds and ends. Their sound is very much that of an '80s punk or hardcore band that later attempted a more accessible rock sound, all the way down to the moody singing that's somewhere between goth and Danzig (the person, not just the band) and the super boomy, reverbed drums. A lot of it is actually pretty good and, though it doesn't distinguish itself that much, I could've seen these records coming out on a label like SST or maybe even Homestead. The non-LP tracks are a bit more interesting and even have a slight industrial thing going on at times. (DG)
(Boss Tuneage)

BAISEBALL – "Hot Stuff" EP

I believe these dudes are from France. They do a classic well played '70s English punk style complete with an EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS cover done perfectly. It's catchy and well recorded, but almost a little too perfect for me if that makes sense. I like my punk a little wrong. My buddy Adam would love this and it's good but not quite fucked up enough for me. It ain't the '70s no more. (RO)
(Stress)

BALLADMEN – "Sooner or Later!" EP

I'm scratching my fucking head. I can't figure this out. This is like rock'n'roll from the Midwest from 1961. It's even a little bluesy. Here's the thing. It's from Japan. And it's from right now. Seriously, if you told me that this was some long lost single from Nashville circa 1961, I'd totally believe you. I'm still scratching my head. Crazy. It's good, I guess. (KK)
(Debauch Mood / GTD)

BEDFORD FALLS – "Elegant Balloons" CD

This British band is so college rock circa the late '80s. I used to love this stuff à la DINOSAUR JR, early SOUL ASYLUM and HÜSKER DÜ. Very tuneful stuff that is pretty solid and would have been all over "120 Minutes" back in the day. Not for the hardcore types, a modern day EDSEL AUCTIONEER perhaps, a good release from a reliable label. (RL)
(Boss Tuneage)

BETTER NOT BORN – "Dawnfall" EP

This is a relatively new band from Helsinki that plays D-beat with a not quite metallic feel. The riffs are often bluesy enough to have kind of a '80s-era BLACK SABBATH, hard rock edge, without crust standbys like death metal chugs. The singer has a raspy yell that would also adequately suit a hardcore band and the lyrical content is in English and usually centers around depressing thoughts on the futility of life, with a couple awkward translations. I like that the band adheres to a pretty basic interpretation of crust and doesn't delve too deeply into black metal or post-whatever influence. The guitar work gets a little ethereal in parts on the last track, but it's the most punk rock sounding song on the disc otherwise. It's simple but solid and put together well. (BL)
(Filthy Rat)

BIRTH DEFORMITIES – "Suburbanized" 10"

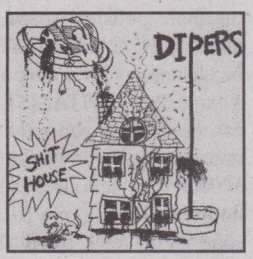
Imagine if you will: AGENT ORANGE, the ADOLESCENTS and some random Mutha records band all take a bus out to Chicago in 198whenever. They take some drugs, have bad trips and write some songs along the way and somehow end up with ARTICLES OF FAITH's guitar equipment in wherever Steve Albini was recording BIG BLACK at the time. He listens to the songs and calls them "generic thrashola garbage"—the same term he lobbed at some of DEEP WOUND's elements, which is incorrect, as DEEP WOUND are flawless —but agrees to record them anyway. Now I'm no fan of fanfiction, but the theoretical record that would have come out of this fictitious scenario resembles what BIRTH DEFORMITIES have come up with on this 10". At the base of their sound is an intersection of moody, paranoid beach punk, "generic thrash," hateful and ignorant early '80s East Coast hardcore (more CHRONIC SICK than AGNOSTIC FRONT though) and some dropout, drugged out element that I can't quite identify. Noisy, not-quite-shouted vocals that project hate both inward and outward, excellent pounding drums, an also noisy recording and a rich, saturated guitar sound round out the band's musical aesthetic. This is not a record by or for popular scenesters, so the jean jackets with combed hair and BASTARD shirts of the world can step out of the way for the actual maladjusted weirdos. (DG)
(Cowabunga)

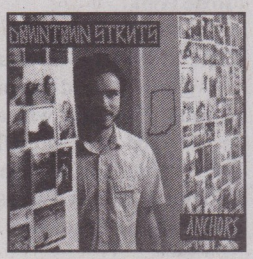
BOOZE & GLORY / HARRINGTON SAINTS – Split EP

This one's a little hard for me to review off the bat, since it's a benefit record for my departed pal, Mr. Bruce Roehrs. It's done beautifully, on colored vinyl, shaped like crossed hammers by Pirates Press. They did an amazing job and I know Bruce would have hated some shit like this being put out for him, but good job guys. Well on to the fucking music. BOOZE & GLORY, who I assume are from England—or they're pretty fucking lame for singing in accents—do a pretty catchy Oi! tune about swinging hammers. It's got all the stereotypical choruses and noodley guitar parts but is up to par in a good way. I'll always think of members of the HARRINGTON SAINTS being in the older San Francisco glam punk band ROMEO'S DEAD, which was one of my fave bands to get high and watch. They do a good job of doing an English football anthem. Ain't no COCKNEY REJECTS but it'll do. Pick one up if you love Oi!, football, or just want to remember a good man. (RO)
(Pirates Press)

BRAIN TUMORS – "Fuck You Forever" EP

This is the real motherfucking deal. Forget all the shitty Youth Attack hardcore bands with no riffs, forget overhyped plodding East coast hardcore by and for muscle-heads and forget all these bands full of young sons wielding knives and chains trying to be edgy and crying for attention. BRAIN TUMORS encapsulate everything hardcore should be. Their stuff is short, fast, loud, dumb and weird, with an overall vibe that makes you think they could come completely unhinged at any second. Vocals are of the snotty variety, the lyrics range from self-loathing outpourings, to sarcastic indictments of modern life, to little more than gibberish ("All I wanna do is drugs / Eat more food and get more fucked up /





Fuckin' you assholes / Are gonfaaa awefheakln"). The riffs are as speedy and killer as ever and their drummer is a fucking madman who seems to be taking out all his aggression on his kit. It's so goddamn refreshing to hear a modern hardcore band this raging and out of control. You need this EP; it's one of the best records of the year. (KM)
(Deranged)

BURNT THRONES CLUB – "Birth Rites" EP

BURNT THRONES are a two-piece noise-rock act from Oakland, the best town in America. Blunt, garagey rock'n'roll, with a distinctive, blown out, repetitive groove. Distorted guitars and vocals mask what are actually pretty catchy songs. I must admit that although the guitar is in the lower ranges, there is something missing in the mix and I think it's bass. On the whole, it's a decent debut (at least I think it's their debut) and I wouldn't mind hearing more. (AM)
(Hovercraft)

CALABRESE – "Dayglo Necros" CD

Fourth full length from the bros CALABRESE. Apparently they really are brothers, with the name Calabrese. And obviously, they really dig that Horror Rock thang. But as MISFITS derivatives go, judging by this offering, they're really good! Lots of driving tunes and the requisite DANZIG/ELVIS vocal inflexions. Perhaps the next best thing since *Walk Among Us*. (RK)
(Spookshow)

CAPITALIST KIDS – "Lessons on Love, Sharing, and Hygiene" LP

Yes! I knew that someone had to have a written a song about Ben Weasel punching that girl at SXSW a couple of years ago and sure enough Austin's CAPITALIST KIDS have done it. Sure, this event might seem dated, but since this record was recorded in 2011 all can be forgiven. Still, if they had released the song as a 7" it would have been a little bit timelier, if not the least bit opportunist. Anyway, the CAPITALIST KIDS play straight up pop punk à la MR. T EXPERIENCE, SICKO and others of the more polished sound. In fact, on the songs about girls, CAPITALIST KIDS can be seen to be channeling Dr. Frank at times. Of course with a name like CAPITALIST KIDS, not all the songs can be about a pop punk scene event and girls; nope some are downright hostile to our current economic system, Hell, what do you expect with both a reworking of a BILLY BRAGG reworked song and a track titled "Socialism ain't a Dirty Word". If you are a fan of pop punk, I suggest you rush out (or to your computer) and get this. (JF)
(Toxic Pop)

CHICKENSHIT – "Return of the Human" EP

When this turned up in my review bin, I vaguely remembered a band with a similar name that had an awesome split with UNHOLY GRAVE back in the '90s. Sure enough, these are unreleased recordings of that very same obscure gang of Aussie sonic marauders. While the aesthetic (and the note from the label) heavily reference Japanese hardcore, this has more in common with RUPTURE, WARSORE and DEATH SENTENCE, as it does with KURO. Sure there's a bunch of fuzz on the guitar, but the blast beats and high/low vocals mark this as very much a product of the burgeoning local powerviolence/grindcore scene. The unreleased studio tracks on side A vary from mediocre to quite good, with "The Clown Prince" a particular highlight, but the completely unhinged live material on the B-side pushes this over into recommended territory. The tunes are stronger, the band is chaotic while still sounding tight and the recording is remarkably good for an underground gig in '95. Fuck, by the last half of the side I found myself wistfully imagining how awesome it would have been to be there. One warning: this is mastered really quiet, so you have to crank this shit *up*. (AU)
(Coffin Cut)

THE COLTRANES – "Visions of Terror and Bliss" LP

I admire Shogun records for consistently working with groups that evade classification. It shows a curatorial dignity and regard for its operator's vision above what's trending. The COLTRANES are certainly part of this lineage. Two vocalists, one with a sort of punk croon and another with a raspy thrash voice, alternate lead vocal duties while the music is comparably fickle. Breakdowns abound, thrash segments run rampant and depressive, low-end dirges also crop up. The last of which show the COLTRANES at their most effective, as the mean bass tone is something to behold and underpins the disparate vocals rather well. Similar attention is given to the guitar tone, although it is also most evident in the plodding, mean-spirited breaks. (SL)
(Shogun)

COLOUR BÜK – "Dethkill" EP

So here is why this record pisses me off... First off, the only text on the cover of this record says Dethkill on it, that's it, no band name nothin'—how elite, apparently this is 16 out of 100 record, fuck you for doing that dumb shit and lastly, what is up with bands not including any information—when you have a jam called "Frantic Faggot," it might be a cool idea... Aside from that, this is interesting. This is a two-piece band with drummer doubling as singer from Long Island, which might possibly now be a three-piece? From what I know, this band runs more in the noise scene, but there is plenty for punks who like noise to love here... the tracks vary in tempo, are beautifully heard loud, there are some danceable moments on here with "Bastard Earth" being the most catchy with a fucking solid bass line and great guitar over it. Overall these songs are very beat and bass driven, which rules, with interesting, not overly wanky guitar with, some blastbeat moments and drum machines with possible synth-y shit. The vocals were annoying at first, totally off key and sorta whiny, but the nerd rage may win you over. If you like early BUTTHOLE SURFERS or SWANS, check this out. There is supposedly some sort of perv vibe supposed to be going on here—well dudes, I dunno what your day jobs are, but if you wanna get a fist up your ass, I got people. (MB)
(Wir Wollen Wulle)

THE COMMUNION – "A Desired Level of Unease" LP

This one is hard to place. It sounds like some unholy, noisy fucked up rock/punk but then they throw in some tremolo picking and overdone black metal guitar riffs. Some tracks have doom moments, which switch to the metal side of things. On other tracks they are cheap black metal. I don't know what to think. Oh crap, now some indie rock/emo jangling guitar and pained distant vocals. As I get through side A, I'm starting to realize this sucks. Haha, good for me, it's a one sided 12". Glad there is no more to listen to. (MH)
(self-released)

CRACKBOX – "Couldn't Get Worse" 12"

This band is somewhat of a confusing lot. Essentially, crusty folks from New Orleans playing pop punk with cheesy metallic guitar parts and vocals that remind me of a more wailing Mia Zapata. Actually, come to think of it, the GITS are a pretty good central reference point, but minus the blues and with the aforementioned reference points applied. This record is a better representation of CRACKBOX's live sound than their previous 7". This is very much so not my jam, but their energy is great when they play and I'm sure that people who already count themselves as fans will continue to enjoy this record and people curious about the band should start with this 12" (or with seeing them play). (LP)
(self-released)

DAYLIGHT ROBBERY – "Ecstatic Vision" LP

Chicago's DAYLIGHT ROBBERY plays relatively sparse, straight-ahead punk with alternating male and female vocals that carry a tune without suffering from any saccharine melody or overly affected delivery. Considering the lyrical content, which grapples with vague notions of kinship, camaraderie or the demise of those things, it smacks of a certain a sensitivity that might alienate certain listeners. However, the music is certainly punchy and assertive. Its conventional emotiveness is restricted to the vocals, while the instrumental performance plunges ahead on the verge of recklessness. The dueling vocals aren't content to simply swap lines. They've actually crafted complementary harmonies that differentiate the group from the droves of contemporary soft-punk. (SL)
(Residue)

DEAD MECHANICAL – "Addict Rhythm" LP

In the attempt to be somewhat original, or at least to define an individual sound, DEAD MECHANICAL has opted to be somewhat

disparately recombinant in their approach to pop punk. These Baltimoreans draw from several modern pop punk fixtures, including HOT WATER MUSIC, BANNER PILOT, JAWBREAKER, as well as tinges of '90s emo/indie stuff. However, instead of making them stand out, they've had the effect of making feel that this band is just somewhat anonymous. Pairing this with rather typical lyrics about alienation, that could be written by any of the hundreds or thousands of dudes in pop punk/region rock bands across this country, this record really failed to make a resounding impression upon me at all (except one of anger when they straight jacked a SUPERCHUNK riff). (LP)
(Toxic Pop)

DEATH CRISIS / SAME-SEX DICTATOR – split EP

I always thought LIFE CRISIS was a bit underrated; I remember seeing them kill it at the first No Way fest and their two EPs were also great. DEATH CRISIS is a slightly different incarnation of LIFE CRISIS, it's a ROPES/REPOS kind of thing, and in both cases the new groups pick up where the old ones left off, adding of course some slightly different touches. In DEATH CRISIS' case, they still play raging hardcore accented by some rock'n'roll leads with shouted vocals decrying the inherent fallacies of our capitalist society. However, the band seems to have gotten even tighter and the recording really hits you from the onset. Their side of this split also features a song called "Your Dog Doesn't Like Hardcore and You're an Asshole for Bringing Them to the Show". Agreed. On the flipside, SAME-SEX DICTATOR, a two-piece band, offer a more varied sound. Growled vocals are intertwined with echoed howls on top of an interesting mixture of black metal, sludge and powerviolence. They really emphasize the low-end, perhaps because they don't have a guitar player. They bring to mind MAN IS THE BASTARD or GODSTOMPER, but with a darker, more despondent aesthetic and a stronger emphasis on songwriting. Really fucking cool stuff. (KM)
(Amputee Fetish / Opaqus / Too Old to Die)

DEFAULT / MONKS OF SCIENCE – "Inspirations and Escalations: Complete Recordings 1987-1992" CD

These bands hailed from Peterborough, England—three-quarters of DEFAULT went on to form MONKS OF SCIENCE. In their day DEFAULT released a 7" and a demo, and a live track in included here. Sloppy and raw compared to their future work, the band brought a *Can I Say*-era DAG NASTY influence to their semi-plodding hardcore. These recordings do not capture the energy of the band very well. MONKS OF SCIENCE had an LP, which while keeping the DAG-ish vocals, seems to be on the melodic hardcore tip as then-exemplified by NOFX and BAD RELIGION. Their songwriting is not as tight as those bands' material (and I love the '89 NOFX LP, *Ribbed*, and pre-'92 BAD RELIGION) and they come off as second rate in this field. But if you loved 'em then, you'll be glad to hear the seven unreleased tracks included here. I think this disc will be appreciated best by those who were there the first time around. (JM)
(Boss Tuneage)

DEFECATION AREA / TONY JONES & THE CRETIN 3 – split CD

DEFECATION AREA is better than their band name, which would be hard not to be. Sing songey pop punk that is very mid '90s. Think Lookout records or Dr. Strange-esque stuff. TONY JONES & THE CRETIN 3 is roots rock'n'roll punk. Almost like an early '80s college rock band. These bands don't really fit together and probably would have been better off doing their own singles. A split titled "Peace, Love and Slamdance". Both bands are OK at best. (RL)
(Cretin)

DEKODER – "Between the Waking and the Dying" LP

Goth-based post-punk from Montreal. It's mid-tempo, dark and spooky music over laid with soaring SIOUXSIE style vocals. It has a strong resemblance to the KALTE LUST LP I reviewed last month. There have been a growing number of bands pursuing this same sound lately. Which is too bad, because with any style that's in vogue, even the better bands get diluted by the others around them. This record is really cool and should be listened to. Hopefully soon everyone will be trying to play grunge again and cool bands like DEKODER will stick out more. (FS)
(Chaos Rurale)

DESPERAT – "Början På Slutet" EP

DESPERAT fly out the door swinging hammers at our heads with their sounds on this EP. This drummer knows how to play his D-beat hardcore. Guitars are crunchy and once you add the vocal-shreddings to this recording, you end up with one juicy, raging, hardcore platter. If I am not mistaken, this is their third EP and it is well worth snagging up. (MS)
(Hardcore Victim)

DICKS – "These People" LP and "Peace?" EP

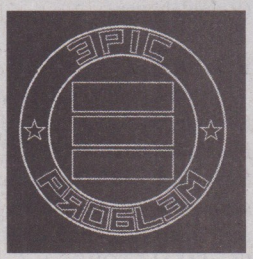
Ah, what can be said about this set of re-issues? Well, I can start out with thanking that they happened because now, new generations have some amazing punk available at their fingertips. Although *These People* was heading in a new direction musically, by adding some of that blues-y rock flavor to their punk mix, it is still a good listen, The *Peace?* EP that is included in the package is much more straight forward punk and it is pretty damn brilliant. As far as attitude goes, this band stuck to their guns until the end. The DICKS were one of those bands that had a very unique approach to the way they wrote songs. This is the kind of band that I know put the fucking scare in many folks as well as punks, whose first exposure was, let's say The RAMONES, or stuff along those lines. Even today, there are folks who surround themselves in safe sounds and words that they and their kids can skip through the malls to. Adding a spoonful of this commie faggot band to your bland musical recipe might make for a tastier treat for you and the kids as well. Now is your chance to get into this shit. (MS)
(Alternative Tentacles)

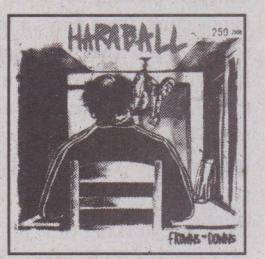
DISCORDIA – "Deteriorarse" CD

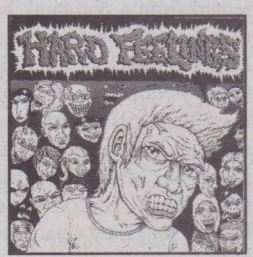
This is some pretty legit hardcore punk from Tijuana. I'm not surprised that Mexico has so many good raw bands, but just when I think I know a bit about that part of the world, it spits out ten more killer bands I haven't heard of. I don't know anything about this band but I like the crusty edge with gnarly riffs that are also somehow catchy. The dude's voice sounds brutal but it's way too high in the mix and it makes the instruments sound small. There are some live tracks on this record and this band sounds like a crusher in front of a crowd. (BL)
(Ex Abrupto)

DIVERS – "Glass Chimes/Montrose"

So, if you are anything like me, you have a strong affinity for both pop punk and BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN. This, of course, has lead to your own personal social alienation,







communication breakdowns with your peers and many crude jokes (of which, you are the butt of). But for you kindred souls out there, this month there is treat for you. This two-song EP is everything you want. The tunes are solid rockers, with lyrics thick as blood. And just like with The Boss, the songs get exponentially more enjoyable the sadder and lonelier you (the listener) are. So grab this record, a bottle of cheap red wine and get ready for a thoroughly gratifying session of staring at the moon. (FS)
(Rumbletowne)

DOT DASH! / ULTRAMAN – split 10"

Veteran punks ULTRAMAN saddle up and ride through three songs of melodic punk that sounds like a nice mixture of HOT WATER MUSIC and SAMIAM. DOT DASH! has a melodic pop punk sound but it's not at all sugary. Clean guitars and song structures similar to that of a band like SMALLTOWN, but maybe if they went on a DESCENDENTS kick and started playing a little poppier and faster. The ULTRAMAN side is this is definitely the most interesting. It's often melodic, but not necessarily in a way you see coming, or expect which keeps it interesting and enjoyable. (P$)
(Be Fast!!! / Chanmax / Dashrok Zounds / Gestalt / I Love People / Meka / Stress)

DOWN AND OUTS – "Forgotten Streets" CD

What we have here is some good—no make that great—melodic streetpunk à la ONE MAN ARMY or SMALLTOWN from Liverpool's DOWN AND OUT. I have seriously played this CD everyday from the time I got it and it keeps getting better and better. In fact, the only thing that it is missing is lyrics. I guess this is the third full length from this band. If the first two are anywhere near as good as this one, then I have some serious tracking down to do. Good job! (JF)
(Boss Tuneage)

DOWNTOWN STRUTS – "Anchors" EP

This appears to be the third release from this Chicago band. I've always felt that the region bands come from plays a big role in shaping their sound—these two songs actually sound a lot more like what's been going on in the Pacific Northwest than in the Midwest though. More specifically, they have a sound I would put somewhere between RVIVR and DRUNKEN BOAT to my ears. (BD)
(Pirates Press)

DOWNTOWN STRUTS – "Victoria!" LP

Here's a supremely radio/MTV-friendly record from a pop-punk band that proudly cites their love of Americana like TOM PETTY and the Boss himself, BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN. Being a fan of neither, I'm probably not the best person to evaluate this record, however I do respect their ability to write a good song. Yes, the cheese factor is off the charts—particularly the eye-rolling lyrics about "life on the road/on the streets"—but the songs are smart and cleverly constructed and the interplay between the two guitars is cool. Then again, it would easily blend in with most of the usual commercial crap they play at my gym, so make of that what you will. (JH)
(Pirates Press)

DRUG CULTURE – "Prescribe" EP

A pretty damn cool record and not at all what I expected…which, I guess was "power violence," since the band shares a name with my favorite CAPITALIST CASUALTIES song. Nope. It took about three listens before I noticed the tiny "demo 2011" on the center label, so, that tells you something else that doesn't matter at all in this review. What *does* matter are the five tracks of flash-bang off-kilter hardcore, that for once *doesn't* remind me of Gravity records or the '90s, it's purely 2011/12, all the way. I like this record, a lot; the riffs are interesting, the drumming is great, the vocals are cool, and I'm reminded of a lot of the current crop of "good" HC shit, like RAW NERVE, but it's impossible to ignore that demo "feel," which makes perfect sense, and, more than anything, sparks my interest to hear what DRUG CULTURE will do next. (JU)
(Mind Melt)

DRY HUMP – "Fist your Heroes" EP

Probably the third release I've reviewed in the last two years from Lowell, Massachusetts' DRY HUMP, but hell… I ain't complaining! The first two, an EP and LP, were exercises in depravity and deranged music that toggled between mid-paced early-'80s hardcore and dirgey, sleazy and supremely-catchy noise rock. Side A of this EP has them back on board the downer (but still kinda fun) party train, while the B-side picks up the pace a bit before burning out in a flame of soundtrack music. A no-brainer for sexual deviants and fans of stupid mutant music. (JH)
(Cowabunga)

EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING / UV RACE – split LP

This is a no-brainer. Two of the best bands to come out of Australia in yonks, wait, scratch that, two of the best bands in yonks… recorded live in a record store… originally released on cassette and limited to 300… The recording's clear and bright. If you're not boycotting your favorite band because they did a cellular phone commercial, you need to pick this up. If there's a disappointment it's that there's only one non-album track on the ECSR side, but I'd listen to them play the same song for two hours before I'd come and see your band, so there's that. (AM)
(Almost Ready)

ENDLESS GRINNING SKULLS – "Fear, Ignorance, Control" EP

I was prepared to hate this record based on the genericrust artwork and band name, but despite some juvenile lyrics of the political variety this is a pretty raging record. These Brits play metal-tinged crust punk and they do it well. This is not earth shattering stuff by any means, but it comes together nicely and the production is appropriately raw. The tracks on the B-side, "Grovel" in particular, which is more of a mid-paced song with a fucking killer main riff, really sold me on this EP. Highly recommended for genre fans and anyone with a FILTH patch on their butt flap. Other sects of punk might not be as into this, but it's worth a listen. (KM)
(Viral Age)

ENGLISH SINGLES – "Disaster" EP

The newest band to emerge from the Sacramento, DIY pop punk swamp. ENGLISH SINGLES seem to have aptly named themselves after the vinyl artifacts that inspire their music: namely the bedsit pop records of acts from the shambolic British DIY underground of the late '70s/early '80s. Three infectious, jangly songs that aren't trying to ape what came before but could easily be filed in the "English singles" section of any twee-punk collection. (AM)
(Squirmy)

EPIC PROBLEM – "Battles" EP

Excellent, raspy, basement pop punk that brings to mind pre-LP GREEN DAY in terms of anthemic, WHO-styled riffing and something along the lines of LEATHERFACE or early JAWBREAKER, in terms of a beaten-down-but-going-somewhere feeling. No saccharine or riffs recycled for the millionth time, just sweet melodies and hooks over dirty vocals and a shitty (but not too shitty) recording, just the way it should be done. (DG)
(Contra / Longshot)

EPOCA DE RECLUTA – "Evolucionando Bajo Suelo" EP

I won't say much. Not so much because I am one of the least qualified to discuss early Venezuelan punk, but more so because this is just fucking brilliant! Whatever words, in whatever language would not do this justice. This is a reissue of a 1994 demo tape by obscure/legendary Caracas band EPOCA DE RECLUTA (Age of Recruit). This is exactly how I like my punk and when I listen to this I can hear a lot of contemporary bands reflected in their sound—the relentless drumming, the gruff mean guitars, thick basslines and classic vocals that summon a fight! This is good on so many levels; and it's only the first of a Radical Rock series of '90s Venezuelan punk! Raw, anarchist, with an early '80s USHC sound, with a rougher feel and street-wise edge, charging forward with scorn and conviction! The reason this is actually so refreshing is because you can hear the intensity and frustration that brought about the creation of the original release; in a Caracas, which, only a few years earlier, had lost hundreds if not thousands of workers during the 'Caracazo' riots of Feb. 27, 1989. Seven tracks of absolutely essential, prime South American punk, limited to 300, sure to sell out and guaranteed to spread like wildfire all over again! (LA)
(Cabeza DeVaka / Noseke)

EVENING MEETINGS – LP

Considering that I reviewed the totally great debut EVENING MEETINGS single a few issues back and obsess over the A-FRAMES and FACTUMS connections present in the member list, I must say that I'm 100% on board with this fucking thing without even having to hear a note. But I must. In sharp contrast to the single, there is no lumbering here. The songs here are infinitely more direct and powerful, sometimes even veering toward a swampy '80s Aussie punk sound. The guitars slashing in and out of every song make this a much looser endeavor than I expected, but it rocks a hell of a lot harder too. If you somehow found the work of this lot too stiff *or* too out-there in previous incarnations, I implore you to check this record out. This could very well be the moment it all clicks for you. Highest recommendation! (MC)
(Sweet Rock)

FACIALS – LP

FACIALS are a five-piece band from Montréal that play straightforward power pop melodies with not-so-straight lyrical themes. They've been regulars in the queer punk party lineup in Canada for a few years because of their dance-able, celebratory and cheeky songs about homo love and god hate. Sometimes with stuff like this, it's better to just stick to live shows, where all the booze-soaked energy and sass can come through. When you're sweatin' with hotties, nobody is paying attention to the fact that your voice is off-key and you have a synthesizer. Once you've stopped playing shows and your band is broken up, all you have is this dorky pop punk record that nobody wants to listen to because your voice is off-key. And you have a synthesizer. (FF)
(Chaos Rurale)

FAKE LIMBS – "Man Feelings" LP

'90s flashback, this is some JESUS LIZARD worship outta Chicago, a few nods to the FALL and a hearty dose of CIRCUS LUPUS. It seems like there has been a mass revival of this sound over the past few years and for the most part the practitioners are forgettable bro-hymn time-wasters, who couldn't write a song if their eyelids depended on it. This is actually a good record with songs you will not forget as soon as the disc has stopped spinning. The guitar sound is cool, with only a few unnecessary guitar solo wails, parts of it totally sound like a weird OC bro HC band from 1993, but then there will be a crazy HAMMERHEAD part, then a riff that wouldn't be out of place on like, the *Point Break* soundtrack; covering all 1990s bases! Maybe this is rock music!? Definitely music for people who require the use of the word 'riffage' in conversations about music. The lyrics are obtuse, hysterical and sort of poke fun at the macho crowd that this music most pleases. I don't know. I can't imagine reaching for this over say, *Solid Brass*, which is where, for me at least, this sound ultimately fails. I do have something to say about the title however, since I made up that phrase, embarrassingly enough on a message board, in reference to Side-B *My War*-core. Where's my credit chumps!? (LG)
(BLVD)

FILTHPACT / KANSALAISTOTTELEMATTOMUS – split EP

Scotland's FILTHPACT deliver four tracks that alternate a vaguely RIPCHORD-ish vocal boaster and the similar second hand SSD/SIEGE UK '88-snare drum detonation, combined with more metallic crust (uh, heavy on the Flange and growled vocals) and grind elements (Uh, gnarled screeching vocals, torrential waves of blast beats). Solidly unrelenting from its outset, lyrics attack macho poseurs, the drudgery of work and the cycle of renewal within the punk scene. On the flip, Finland's KANSALAISTOTTELEMATTOMUS similarly have a UK-ish feel, with a straightforward punk attack. Featuring one of the most hilariously great recent attacks on McDonalds "Corporate Greed! Animals bleed! I'm hatin' it, I won't eat their shit! No workers' rights, their "food" is shite! I'm hatin' it!" The music is pretty rudimentary and basic, but recalls one of the best aspects of classic UK punk in general—that the music was mainly a vehicle for the lyrics—and the other two tracks recall DEAD SILENCE in their vocal-driven treatises on globalization and (a little less successful) rout on modern piracy, as a reaction to overfishing and ecological devastation. A well balanced, sturdy split! (KS)
(Chaos Rurale / Distroy / Mass Production)

FRIENDS OF CESAR ROMERO – "Red Headed Strangler/Tammys of Tomorrow" EP

Synthetically gritty garage soaked pop music. A clean, snotty EVAPORATORS style vocal takes this EP in a less ballsy direction than my palette prefers. However this is musically sound and I'm sure their shows are full of guys who look like that "retro" fella from *The Big Bang Theory*. (GG)
(Snappy Little Numbers)

FROGS OF WAR – "All Said And Done" CD

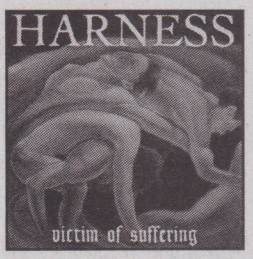
In the late '80s, inspired by the likes of such American counterparts as DAG NASTY, later era-GOVERNMENT ISSUE, SCREAM, the UK also started producing what would be called 'melodic hardcore' bands. Perhaps the most famous of such homegrown talent would be SNUFF and LEATHERFACE, though early practitioners were bands such as VISIONS OF CHANGE, the INSTIGATORS, and HDQ. FROGS OF WAR were one of the lesser (known) of this Brit current within punk. From 1987-92, they produced a nine-track mini LP and a couple of demos, all of which are collected on this CD. Digitally remastered, with lots of liner notes from the lads, this is certainly a treat for anyone that likes the sound of the above and wants to expand upon such melodic horizons. (RK)
(Boss Tuneage)

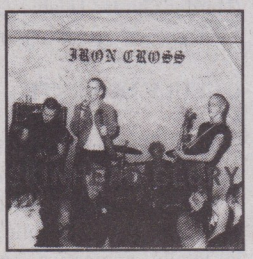
GHOUL – "Kids In America" flexi

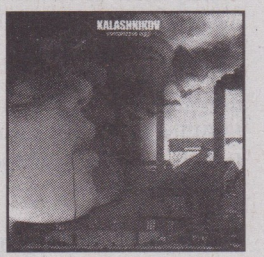
This is a band I feel really weak for always missing, especially because I have friends in it and they're right up my alley. What the fuck? I'm fucking old. Anyway the kings of Bay Area theatrical splatterock release a flexi of Kim Wildes '80s classic. Normally I fucking want to kill bands that just record some cover song as a copout for poor creativity but this rules! It's already a catchy as hell song as anyone old enough to know knows, but they do a highly original spin on it that's sick and evil as fuck. If they're not charging ridiculous collector bullshit prices for this, I'd say it is highly worth your hard earned dollar. (RO)
(Tankcrimes)

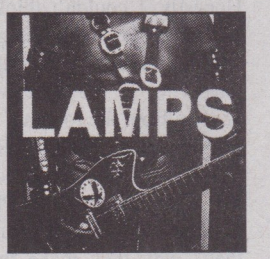
GOD EQUALS GENOCIDE – "Rattled Minds" CD

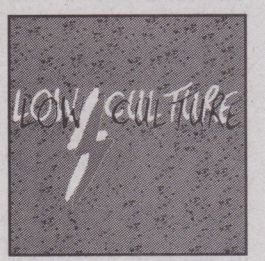
This three-piece produce a rather infectious, fuzzy, shambolic '77 garage (I guess this would be basement, in the contemporary setting) sound. Like a lo-fi EATER trying to cover HUGGY BEAR songs. Lots of angry male and female vocals. As far as I can tell from the photos in the booklet, they like to swap instruments a lot too, which might be a bit annoying live. But lots of sweet BUZZCOCK-esque melodies in there. (RK)
(Ghostbot)











GOD GIVEN ASS – "(don't mess with) Heinis Punks/I'm Better Than You"

Some poppy polished punk sounds from Finland. This reminds me of the Punk-O-Rama comps. A more rock'n'roll MILLENCOLIN could be a possible reference point. They pull out all the stops on this one, a backing acoustic guitar, plenty of handclaps, a horn section and what sounds like a bagpipe. They straight up steal some lines from the *Happy Days* theme song for a chorus and toss some "oi's" in that same chorus. (P$)
(Hurdie Gurdie Heebie Geebie Greenie Meenie Man, no info / Rock'n'Roll Bullshit)

GUEULE OUVERTE – "Gardez la Romnaie" LP

Well, this one's a total fucking winner. Two-piece combo out of Montreal that fits right in with a lot of the aggressive French-speaking punks of recent vintage. While GUEULE OUVERTE is totally aggressive and raw, they distance themselves from their peers by incorporating healthy doses of classic UK DIY punk. Certain moments march along like early CRASS, then take on a cold CRISIS feel, then graduate to full riff pummeling. I'd chart this one higher than recent outings from A.H. KRAKEN, the FEELING OF LOVE and their many brethren. Interested parties should seek out quickly. (MC)
(self-released)

HAMMERS – Vardøgr 10"

Ambitious and overflowing with creativity, HAMMERS is a dark hardcore behemoth. Honestly, I couldn't think of a better name for this band, the whole thing is goddamn relentless and the sense of tension they create is harsh and unnerving in the best way possible. Drinking heavily from the fountain of CURSED, they fuse the neocrust of MOHORAM ATTA with eye-peeling mathcore to produce something like a cvlt doppelganger of ALPINIST. These songs are fucking dense and it's easy to get lost, but hey that's why they make these things replayable, right? This strikes me as the kind of record that could unite a variety of different scenes, crustlords with ARTIMUS PYLE backpatches shoulder-to-shoulder with the CONVERGE hordes. The packaging is simple but features one of the sillier gimmicks I've seen in a while, an included reflective surface you fold up in order to decode a mirrored image inside... far out, man. Whatever, this record is fantastic from start to finish and HAMMERS just might be my favorite Manchester band since STONE ROSES. (WB)
(Adagio 830 / Pain of Mind / Win Htein)

HARABALL – "Frowns Vs. Downs" EP

Super tight, fast hardcore from Norway. There's a definite youth crew influence in the riffs, but this is not an edge band. Nothing about this record really sticks out, but the jams are well written and catchy enough. I bet in Europe this is the jam, but the lack of riffs/grooves on this thing makes it boring to me. Oh well. (TM)
(Fysisk Format)

HARD FEELINGS – "Grey Days" EP

This record is released on Thrillhouse records, which makes sense since HARD FEELINGS sounds similar to a lot of bands that I have seen in the Thrillhouse basement. Bands that have that rawer sound à la SHOTWELL, CARRIE NATIONS and a host of Chattanooga bands à la FUTURE VIRGINS or SEXY. For those of who aren't all that familiar with those bands, think a rougher early Lookout sound. While I appreciate the musical honesty, I have to admit the vague lyrics that seem to deal with their everyday malaise sort of leave me flat. A good, but not great release. (JF)
(Thrillhouse)

HARD RESISTANCE – "Lawless & Disorder" CD

Sometimes as a reviewer, judging a book by its cover is both terribly right and wrong at the same time. I looked at the font, the band name, the album title and the record label name and said out loud, "this is gonna be a modern day, hardcore/BIOHAZARD sound" and "it's gonna suck". When I listened to it, I wasn't wrong. Dead-on really. Except the lyrics are better than expected. The lyrics come from an anti-government, anti-war and money-is-evil angle and that's a huge improvement over most bands that sound like this. I like the NYC hardcore/early BIOHAZARD sound but it's been done a million times and there isn't anything new here. The funny part is the label says "HARD RESISTANCE have developed their own form of hardcore and metal with punk and crust elements." No they haven't. If you like early BIOHAZARD or mid-era SICK OF IT ALL and want more, try this. (MH)
(Strength)

THE HARD TARGETS – "Dogs and Fleas" EP

This band seems like it's going for a sound that brings together a variety of English influences, from SHAM 69 type stuff, to whatever pub rock inspired COCK SPARRER, to whatever soul music skinheads listen to, and they've come up with a style that's soulful and driving without needing to be hard-hitting to be effective. Unfortunately, the songwriting falls flat for the most part, with cliché choruses ("live your life with no regrets" and "champagne for my real friends, real pain for my sham friends") and riffs that are either played out or fail to really grab the listener. However, they do nail it on the last song with a great, catchy chorus, a bit more forceful verse and a decent solo. Too little too late, though. (DG)
(Contra / Longshot / Three Stars)

HARD TARGETS – "File Under Maximum R&B" EP

The HARD TARGETS are big boys with big tunes. Three tracks of catchy, mid-paced, no frills rock'n'roll played by dyed-in-the-wool skinheads. Don't think you're going to put this record on and hear thick-necked two-chord Oi!; these guys have been around the block and know that a skinhead band without actual songs is just a soundtrack to fat guys pushing each other around. The title track has the best lyric of the record: "If you live your life with no regrets, you haven't done anything bad enough yet!" Unfortunately the first song on the flip plays on the tired pun "Champagne for my real friends and real pain for my sham friends" but the HARD TARGETS make up for it with the strong closer "Nothing Left to Prove" which sounds like it's about making the brave decision to go sober. I could be wrong on that though. I feel like I'm channeling Bruce with this review, quoting lyrics and all. I'm pretty sure he would've loved this, which should be recommendation enough for anyone. (AM)
(Contra / Longshot / Three Stars / Pirates Press)

HARRINGTON SAINTS – "Pride & Tradition" LP

I haven't been following the Oi! scene at all so I am a bit surprised that all the lyrics on this LP are anti-corporate, anti-1%, pro-Occupy, pro-middle class. I know Oi! is usually all about the working class, but this seems more overtly political with calls toward activism. That is fine with me. The music is more traditional—fast, athemic, driving, fists in the air, arm around your friend's neck, etc. However it is a bit too produced for my taste. I prefer my punk with a bit more grit. Likewise no expense was spared on the packaging. The record comes in a gatefold sleeve with embossed, gold leaf printing on the front cover and full color photos on the inside as well as on heavy colored vinyl. Wow. (CK)
(Longshot Music)

HARNESS – "Victim of Suffering" EP

This one's for the pit ninjas out there. I have a soft spot for a good beatdown hardcore record and these guys are doing a lot of things right in a genre where it's easy to go so, so wrong. I like the guitar work a lot, all kinds of riffage that always sounds brutal, but with a range and melodic underpinning that keeps setting up the next part. The songs have a smooth flow even when going in and out of crushing floorpunch breakdowns. Angry lyrics about death, violence and decay delivered earnestly, and chugs that make me want to swing my fists around but don't sound like thuggish pawing. I'm pretty sold on it. (BL)
(Mind Melt)

HEAVEN IN HER ARMS / YUMI – split EP

A split seven-inch from Japan's HEAVEN IN HER ARMS and Singapore's YUMI. Musically this may not really sound like punk to some, as this is more on the post-rock/soundscaping screamo side, but it's evidently a DIY release and a bunch of distros and labels helped distribute/put this out. The YUMI side ("Empty Circle") starts off with some fuzzed out bass, soaring guitars, cold crashing drums and pained, screamed vocals, reminding me a bit of ENVY. This song is for those moments when you roam the streets in the rain, drunk and heartbroken, pouring out your anger and despair by screaming at the night.

The HIHA side ("White Night Recrystallization") goes cinematic, as the guitar lyricism, song structure and vocal delivery paint a blue-tinted picture in my mind and I perceive this as the soundtrack to a cool futuristic Japanese noir short film. Bands from the West give up; bands east of the Indian Ocean evidently do this style so much better. The poetic, supernatural lyrics; the minimal, modest cover designs; the guitar work that almost sums up existence itself into a couple of riffs. I almost feel like this EP latently pays tribute to Japanese post masters MONO. All in all a neat release if you like your evening music sessions to take you on a trip through the higher airplanes of the sonic aether. Comes on vinyl coloured like those nebulae you see on the NASA website—limited to 300. (LA)
(Epidemic / Transcendence)

HELLMAISTROZ – "Malhora" CD

Perfectly executed Scandinavian styled D-Beat crust'n'roll from Mexico. "Demonios" is the standout track, an ominous driving pace helps the song stand out from the Scandi-crust that rules most of this disc—but the rest of the disc is fukkn flawless. Perhaps some of you have grown too cool for GENOCIDE SS and WOLFBRIGADE, but Mexico's HELLMAISTROZ represent the style brilliantly. There are brief injections of Spanish language punk styles (particularly "Reflejos"), plenty of crushing riffs piled on top of one another, more than enough action to satisfy all but the most curmudgeonly listeners. (WN)
(Exabrupto / Sicksoul)

HERD OF WASTERS – "Just Three Dudes Havin' a Real Good Time!" 2 x EP

These three idiots ruin this one for me right away with a juvenile, misogynistic number about a seventeen-year-old pleasuring the thirty-year-old band members. The rest of the songs are about getting fucked up, skating, pooping and being a loser. My best description of the style would have to be "ignorant high school punk." To top it off it's a full color, gatefold, double 7" on orange vinyl with two, glossy, colored printed inner dust sleeves. Have I covered everything? Total stinker. (MA)
(self-released)

HONEYSUCK – "Grey Area" EP

Western Massachusetts girl scene is on fucking fire!! This band rules and is of course somehow from the same collective of radness that make up POTTY MOUTH. And they share a member. Everyone move to Northampton and started a band! This is hardcore, an amazing snotty out-for-blood attack that made me think of NASTY FACTS and EMILY'S SASSY LIME playing "Out of Vogue" while a selection of tame boys get pounded by wild girls in the pit. It says 33, but like all the best 45s, it runs at 45rpm, don't play it sludgy like I did, this record has a need for speed. The lyrics are amazing, hilarious and full of vengeance like Winona Ryder's character in *Heathers* started a band with a bunch of teenage girl drinkers from outside of Gilman circa 1992. The hooks are sick, if you told me this was a KBD klassic I would take you at your word, it's good. Real good. (LG)
(Queen of Swords)

ILLEGAL PROCESS – "The Art of Disobedience" CD

Decent though non-descript CD from this French band. In the lyrics department, they're melodramatically political. Musically, they're like a lot of punk bands in the year 2012: a confused mess of sounds and genres involving metallic hardcore, farfisa organs, heavy breakdowns and Dad punk plodding. OK but forgettable. (JH)
(Disagree)

IRON CROSS – "Skinhead Glory" EP

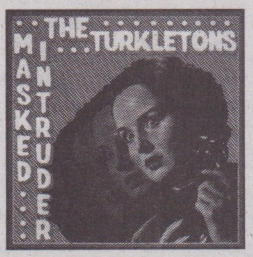
Beyond their historical significance as "America's first Oi! band," IRON CROSS has never really done anything for me. It's like Wendel brought with him the primitive ineptitude from S.O.A but couldn't also take with it the mongrel fury, so you're just left with a sloppy, plodding, a-rhythmic, out of time "eh"-fest. They turned up the BLITZ-aping for the second (and much better) 7", *Hated and Proud*, but besides the unchained animal-ian savagery of "Psycho Skin"—which is a killer song, aside from its idiotic lyrics—this record is just kinda boring and awkward. I've had a few copies of boots, originals and random reissues through the years, always willing to give it another shot, 'cause I wanna like *Skinhead Glory* but it never clicks. For me it was just too slow and lacking in melody, sadly the sole miss in Dischord 1-10. (JU)
(Skin Flint / TKO)

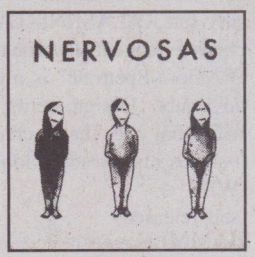
IVES – "Abandon" LP

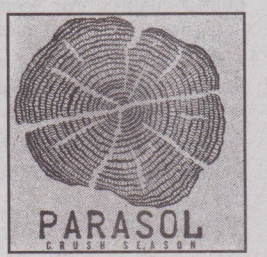
This is straight up grim, thrashing black metal, with strong anarchist overtones and evident punk undercurrents. While this does most definitely reek of desolate mountaintops, bloody death by cannibalism and running through a CARPATHIAN FOREST, this duo hails from Jacksonville, Florida. And because the term black metal is pretty broad, let me say that this reminds me of what my metal friends and I used to say about late '80s-early '90s black metal bands hailing from Norway. To distinguish it from other sects of black metal, and for lack of a better description, we called it 'punk played black metal'. Yet unlike BATHORY, DARKTHRONE, MAYHEM, early ULVER and so on, who did play black metal with a punk aesthetic, I feel the opposite is true for IVES: they're punks who want to play with a black metal aesthetic—which is fine with me, I do too! The orchestration and production is just atmospheric and harsh enough to keep this firmly in black metal territory, yet oftentimes the sound and 'tupa-tupa' tempo on the drums is just downright punk! Sharp, shape-shifting guitars aside, this recording also finds a mandolin and violin put to effective use, summoning nightmarish echoes from beyond the mass grave we are all sure to share. It reminds me of why I like black metal: it makes me want to escape to the nearest forest and just dwell there, doing drugs and making poisonous blow darts, until I've convened the powers of evil into an electric storm and channeled it into a midnight madness recording session… This is a one-sided (!) LP and besides the useless acoustic guitar intermission near the end of the record, this is an interesting listen, though nowhere near quintessential. Limited to 200. (LA)
(Prison Tatt)

JOY SUBTRACTION – "The Essential Joy Subtraction" CD

Excellent, witty and wry packaging and liner notes provided me with a little more joy than the sounds herein. Though that's largely because they're not really my bag. JOY SUBTRACTION mix in that BIG BLACK/EX off kilter yet driving sounds, which, well, don't really float my boat. Best track on here is a MINUTEMEN cover, but I think I dug it more because it's one of the more poppy moments on here. Like the cover, the disc is very well produced and executed, so if you like that kind of thing, I'm sure you'll dig this. (RK)
(LGL)







JUST DIE! – "Since the Day we Were Born" EP

Six short, fast, aggressive, melodic hardcore songs. The vocals trade off between screaming and singing. The rhythm section plays pretty straightforward stuff with a few breaks that aren't quite mosh breakdowns. The guitars mix up straight punk riffs with a little chugging, some octaves and short leads. On the whole it falls somewhere between hardcore and Epitaph records stuff of the late '80s/early '90s. (PA)
(Goodwill)

KALASHNIKOV – "Vampirizzati Oggi" EP

The latest release from these prolific and unique Italian anarcho-punks, this 7" manages to be at once dark and upbeat, bouncing comfortably between melodic hardcore, gothic punk and the occasional oddball ska part. Retro-sounding synths adding a manic new wave edge to the whole thing, sort of like a more modern take on the late-period DAMNED sound. I'm down. It's easy for bands in this style to come off as a bit silly, but KALASHNIKOV have the songwriting chops to make it all come together, and "Conzone D'Amore Spettrale" is a darkwave club banger, no doubt. Design nerds and bat lovers alike will drool over the layered fold-out cover and it includes an awesome looking comic book too! (WB)
(self-released)

KITCHEN'S FLOOR – "Live In Brisbane" LP

KITCHEN'S FLOOR is a three piece (comprised of guitar, drums and organ) and on here they kick out a live record that was originally released as a cassette on Negative Guest List. The record sounds a lot like a more garage punk BEAT HAPPENING on downers. The music itself sounds like DIY dream pop; it's the vocals that add a little drugged out tension and uneasiness. When I first put this on, the first thought that popped into my head was Siltbreeze circa 2009 (like it'd fit snugly in a record collection between the lo-fi distorted garage pop of EAT SKULL and the new wave, off kilter and similarly rhythmic stylings of FABULOUS DIAMONDS). (P$)
(Quemada)

LAMPS – "All Seeing Eye/G.B.D."

Well, there aren't many current bands better than LAMPS. They're top of the fucking heap for me. If you disagree, you're just a total fucking idiot. For a band that most frequently draws comparisons to countless neg-vibe destroyers, they decided to shrug that shit off (at least for a single side) and deliver an actual pop tune of the utmost quality. "All Seeing Eye" is as close to polka dots as they are ever likely to get, which is fine, but it's a hell of a great song and proof the band can and does out-do so many others. "G.B.D." is LAMPS at their caveman best, thudding about with a bevy of effects riding shotgun. Tough stuff. Probably the best 45 of 2012. (MC)
(Sweet Rot)

LAPINPOLTHAJAT – "Wahlroosin Unelma" LP

One of the more interesting and noteworthy records that's crossed the desk in a while, Finland's LAPINPOLTHAJAT's first album experimented with balancing really artful, creative post punk-ish moody elements with the caustic vocal fury of classic '80s Finnish hardcore and dropping occasionally into its raging speed. This second full-length continues with more layered and considered production, that tempers some of those still-evident hardcore elements, while remaining consistently at more of a upbeat punk tempo than a thrash one. The interesting and sometimes experimental production choices then mostly leave these nine tracks to gain their strength from a reliance on song-driven melody, intentionally crudely-hewn guitar parts and howled, sung vocals. This combination simultaneously gives the band both a freshness of modern bands that vaguely appropriate the past (à la Copenhagen bands of the past ten years) but also a sheen of the proto-hardcore of classic Finnish bands, like early RATTUS (on Rautaa!) and LAMA before speed gained dominance. It's a hard balance to honor and reflect the past, while also pushing boundaries and carrying it forward, and this pretty much accomplishes that excellently. Get this! (KS)
(Kämäset Levyt / Roky / Shogun)

LIXOMANIA – "Violência & Sobrevivência" EP

If you are into Latino punk, you probably already know about this band. If you are not riding the recent wave of Latino punk popularity, just hop on board with this band. This is a reissue of the *first* Brazilian punk record by a single band, by one of the first punk bands in Brazil. Playing along side COLERA, OHLO SECO and INOCENTES, the music is definitely informed by early punk, but much meaner—the sound is so raw and nasty that these melodic, mid-tempo tracks are serious in their "fuck you." The vocals are raw and growly, yet throaty and bassy, the bass climbs and bends, the guitars are fuzzy and hammered out and the drums are solid without lacking in creativity and cool fills. LIXOMANIA appeared on comps including the *O Começo do Fim do Mundo* LP, but, originally released in 1982, *Violência & Sobrevivência* was their only record. This reissue is nicely done with the original lyric sheet, with the opposite side filled with black and white photos of the band. There is also a 7x7 sheet with old tour info and a write up about the band, including their history and some context to this record. Very cool reissue and a well needed addition to my record collection. Thanks for doing this! (MB)
(Nada Nada / Spicoli)

LOW CULTURE – "Georgia" EP

Pleasant and a bit melancholy, this is a nice poppy punk four song EP. The band utilizes barely distorted guitar, driving tempos, and sing-along choruses. Lyrics are appropriately punk, touching on personal and political issues. This type of thing has to be really amazing to get me pumped, and this record falls just a little short in this regard. For fans of the genre, though, I would recommend checking it out (JM)
(Dead Broke / Dirt Cult / Drunken Sailor / Rad Girlfriend)

LTW / BEASTS OF NO NATION – split EP

Aren't lopsided splits like, the most awkward? You have to wonder if the bands are just friends, or contemplate the possibility that someone whose music you enjoy might actually have dubious taste outside of their own project. LTW delivers the goods on their side here, playing noisey, at times experimental USHC with the occasional epic lead and enough fist-pumping breakdowns to keep the most jaded hardcore kid satisfied. Too bad they only get one side, because that BEASTS OF NO NATION song is so annoying; a marriage of youth crew riffs and late '90s post-grunge that's burdened by some of the most grating vocals I've heard in a long time, not to mention a chorus that reminded me of the OFFSPRING. Just...no. (WB)
(Cricket Cemetery)

LYON ESTATES – "Come Mille Altre Volte" EP

Really slick, calculated, safe hardcore from Italy. I can't stand this kind of drumming! It's the double-kick Fat Wreck galloping kinda drum thing. Lots of stock riffs, octave chords and weak breakdowns make this forgettable to me. I will say that I do really dig the singey chorus on the last song because it reminds me of INSOMNIO. And then he kills it with a talking breakdown part. Pass. (MA)
(Annoying / Burning Boards! / Goodwill)

MAAILMANLOPPU – LP

High-energy hardcore punk in the storied Finnish tradition. Decidedly anti-melodic save one song on the B-side ("Udotukset" is either the best or worst song on the record, depending on how you hear things) but always within the confines of hopelessly addictive hardcore (no small feat) that veers cautiously into the world of speed thrash every so often. "Sotakoneet" is the winner, with a breakdown that suggests something completely different from the rage that kicks in and drives the song home—one of the more ominous respites to pass through my earholes in quite some time. This one is a creeper; solid at first listen, but steadily improves over the course of the record and even more so with subsequent listens. MAAILMANLOPPU harness the energy of '80s Scandinavian hardcore without aping any particular style. Serious, cold and intense. (WN)
(Kämäset Levyt)

MALDITA MINORIA – "E Quem Disse Que Eu Morri???" CD

Man, this is some really solid crossover thrash à la MUNICIPAL WASTE and that gang, zombie fixation and all. There's a lot of energy in both the performance and recording, plus the songs never

overstay their welcome (ten songs in ten minutes!) and some of the solos are pretty gnarly. I bet I'd love this band live, plus they do get bonus points for having the Brazilian Colin Jerwood as their singer. If you're into the WASTE and bands of that ilk, you could do a lot worse than to check this out. (AU)
(Cipreste Negro / Coletiva Discos / Feio / O Bricoleur / Teenager in a Box / Uniao E Resistencia / XTraumaX)

MALE NURSES – "G.I. Jock/Wanna Play Doctor?"

One time, I saw MALE NURSES at a basement show in Oakland where they hung an American flag behind them while they played. My friend ripped it down and asked them why they played in front of it. They kinda sheepishly said, "It just looks cool" and didn't hang it back up. I thought it was a weak excuse. American flags don't look cool. They look nationalistic and imperialistic. Politics aside, this record rips. MALE NURSES play vicious punk that doesn't eschew melody in the tradition of ADOLESCENTS, AGENT ORANGE and BI-MARKS, while holding nothing back. To put out a two-song 45, the songs need to be strong and memorable and MALE NURSES wrote strong, memorable songs. I'm almost positive that their lyrics would offend my P.C. sensibilities, but luckily there is no lyric sheet. They play unapologetic, organic, fucked up punk that sounds perfect being blasted out of a shitty stereo. Get this, get fucked up, start a fuckin' pit in your room and put it on mix tapes for your friends…even if it has that stupid flag on it. (GH)
(Cowabunga)

MANIC – "Land of Nod" EP

Woah, this rips. Some raging, midtempo hardcore jams from Atlanta. Hella basic song structures/riffs but so solid. It kinda reminds me of CULTURE KIDS if those dudes were more into POISON IDEA than JFA. Anyone who likes hardcore will be down with this record. Good job. (TM)
(Scavenger of Death)

MAN'S ASSASSINATION, MAN – "The Big One" LP

A shit-ton of itchy/scratchy art-punk tunes here, some mildly compelling, most annoying. They're clearly a capable band, but there are no songs here. To be experienced live only, preferably in a setting with lots of distractions, like a backyard kegger. Probably a doable feat, I'd wager. (MC)
(Ghostbot)

MARY'S KIDS – "Say No!" LP

Sweden's MARY'S KIDS have put together a nice collection of punk tunes here. These songs fit somewhere in between the AVENGERS, the BAYONETTES,and the LOST SOUNDS stuff where Alicja Trout sings, but with a nice measure of Swedish pop sensibility. Most tracks are spunky, tuneful and full of hooks. The fourth track on side A, "Dead of Night," is a beautiful, off kilter, moody number and is by far the strongest track on this record; I'm gonna take the download card for that song alone and listen to it over and over and then put it on the next mix-tape I make for my girlfriend. Cool record! (MA)
(Highway Recordings / No Balls)

MASKED INTRUDER / THE TURKLETONS – split EP

Okay, here's a split 7" with four cuts by MASKED INTRUDER and two by the TURKLETONS. I was kind of expecting a big hardcore-fest. Wrong. MASKED INTRUDER get things started with some good, if not great, pop-punk that at first reminds me of LET'S ACTIVE. Crazy, right? Ultimately, it's a lot more QUEERS than LET'S ACTIVE. The TURKLETONS play a similar style, faster-paced pop-punk that, again, is good, if not great. Neither of these bands is going to blow your mind, but if you like the genre, you should enjoy this. (KK)
(Hang Up / Lost Cat / Rad Girlfriend)

MORNING GLORY – "Poets Were MY Heroes" CD

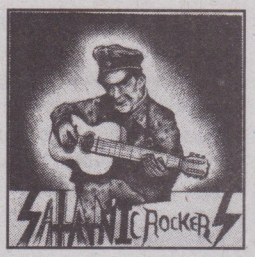
Catchy punk songs, heavy on the anthemic sing-alongs and addictive hooks. The vocals have a drunken Tom Waits slur to them that makes the band instantly more interesting to my ears and then, after a song or two, I realize that this is not just another melodic punk record. Orchestral arrangements and song composition that is more in line with ANDREW WK and OASIS. Throw LEFTÖVER CRACK into the mix, since MORNING GLORY was born out of a solo project from LÖC guitarist Ezra and you'll start getting close to the sound on the disc. Not often that something actually sounds completely unique—this is one of those times. (WN)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

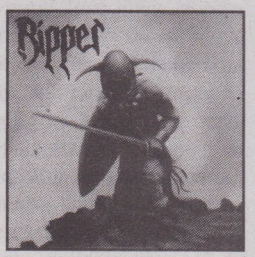
MUDDY UDDERS – "Bloody Murders" CD

The name you pick for your band is a pretty important decision. Like it or not, people will judge you accordingly. Quite frankly no one is ever going to say "my favorite band is MUDDY UDDERS." Even as a joke. The name says it all. MUDDY UDDERS are a novelty band condescendingly poking fun at soul, blues, doo-wop and garage music with a smarmy, hipster attitude. You get the feeling that they heard a couple of old songs and immediately thought "I can do that." Then they quickly prove that writing a great song isn't as easy as it seems. This is a band that learned about the blues from JACK WHITE and soul music from KING KHAN. The big difference is you can tell those guys actually love the music they emulate and listen to it as well. MUDDY UDDERS has a bit too much disdain for those old sounds. Most of the lyrics on *Bloody Murders* sound as if the band is making fun of another song they heard while looking down on that genre. That attitude comes through in the lyrics. The music on the other hand is enjoyable. It is well played and the singer has a nice enough voice. Who knows, maybe with a more interesting lyricist they could pull it off. For your amusement, a sample lyric from the song "Tingly Hot Chick": "She's got tits like Phoebe Cates". That has to be one of the most insipid (anti-)compliments I have ever heard. What a charmer. Watch out ladies! (CK)
(Ionik Recordings Company)

MUNCHAUSEN – "Suburban Squares" EP

Fucking fantastic first 7" from this Philly band. Why it heralds having members of PAINT IT BLACK I don't know, because comparing this record to PAINT IT BLACK is like comparing heirloom tomatoes to dollar store ketchup (OK, I know ketchup is sacred in Pennsylvania, so maybe not the best analogy). Four songs and each is a well-constructed ripper that could easily be a single on its own, but put together it equals a flawless 7". The first two songs are midpacers with riffs that sum up hopelessness and remind me of a few songs on the first REGULATIONS LP, in terms of the melodies and especially the vocals; though this record is much darker and with a more noisy overall sound that sums up the alienation of adult life especially well. "Now it's four in the morning /I haven't slept since I-don't-know-when / I gotta get up in two hours / gotta start this shit again." Pretty much. Flipping over the record, "Couch Rot" gets more into a noise rock-type groove with a killer lead-as-hook, and the





final song starts out as a pounding dirge with some dissonant guitar work in the background, before unexpectedly going into a raging hardcore part,and then returning to the dirge for the song's remainder. The A-side alone is the best thing I've reviewed in months. Please follow SICKOIDS in their gradual migration to the Bay Area. (DG)
(Darby)

MURDER BY GUITAR – "D.O.A." EP

This is an excellent four-song offering of moody synth-punk from a Stockholm quartet. What stands out immediately is that the lyrics are actually discernable and the vocals have an enduring character that propels the entire record. The synthesizer effectively accentuates and delivers its own melodic leads without obscuring the entire song in atmospherics, as the tendency with synth in punk generally goes. Considering the vocalists' pained, vital delivery, it's a wise choice to highlight the lyrics. Particularly on "Nightmare," which features only three vocal lines repeated with increased difficulty, the vocalist conveys the entire nightmarish sequence of unease, mania and madness. Just as likely to descend into squealing guitar leads à la the group's namesake, as to fill a break with screeching synth triplets, the band reveals an instrumental competence but not at the expense of savagery and a rock'n'roll sneer. (SL)
(Human Audio)

MURDERER'S ROW – "Pissed and Punch Drunk" CD

Man, I have never seen a release like this. What we have here is the most original thing going today. A "street punk" release with cover art that features a wreath, beer bottles, and brass knuckles. How in the world did a band come up with that concept? Songs about drinking, getting tattooed drunk and being the working man, show that MURDER'S ROW were/are not afraid to stretch the boundaries of this genre. Even those tracks are ten years old; I bet these guys never got knocked off their perch of opening the day on a fourteen-band local Oi! spectacular. And to top it all off, this band features some grizzled NYHC veteran. Yup, we have a winner here (for biggest waste of time 2012). (JF)
(Durty Mick)

NARCS – "Long Hot Summer" EP

Recorded in an elevator shaft and delivered like a swan song, NARCS play positively blown-out straight-ahead punk with a proclivity for breaking down, cheeky harmonica parts and pushing the entire mess beyond the red of a VU meter then adding some more mess. Unhinged, fierce and likely with a sense of humor, NARCS seem out to pillage and devastate. Judging by this sole record, they are more than capable. Beneath the sub-fi recording actually lies chops, as illustrated by guitar berating and skilled feedback wielding, but there seems to be a concerted and respectable effort made not to be showy. (SL)
(Cowabunga)

NERVOSAS – "Rev" EP

This little slab of wax is a scorcher. Three songs of dirty and catchy punk in the vein of the OBSERVERS or REGULATIONS. That style, combined with some synthy guitar effects in a similar way to what DESKONSIDOS tend to rock. It's way good, but my one complaint is that, in their song "Junkie" they borrow a little too much from "Kids of the Black Hole". Well, that and the lead vocals are too up front in the recording, while the backing vocals are way buried. Because this band is at its best when both vocalists are working together, and you only get a flavor of that on the very last song of the record. But it definitely makes me wanna hear more from these guys. (FS)
(Meth Mouth)

NEUROOT – "Right Is Might" 12"

Fucking finally! This was destined to fall into my hands—the "Right is Might" 7" is one of my all time favorite hardcore records! OK, so the material on this 12" was originally intended for a split with FRATRICIDE on the Pusmort label back in the mid to late '80s, but never made it past the test-press stage! Basically this contains the 7" that NEUROOT released back in like '86, plus the other two bangers from that session, which are previously unreleased! OK well not exactly... I'm a NEUROOT dork and I do know that a poor quality live version of "Alarm" was featured on a comp LP and "World War III" was re-recorded for their *Plead Insanity* LP (more metal sounding, but still worth picking up) but it's *really* exciting for me to hear them recorded as part of the same session, as these other tracks. NEUROOT are fucking powerful here—the vocals are gruff and hollered like fellow countrymen BGK, the rhythms are dramatic and driving, and the growling basslines fly up and down the fret-board constantly—seriously like every other measure he's sliding up an octave and it just sounds manic. This is what it sounds like if you inject darker anarcho shit like AMEBIX or EXIT-STANCE into Dutch hardcore. I seriously can't listen to this sitting down—I have to get up and move around! This features great gatefold packaging resembling the poster lyric that accompanied the 7". This is mandatory for fans of hardcore punk! (MA)
(Havoc)

NITWITS – "Some Kind of Bizarre Thing Happened" CD

This is some truly strange music. On first listen, and perhaps this is due to both bands being French, I immediately thought of ED MUDSHI with less of a jazzy/MINUTEMEN vibe. Some of the songs drag on and lose my attention after the first few minutes, but that could be said about most songs over four minutes long. The short ones, though, they are pretty rad and I'd recommend them to anyone who's looking for music that falls under the punk umbrella, but perhaps into the less traditional end of things. (BD)
(self-released)

NORTH OF GRAND – "A Farewell to Rockets" CD

To be honest, if given to our vinyl assigners, this may not have passed the punk test. But since it came out on CD and I lean a little bit more indie rock, it made the cut. I still consider it a punk release, but there is a good amount of early '90s Chapel Hill in NORTH OF GRAND, as well as some of the No Idea, Gainesville sound à la TWELVE HOUR TURN or NORTH LINCOLN. A solid release, but just barely fit into our criteria. (JF)
(Brolester)

THE NORTHWEST COMPANY – "Hard To Cry/Get Away From it All"

As lots of zinesters like to point out nowadays, garage punk (now a catch-all term for anything without spikes'n'studs) used to be lovingly referred to as '60s punk. Surely no record released in 2012 better illustrates the '60s punk classification better than this reissue courtesy of Ugly Pop. Recorded in 1967, these two Northwest Company tunes are actual punk from the actual '60s. They actually both fucking stomp shit too. The A-side is fuzzy-riff perfection, expertly delivered with copious screaming and pounding. How is it that I haven't heard this one before? The energy on the flip pales in comparison, but what wouldn't? Still awesome and loud as all hell. If this doesn't get you going, you're dead inside. Perfect. (MC)
(Ugly Pop)

THE OVERNIGHT LOWS – "Cones and Rods/ Shouldn't Say It"

The OVERNIGHT LOWS are a band that you really need to hear. Every time I try to write down why I like them it comes off as idiotic, which will more than likely turn you off. Trust me this is a fun garage band. They write peppy, catchy songs and are usually reminiscent of SUPERCHARGER or the STATICS without sounding derivative of either. Another great record from a great band. (CK)
(Blahll!)

PARANOID VISIONS – ""Escape From the Austerity Complex" CD

This ambitious sixteen-song, 70-minute album from long running Irish punk band, PARANOID VISIONS jumps from one genre to the next, making for an interesting listen. At times it is dramatic and serious, dancing on the line between goth and punk, like if SIOUXIE SIOUX teamed up with BLITZ. Other times, they shift gears into hardcore and straightforward punk. Mostly, you can tell that everything is coming from a love of anarcho-punk, much in the same vein of CRASS and ZOUNDS, possibly even entering into more contemporary territory like ARCTIC FLOWERS. My only real complaint is that a few of the songs were recorded at different locations and mixed by different people, which hinder the cohesiveness of the album due to the changes in quality and sound. This is a small complaint though. Overall,

this album is great and features guest performances by Steve Ignorant, TV Smith and Zillah Minx. If you have a short attention span, this might not be the album for you, especially during the eleven-minute opus, "Recession Club". Otherwise, pick this one up. (GH)
(Overground)

PARASOL – "Crush Season" 7"

Herein contained on this 7" are four slow to mid tempo pop punk songs (or "indie pop" as I suspect some would choose to gene this material). The vocals are perhaps the least punk of all the sounds here, being sung rather sweetly, or as sweet as the singer could muster. The main problems with this record are the plodding tempos, which work against any hooks that could have been there and the rather banal lyrics about romantic relationships. The best part of this record is when they lift an ARCHERS OF LOAF guitar riff. Perhaps the development of some more dynamic guitar melodies and serious work on the lyrics could help this band produce something more worthwhile, but this is just a rather tepid pop punk 7". (LP)
(Puzzle Pieces)

PAZAHORA – "Transcendence" CD

Second LP from this political, melodic crust band from Singapore. It definitely sounds like TRAGEDY plays a big part in the way these guys approach songwriting, as there are octave chords galore and the band's whole aesthetic is akin to a slew of copycat acts that formed when TRAGEDY first got huge. This immediately reminded me of DAYMARE from France, in that the songs are well-written and PAZAHORA certainly knows what they want to sound like, but it's still kind of second rate. At points it sounds way too much like HAVE HEART or some other bullshit neo-hardcore band. Not a bad album by any means, kids who've never heard anything like this before would probably lose their shit listening to this record. Also, I'm guessing this band is an integral part of the budding punk scene in Singapore, which is awesome, but I just can't get into stuff like this anymore. (KM)
(Base in Asia)

PERMACULTURE – "Swallow What You're Given" EP

Holy shit, this rules. On the one hand, this sounds almost *exactly* like a track from a Crass records sampler from 1981, production qualities and all, but it also manages to sound fresh and vital. Their drummer has that crisp, thin, drum roll-heavy style that carries each song along with buzzsaw guitars ambling along on top of it. The strong female vocals tie it all together with their insistent and dramatic intensity. It's true that the anarcho/peace-punk craze is sweeping the nation, but if all of it was this good, I would have no complaints. (GH)
(Inflammable Material)

PINK LINCOLNS – "YINZ: the live album" CD

A live album recorded in 2005 from these rockin' vets. These guys keep it punk in a QUEERS and STITCHES way. They have some great bar band-esque banter in between songs too. They come on complaining about how their set was cut short due to an opening band's long set and proceed to rip thru nineteen songs, including a cover of FLIPPER's "Sex Bomb". This leaves me with a "I wish I were there" feeling. (RL)
(24 Hour Service Station)

PLIANT – "Can't Keep Up" EP

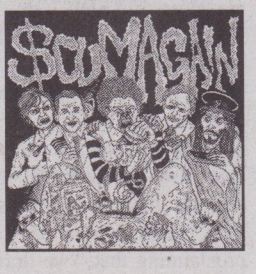
This is some burly East Coast HIS HERO IS GONE worship. From the tempo changes to the blasts, to the dual vocals to the tuning, it's 100% *Fifteen Counts of Arson*-era HHIG style, with a tablespoon or so of DAMAD thrown in for good measure. Very well done, and (obviously) if you like mid-'90s Prank records bands this'll be like catnip to you. Members of awesome (and frankly, more interesting) bands like SKVLT, DEATH RATS and STATE VIOLENCE. (AU)
(Cricket Cemetery)

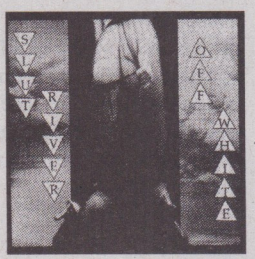
POISON IDEA – "Darby Crash Rides Again" LP

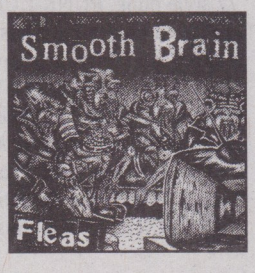
Wait, is this the DRI LP? So many little fucking grooves. Wait, what? Fucking hell. I haven't listened to POISON IDEA in months. This is destroying my brain. This is all like demo tape shit and stuff from 1981-1982 and some live radio shit from 1983 (and two outtakes from 1984). I like this "Boner's Kitchen Demo" from 1981. "Tom Pig" must be the first guitarist before they got that really fat guy. But seriously the 1981 (IMPERIALIST PIGS) demo really seals the deal, like you can hear how BLACK FLAG's *Nervous Breakdown* was a mega influence, but they add this layer of unrelenting fury… waaaay next level. By the *Darby Crash* demo the sound is pretty well codified, and, lacking the clarity of a studio recording, kinda monotonous. I'm surprised to say the live 1983 KBOO radio session may steal the show here, but you can really hear it: by 1983 Pig had really honed a style that could compete with Jerry A instead of just backing him up. Thank god TKO really stepped up to the task, compiling this and the *Fatal Erection Years* simultaneously, fancy gatefolds and liner notes, using their brains to really capitalize on all this early material instead of just regurgitating the endless stream of anonymous bootlegs and third tier reissues. I'm stoked. (GB)
(Southern Lord / TKO)

POISON IDEA – "The Fatal Erection Years 1983-1986" LP

Without mincing words, this LP collects the recordings from my favorite era of the greatest band to walk, crawl, or stumble this filthy Earth. To me, *Pick Your King*—the first thirteen songs on this collection—is the apex of song writing and recorded sound. Punk rock by my definition should mean, "the history of rock'n'roll, whittled down to its most basic, combined with lyrics of angst, anger, hate and rejection". Now if you can find a better example of all those things than early POISON IDEA, I *must* hear it. This has all of those in spades and with two, three-chord riffs they wrote incredibly complex and lightning fast songs, coupled with the best vocals *ever*, the best guitar tone *ever*, the best punk drummer *ever* and the best bass sound…*ever*. I realize that music is personal, so the by-product of a bunch of dummies banging on shit will affect you differently than it effects me, but I stand by this, and will say it again, that the history of music peaked and started its decline on January 20, 1982, the moment "Bob" pressed the stop button on the tape machine after the final take of "Think Fast" (assuming they recorded the songs in order) and has been on a slow decline ever since. Not to overshadow the brilliance of "Laughing Boy," *Record Collectors are Pretentious Assholes*, "Typical," "Die on Your Knees" and their *brilliant* cover of IGGY AND THE STOOGES' "I Got a Right," which are also included here, plus nearly every other song penned by these men, cause they are so close to the perfection of *PYK* but just slightly shy. For those that already have all these tunes, this LP's got a great sounding, six-track set of live songs, including *two unreleased bangers*,







"Dance of Rage" and "Come out Fighting". The only downside is seeing that Southern Lord logo there next to TKO's. Gross. (JU)
(Southern Lord / TKO)

POLIKARPA Y SUS VICIOSAS – "Libertad y Desorden" LP

Glad I got this! Three women from Bogota Colombia, playing catchy street punk with "tuca-tuca" drums, simple yet angry guitar riffs with some good leads and driving bass. They remind me most of SEDICION, LA PESTILENCIA or DESASTRE with melodic hints of ESKORBUTO, but don't be fooled, a lot of this sounds Oi!-ish which not many bands can get away with. The drummer and bass player sing on this with some raspy, angry vocals and the lyrics are political and pissed the fuck off, "Me cago en el sistema, estamos jodidos con esos tombos malparidos." Fuck yeah. These ladies do not hold back proclaiming that, "we draw our musical strength from our ovaries, and we get inspired by all the valorous, committed, funny and crazy fellow women over the world." I first heard this band in my mid-twenties from their spilt with DEFUSE from 2000 and they blew my mind. This is a vinyl version of their first CD that came out in 1997 and no denying that you can hear it. Not everyone will appreciate this, but if you like Latino punk or want to hear a powerful all woman punk band, I suggest you check this out. I love this. (MB)
(Bong)

POLITICAL ASYLUM – "Someday" CD

While most of the anarchists and crusties eschewed all forms of melody, eyeing guitar solos suspiciously as tools of the Thatcherite junta, and as pop-punkers abandoned all meaning for songs about girls and skateboarding, Scotland's POLITICAL ASYLUM stood somewhat alone among the UK punk bands of the mid-'80s. Defiantly anarchist/anti-fascist political lyrics, paired with melodic hardcore more influenced by HÜSKER DÜ and DAG NASTY than DISCHARGE. This CD compiles the band's second vinyl release, the seven-song mini-LP *Someday*, with thirteen songs recorded live in Germany in 1987. To be honest, the live tracks will be mostly enjoyed by the band's biggest fans. The studio tracks, while somewhat thin on the production side, showcase some of the most blistering melodic punk guitar to come out of the UK in the '80s. Another great reissue from Aston the Boss. (AM)
(Boss Tuneage)

PUNK LUREX – "Puolesta Jà Vastaan" LP

After nearly two decades cranking out melodic '77 style punk, PUNK LUREX have not changed a bit. Perhaps this record is a little more slick than some of their previous efforts, but that just serves to highlight the lilt in Tiina's lead vocals that make the band so distinctive. This is going to sound *way* too commercial for many *MRR* readers, but when the hooks are this good I have a hard time denying them. Cut from the Scandinavian '77 punk mold (SENSUURI, KSMB) instead of the hardcore that is all the rage, with an EBBA GRÖN cover ("Staten Och Kapitalet") to seal the deal. Lyrics entirely in Finnish with English explanations showing that, while their music has remained in the same arena, their political bent has become even sharper. Life doesn't always have to be hard around the edges. (WN)
(Kämäset Levyt)

PUTREFACTION – "Blood Cult" LP

Brooding and epic metalpunk from Ireland, PUTREFACTION temper their foundation in plodding, downtuned D-beat with bursts of thrash, black and death metal, like if DISFEAR threw on leather gauntlets and started worshipping BOLT THROWER. Shit yes. The sound on this recording is dialed in to perfection and yes, you've heard the vast majority of these riffs a thousand times before, but when it works, it works, and luckily there's just enough dynamism in the songwriting to keep things from dragging. The ripping guitar leads and especially the vocals resemble ACEPHALIX's more recent material and there's some incredible double-kick drumming on the B-side, but the overall approach remains closer to burly crust acts like WOLFPACK and OILTANKER. I didn't grow up listening to the New Wave of British Heavy Metal and some of the MÖTORHEAD riffs are lost on me (sorry, everyone), but the rockin' elements are balanced by a sense of efficiency and restraint that keeps things from ever feeling overly melodramatic. Always stoked to read artful, articulate lyrics, all the more so in a style where clichéd, lazy sloganeering is often celebrated and embraced. This record grew on me with every song and PUTREFACTION is definitely a band I plan to keep my eye on. (WB)
(Distro-y / Phobia / Ratbone / Underground Movement)

QUESTIONS – "Life is a Fight" CD

Solid hardcore from Sao Paolo, that is very much in the style of bands like TERROR and HATEBREED. I love both bands and have a soft spot for this kind of shit. They do a sick cover of "As One" and there's also a song on here that sounds almost exactly like "Pride (Times are Changing)". So basically, this band rules and is worth checking out if you're down with the ignorant mosh. (TM)
(Seven Eight Life)

RATIONAL ANIMALS – "Eating My Words/ Gabrielle" EP

Props to Cowabunga for doing something a bit different with the whole singles club deal. I believe this is the second installment in the series, after a killer MALE NURSES EP. Unfortunately, I'm a bit on the fence when it comes to this record. For those not in the know, RATIONAL ANIMALS have been churning out dirgy, riff-laden punk tunes for several years and the LP they dropped last year was a certified rager. However, this newest offering just seems to be lacking the punch that their *Bock Rock Parade* album had. The A-side is a mid-paced, flat song that leans more towards straightforward pop rock than anything I've heard from these guys before. The B-side is much better and was apparently written many moons ago. "Eating My Words" is more of a FLIPPER style slow burn tune these guys pull off so well. Overall, I guess I just expected more from this group. They have another EP due out soon on Katorga Works that will hopefully pick up where the LP left off. (KM)
(Cowabunga)

RAZORCUT – "Just Another Day" EP

I'm not much of an Oi! follower, outside of the occasional COCK SPARRER show, or when the only punks at the bar end up also being rugby players, but these guys sound like they're doing a competent job. The musicianship is right on and the people in the band picture have the right haircuts and tough faces. This band is from Melbourne, Australia so I mind the accent a lot less than if the band was from Iowa. I've become jaded after seeing so many terrible American bands trying for what this group is doing, that it took me a couple songs to accept that this band is probably legit. By the end of the disc they grew on me and I was stoked on the anthemic final track "Battles". "You got to choose what side you're one/Until the battle's won." There're also melodic whoah-oh-oh's and a cool breakdown that made me realize that what I like about the sound is the bass tone. Something good to listen to when you get off work. (BL)
(Longshot / Pirates Press / Rebellion)

REACHAROUNDS – "Take to the Streets" EP

This band has an interesting sound that fuses a more stripped down take on UK anarcho-punk such as SUBHUMANS, RUDIMENTARY PENI,and maybe even CRASS—though less witty and more overtly angry, in this case—with classic, bleak early '80s Midwestern hardcore, as well as some MINUTEMEN-type funk stylings on a number of songs that're both interesting and seamlessly interwoven into otherwise blazing punk songs. The loud, speedy bass gives the recording an inept yet talented quality and the over-the-top ranting, outraged vocals prove legitimacy and not just going through the motions. (DG)
(Reacharound)

RELENTLESS APPROACH – "Juicy" EP

So, these folks are apparently so obsessed with the NOTORIOUS B.I.G. that they've chosen to pay tribute by stealing all of their album and song names from his songs and albums. OK... The faster hardcore parts here are for the most part pretty generic, but then there're some awesome left-field electronic beats and bleeps, and the sludgy breakdowns fucking slap. I wonder if these dudes realize they replicated the riff from PROPAGANDHI's "Back to the Motor League". You could do worse, I suppose. I hope this band sticks around so they can refine and/or reinvent what's going on here, there's a lot that I like even if the total package falls a bit short. (WB)
(Give Praise / World Trade)

REVENGE OF THE PSYCHOTRONIC MAN – "Shattered Dreams Parkway" CD

Melodic, hardcore from the UK. This reminds me of the CASUALTIES without the raspy vocals or a more basic PROPAGHANDI. Very Punk Core label sounding but well produced. This is decent but a little too in-between pop punk and ripping hardcore for me. But if you like the more up tempo stuff, this could be for you. Fifteen songs in nineteen minutes. (RL)
(TNS)

RIOTS – CD

This is polished street punk from Oslo, Norway. They sing in English with plenty of "whoa, whoa's" with a few moments of watered down political lyrics, a love song about Oslo and suddenly the disk stopped playing. The CD was poorly duplicated! Ah! I really hope for the band that they aren't all bad. Anyway, from what I did hear this is well played and solid, but it's nothing new. If you like boring, safe, radio friendly, generic street punk with Warped Tour potential, this is for you. I saw on their site that Charlie Harper of UK SUBS fame sang with them? I love the UK SUBS, but it seems right as this sounds like the ultimate punk cover band. Also, this band just toured China, which brings up a lot of issues, none of which the band talked about in an interview I read about the tour. Is this what passes for punk now? This is not apolitical, it's passive, using shallow rhetoric with sights on stardom. Shame on you. (MB)
(Kid's Unite, no info)

RUN DOWN – "American Despair/The Coming"

Two songs of WIPERS inspired, lo-fi punk. The A-side is a catchy, up-tempo tune that is about two guitar pedals and 20 beats per minute away from being a death rock song, much of that feel coming from the heavily reverbed guitar and low register vocals. The B-side is a more straight punk song that's simple but still catchy. (PA)
(Firestarter)

SCARLET BEAST – "Too Tired to Fight" EP

Rather basic ol' bare bones US-styled hardcore with fast thrashers, midpaced rodgers, busy bass playing, and breakdowns, but at times the vocals get just a little to rawkin' and adventurous for me to hang. (JU)
(Self-released)

SCARS & STRIPES – "The Cost Of Living" CD

This is really excellent. Bit of a surprise. An engaging mix of emo and melodic hardcore—with some delicate keyboards! The bastard child of FIFTEEN and HOT WATER MUSIC, singing alternately about broken hearts and countries broken by war. But they make being lonely sound quite appealing. Anthemic and uplifting. Very impressive. (RK)
(Durty Mick)

SCUM AGAIN – "Damn Corey Haim" EP

If poppy melodic hardcore à la the CHOCKING VICTIM dynasty of bands is your jam, boy do I have a record for you! (LP)
(Toxic Pop)

THE SENTON BOMBS – "Gambit" CD

Imagine a somewhat mediocre, European sounding (they're actually English and while England is part of Europe, it's a lot different than mainland Europe), watery metal sound à la NASHVILLE PUSSY, combined with RANCID (without Matt Freeman) and a drummer that probably wags his tongue out of his mouth when they play live. In a nutshell, that is the SENTON BOMBS. But hey, 587 people "like" them on Facebook so what do I know? (GG)
(Self-released)

THE SENSIBLES – "Open Book" EP

This is the kind of thing that I have a hard time not liking, but it makes me feel a little dirty. It's (almost too) catchy pop-punk with female vocals, which could well be my downfall. Honestly, this really is very good, but there is nothing terribly original about it. It's sort of mid-tempo and sticky sweet. It's also got a certain Italian SHONEN KNIFE quality. The thing I like least about the record? Definitely the little SCREECHING WEASEL character on the pic sleeve. Limited to 300. (KK)
(self-released)

SICK SICK BIRDS – "Gates of Home" LP

The first song on this record is such a catchy, bouncy, head-bobbingly great '90s sounding pop/indie/punk song that the rest of the record just can't live up to these new found expectations. Well, the second song has this opening guitar riff that sounds pretty close to something off SUPERCHUNK's *Come Pick Me Up* (not a reference that I throw around lightly) and a chorus that sounds vaguely like a poppier CURE song with a nice use of a horn section. The following songs tend towards the same feel, though often with a more aggressive, modern feel and while they may not be quite as good as those first couple there isn't anything bad on here. Then, just as you would hope, the record finishes strong with a mid-tempo number that is almost as good as those first two. (PA)
(Toxic Pop)

SLUGZ – "Empty Space" EP

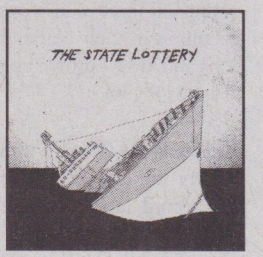
I don't know these guys or know if they are for real as they sound, but this sounds like the shit to me. Fast almost hardcore, drinking whatever you can find in the alley fucking *punk*. The vocals are in my favorite sloppy but in-your-mothterfucking-face style. There's a little guitar noodling but not totally gay. I'd like to almost put them up with the almighty MOTARDS combined with some classic '80s hardcore. There's a drum part that absolutely kills. I'd bet you they'd trade you their record for some beer or cheap drugs and I'd love to see them live. (RO)
(Cowabunga)

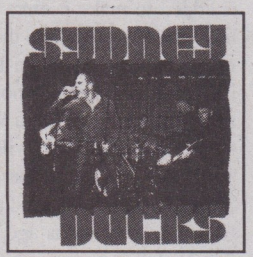
SLUT RIVER – "Off White" EP

I know it's getting hard to think of original band names, but dang! Pulling this record out of the bin, expectations for awfulness were high. But, surprisingly (very surprisingly) this is actually good. It sounds like a bunch of fucked up kids in Iowa playing snotty punk songs. But they're really good and at times they sound a lot like FLIPPER. But they also sound like they have never, even heard of FLIPPER and are doing it all unintentionally. The whole record is a mess, in a great way. (FS)
(self-released)

SMOOTH BRAIN – "Fleas" EP

Five songs of slightly poppy, yet pretty straightforward punk rock. The crunchy guitars and gruff, distorted vocals are reminiscent of DILLINGER FOUR (especially in the title track) but the music generally has a bit of a garage punk feel that keeps it from sounding like one of those clone





bands. It's mostly faster stuff but the best song ends up being the mid-tempo number. (PA)
(Lost Cat)

THE SORE THUMBS – "Fool's Errand" LP

Bass riff heavy, melodic punk rock not massively dissimilar to the YOUNG OFFENDERS. Well-written and nicely arranged songs, with carefully considered and well-executed guitar riffs paired with Oi!-tinged backing harmonies and STIFF LITTLE FINGERS flavored lead vocals. The sound of three dudes who still have the fire of rebellion in their bellies but may also have good jobs and kids—grown up punk rock. I like it. (GG)
(Pirates Press)

SPIDER BAGS – "Papa Was A Shithead"

My number one reviewer pet peeve is when the record label compares their band to another more famous band and inexplicably spells that more famous band's name incorrectly. Now, as an average record listener you probably won't have the privilege of seeing that little info sheet that informs me that SPIDER BAGS get their inspiration from the OBLIVIONS. Since I know they are actually the OBLIVIANS, I am annoyed from the get-go. But hey, I'll assume the band had nothing to do with that, so forget I even mentioned it. Side A of this 7", "Papa Was A Shithead" is a barely over-one-minute garage-y thrasher about how much dad sucks. I like my dad so lyrically the song doesn't speak to me. Side B, "I Wish That I Never Had Fed You" slows it way down into a country ballad of how his woman has betrayed him. Pedal steel is added to make it extra sad. I guess I could see how that comparison to the OBLIVIANS might be made, but the music on this 7" isn't even in the same league. "Guitar Shop Asshole" is as equally stupid lyrically as "Papa Was A Shithead", but the music of former is so wildly angry and panicked. The latter is somewhat tame by comparison. SPIDER BAGS released a full-length "Shake My Head" a few months ago that is much better than this. Pick that up instead. (CK)
(Sophomore Lounge)

STARING PROBLEM – "Seed" EP

STARING PROBLEM is easy to peg as a post-punk group. In fact, it's that they are so easy to peg as such, that therein lays the group's problem. With STARING PROBLEM's bleak guitar leads, rudimentary drumming and mournful female vocals, they reference all of the pillars of a genre without injecting any singular take on the formula. Each of the instrumental performances is passive and pedestrian, while the vocalist seems resolutely indifferent to her own material. She is striving for the icy enticement of goth rock, but it repels instead of endears. (SL)
(BLVD)

THE STATE LOTTERY – "Fistfuls of Sand/ (I'm Gonna Find Me) Someone Else"

The STATE LOTTERY has been a band for quite some time now, something like five or six years. That is a long time for any band these days, but especially long for a band whose five members live in four cities spread across the country. That's some dedication right there. That dedication comes through in their music, utilizing a wide array of instrumentation you wouldn't typically find on a punk record—strings and organs, ambient noise and various percussion. All too often when bands bring atypical instruments to the party, they either can't play them or do a poor job of incorporating them into their music. The STATE LOTTERY clearly know how to both play their instruments and do a good job of making everything tie together nicely. (BD)
(Answer Key / Salinas)

THE STEVE ADAMYK BAND – LP

With their fast-paced poppy punk ditties, this band sounds like TEENAGE BOTTLEROCKET meeting Mark Ryan (in particular some of his MARKED MEN and MIND SPIDERS songs) for cheeseburgers, shakes and maybe afterwards, a beer. Perhaps even the METHADONES and CHINESE TELEPHONES tag along too, after a sucking a bunch of helium. A solid album for the lovers of slightly whiney, relentlessly mono-tempoed pop punk. (GG)
(Dead Broke)

STRANGLEHOLD – "Never Hold me Back" EP

As far as I can tell, this is very poppy street punk, kind of like a more mid tempo RANCID. All the songs here have very rudimentary 1-2-1-2 drum beats, simple power chord riffs, some kind of gang chorus and gravely vocals. The lyrics, near as I can tell through the singer's raspy delivery and the relative volume of the guitar, are pretty typical punk fare about the man keepin' you down and other stereotypical shit. Also, the STIFF LITTLE FINGERS cover that closes out this record is totally useless. As a sundry side note to the band, when you are posing for your band photos, be sure to turn your head to the side just a little, because looking straight into the camera with your mohawk up can make you look like a caricature of punk Alfalfa. Unless, that is, you actually have a punk Alfalfa haircut, in which case, your haircut fucking rules. (LP)
(Contra / Longshot / Pirates Press)

STRAWBERRY SAVAGE – "Too Cold to Cry" EP

For some reason this made me think of the OBLIVIANS with a touch of SHOCKING BLUE; maybe it's the harsh Scandinavian-ish vowels (though I think the 'BLUE were from the Netherlands)... At any rate this is anthemic bubblegum garage blooz with male/female vocals, with an attempt at that "end of the road" OBLIVIAN feel. It's a two human band and the cover shows the guy playing a guitar while drumming, which seems like street entertainer core. Hmmm. (LG)
(Human Audio)

STRESS RELIEF – "Feelings of Expiration" EP

Blown out power violence influenced hardcore from Redding. Blast beats, dumb breakdowns and very pro-edge vocals all over this thing. Total CROSSED OUT/INFEST style riffs with some bro-ish vibes. The soundtrack for frustrated edgemen everywhere. I can dig. (TM)
(Mind Melt)

SUBVERSE – "Aural Regurgitations" CD

Here's a retrospective of this late '80s Canadian crossover band, compiling their 7", split 12" tracks and demo tape. I always thought this band was from the UK, but the story in the booklet says they toured England with MDC and stayed an additional six weeks gigging around afterwards. SUBVERSE play kinda sloppy thrash with throat-shredding vocals, similar to Jake from FILTH combined with OI POLLOI, but not quite as convincing. The 7" tracks are recorded the best but are decorated with too many metal qualities for me. The split 12" tracks are more raw and straightforward—more akin to SEIGE or SEPTIC DEATH. The demo tracks are the rawest and most intense on here, but suffer a bit from digitization. Overall this is a cool 33-track reissue for fans of early crossover. (MA)
(Boss Tuneage)

SUSPICIOUS BEASTS – "Used to be Beautiful" LP

This sounds like '70s ROLLING STONES. There is no other way for me to describe it. In a blind listening test I might say Mick's voice sounds a bit off, but otherwise that would be my first guess. The songs are slowish, bluesy ballads with just a bit of weirdness to keep them from sounding generic. I know many people like that era ROLLING STONES, so if you are one this could be a record for you. SUSPICIOUS BEASTS feature ex-members of BLOTTO, 3MM, YOUR PEST BAND, BROWN TROUT and the URCHIN. (CK)
(Black Hole / Debauch Mood)

SYDNEY DUCKS – "He Lives for Today" EP

So this is a limited vinyl release of the SYDNEY DUCKS demo from a couple of years back. Being that it was originally a demo I won't hold weird levels on parts of the songs against them, but it must be noted. SYDNEY DUCKS play some straight up Oi! and mod-influenced punk rock, which shouldn't be surprising since this band contains Mike Longshot (ex-*MRR* reviewer) and head of Longshot records (duh). While musically I find it solid, I only think Carl Cordova's rough hardcore-ish vocals only really blend well on the last song "What's at Stake". If you want a better example of the SYDNEY DUCKS, I suggest picking up the *Stray Dogs* 45. (JF)
(Sydney Town)

SWEARIN' – LP

Oddly enough, nothing on this record really caught my attention until the slow songs at the end

of each side. The majority of the songs here sound like a less catchy MEASURE (SA) with a later-era REPLACEMENTS vibe. The super lo-fi song at the end of the A-side has an awesome sound, like it was recorded on a toy tape recorder. Maybe it's the sound quality (or lack thereof), maybe the simplicity, but I'd love to hear a whole record that sounds like this. (BD)
(Salinas)

TEMPLARS – "Dans les Catacombs du Studio de L'Acre 1993-1999" LP

I'm going to make a confession: I don't think I've ever knowingly listened to the TEMPLARS. (Now someone's going to dig up some *MRR* from fifteen years ago with a TEMPLARS review by me…) I have many friends that swear by this band, but to be honest I don't go out of my way to listen to American Oi! music. They're one of those bands that I knew I would probably like, I just never picked up their records. I guess I have a prejudice against American skinheads the way I do against American footballers. I mean, Clint Dempsey may be a great striker but I'm glad Liverpool didn't get him in the recent transfer window. But I come to you cap in hand now to admit I was wrong and to say what you probably knew all along: This band is great! This album is a collection of tracks from various splits and comps the band (or at least the two main guys) recorded at Acre studios between 1993 and 1999. They run the gamut from angry Oi! to catchy powerpop, but on the whole they demonstrate that these guys know how to write a tune or two. If you're a TEMPLARS fan you already have this, but if you're sitting on the fence, I'm here to say now's the time to give 'em a chance. On another note, this record was sealed before I opened it up to review it, which means no one at *MRR* listened to it before me. Wouldn't have happened in Bruce's day! (AM)
(Templecombe / TKO)

THE TERRORDACTYLS – "Unknown Terror" EP

Thrash metal. In particular '80s thrash metal, with a punk drummer; punk production and songs about drinking, bongs, pizza and bacteria. I can't exactly place the sound but it's got a crossover feel and a DRI *Crossover* feel, along with some more recent HIRAX. I had that odd feeling like I knew every song on 1st listen. The riffs made me happy but damn, those lyrics are stupid. But I think that's the point. The band has at least one member of IN DEFENCE and I swear this 7" came out a year ago. (MH)
(Goin' Ape Shit)

TOWN BIKE – "When Good Kids Go Bad!" EP

This is more pop than it is punk, but there is something about female-fronted pop bands, particularly those that go with the sort of wispy vocals, that I can't resist. Don't get me wrong, there is plenty of drum and guitar, but this is all about the vocals. Oh, and it's also about the lyrics. Oh, and the B-side is about bass. Ha, she says "rucksack". There is something seriously amusing about hearing a girl (okay, woman) with a very pretty voice singing "trouble fucking rocks". (KK)
(Keith)

TRAUMA – LP

After a spectacular demo, the bar was set pretty fucking high for this record and to be honest I wasn't really feeling the first couple of songs. However, the A-side closing 1-2 combo of "Human Wreckage" and "Killer" turned my opinion around. As it turns out, the B-side picks up tremendously as "Fear Us Now" proves to be the highlight of the record with its speedy D-beat, slashing leads and memorable chorus. At the bottom line, this is stripped down hardcore with elements of driving Japanese hardcore, Riot City bands and '80s Portland (read: POISON IDEA/FINAL WARNING) in equal measures, with especially strong vocals and bass work. To be honest, I think this 12" would have been better edited down into an absolutely killer EP, but it's still a solid release. (AU)
(Feral Ward)

TRENCH FEVER – "Saturday Night Trench Fever" CD

DAG NASTY-style melodic hardcore from Hackney circa 1987. Not surprising to read that these lot played with SNUFF a lot. This is reminiscent of that specific era of hardcore, when mid period Dischord stuff, like SOULSIDE, had far reaching tentacles, even out to the squats of Hackney! The songs are good, driving anthemic numbers that are powerful and a good representation of this era of HC. Post Revolution Summer? But in fuckin' Hackney! Some of the guitar lines remind me of early LEATHERFACE. The lyrics are introspective, political and thoughtful. This CD contains their only 7" release, and the rest is made up of unreleased demos, a split flexi and comp tracks, the first demo features the same songs from the 7" in a more raw HC style. If you like SOULSIDE you should pick this up. I wasn't really into the last few tracks as much, but the rest was good, despite the pretty terrible artwork! A bad play on *Saturday Night Fever* had me expecting the worse. Members of this band were in DESTRUCTORS and BLAGGERS ITA. (LG)
(Boss Tuneage)

TROUBLED SLEEP – "Wacky Past is Now" EP

Dreamy indie-pop that sounds like it would be at home on a Matador records sampler or on a show opening up for SLINGSHOT DAKOTA. Most of the songs are slow-to-mid-tempo. None of them really moved or phased me, except the last one, "Bald Spot," which has a pretty killer breakdown/build up part. The musicianship and the songs are all excellent, but there's just not a wealth of hooks that reel me in. (GH)
(Puzzle Pieces)

UNFUN – "Caroline" EP

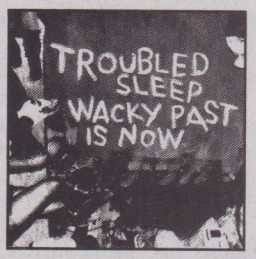
I don't think I could stress enough how much I love that this band does not sound like JAWBREAKER. While the A-side and title track to this EP falls a bit flat and drags on past my attention span, the three tracks on the B-side completely fucking rip. In said tracks, UNFUN keeps their pace with fast, gritty, depressing pop punk they've been doing for the last couple years. Anyone who has been into their past releases will surely dig this. (BD)
(Dead Broke)

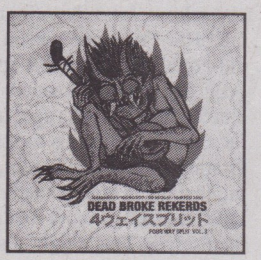
UNHOLY TWO – "Cut the Music (I'm the Nightstalker)/ Razor"

This Columbus, OH band has chosen a three-guitar attack for their wonderful take on noise rock. Expect guitars churning, feedbacking, swirling and distortion everywhere. "Cut the Music (I'm the Nightstalker)" combines ugly rock, a SPACEMEN 3 churn and comes close being psychedelic. It doesn't reach the point of psych rock because it's just too damn dirty and ugly. "Razor" is more of a rudimentary pummeling. Later in the song there is a bit of guitar jamming. UNHOLY TWO remind me a bit of EARTHLESS. The A-side makes this 7" worth a listen. (MH)
(12XU)

URUTU – "Sos o Domino das Serpentes" EP

Driving, metallic punk. These leads are ripped from '80s metal and injected in a mostly mid-tempo Motorpunk assault with tremendous success. Snotty, modern Spanish punk crashing headfirst into ANNIHILATION TIME? Sign me up. (WN)
(Manicomio / Nada Nada / Riding Ancient Waves)





VAARALLINEN – "Hautausmaa" flexi

Holy moly! This record is *killer*! At first glance, I would have never guessed this one-sided flexi would deliver such powerful, face-ripping Finnish riffs and strong, solid drumming. This drummer is clearly capable of more than just D-beat, but boy does he play it well and hit hard as fuck! It's obvious these dudes listen to *a lot* of Finnish hardcore—some of the riffs are reminiscent of Finnish greats like MELLAKKA and KAAOS and the vocals are more like painful screams rather than the harsh, throaty vocals you might expect. Singapore's VAARALLINEN is right up there in the realm of DESTINO FINAL and other recent bands dominating that similar style, adding their own intense element to a genre that is accused of being "played out." I challenge you to put this flexi on your turntable and try your hardest not to bob your head incessantly—it's impossible! Great record. All lyrics sung in Finnish. (KR)
(Full Force Hardcore Destruction)

VARUKERS – "Another Religion, Another War" LP

Thank you Havoc, for reissuing the sixth official release from the original Discore band, VARUKERS. For some reason unbeknownst to me, I did not already own this epic piece of wax, so it's been on constant rotation since it came into my clutches a few weeks ago. It's perfect. This particular release documents the shift in sound from devastating formulaic Discore, to brutal thrash, proving that they could actually play the middle-period DISCHARGE sound better than DISCHARGE themselves. That's right, I said it. This was recorded and released right around the same time Tony and Damien left to form SACRILEGE, and this eight-song 12" is definitely a great representation of the direction each member was going in. One of the best punk bands *ever*, one of their strongest releases to date. (KR)
(Havoc)

VITAMIN X – "About to Crack" LP

VITAMIN X has been going for close to twenty years at this point, and has gone from straight up youth crew to Y2K thrash to well-produced hardcore with '70s rock-type leads and solos over the course of that time, and the points in between their different sounds has often been apparent on their records as well. I feel like their best material was right when they started to dabble with hard rock elements on the *Bad Trip* LP and just before that on *Down the Drain*, but I felt like *Full Scale Assault* had too much of a cartoon factor and the rock leads felt too gratuitous and didn't really add to the music. This LP backtracks a bit to a sound more reminiscent of the more mid-paced hardcore of *Bad Trip* and a bit of the fast hardcore of *Down the Drain*, and although it's not as good as these two, it's not that far behind them either. The hard rock-inspired leads are again very prevalent on this record, but this time around they're more competent and more of a necessary component than a distraction. VITAMIN X still loves big sing-along choruses and abrupt song endings and yes, it may be weird that at this point I'm able to write an entire review referencing only their other records, but when you've been going for as long as they have with a track record of quality that's matched by few bands going for this long—especially for a band with roots in straightedge hardcore—chances are, those familiar with the band and their records will know whether or not they want to check this one out. (DG)
(Tankcrimes)

WHITE PAGES – "Please Kill Them" EP

This is a four-song, one-sided seven incher. That is an ambitious endeavor. Short amateurish songs play at hyper speed. The main male vocals sound like they were recorded with the worst microphone ever, but the female backing vocals complements them, easing the harshness. As a result, the songs are rather charming and catchy. (CK)
(Can't Stand Ya!)

WILD YOUTH – "A Leopard Never Changes her Spots" CD

The liner notes would have it that this is the Republic Of South Africa's first punk band, circa '78. The first tracks sound more like a pub rock band that had somehow managed to hear the SEX PISTOLS and the BUZZCOCKS and instigated a swift change in direction. The traditional rock'n'roll licks are still there, but with the aggressive nasal lilt of a Rotten or a Devoto. It would seem, though, that this particular leopard did change its spots, as later tracks on this CD are credited to the GAY MARINES, and lean more towards the post-punk side of things. I have to say that I was initially resistant to this; these white South African youth were rebelling against their parents, the suburbs, record companies, etc while living within the racist apartheid system. The lyrics aren't included here but from what I could tell they were pretty much ignoring this elephant in the room. Sorry but from here that reeks of complicity. Maybe I'm judging them too harshly but the liner notes themselves state: "It's hard to imagine what The Republic of South Africa was to a bored white teenager in 1977… unless you were there!" I can guarantee it was a million times better than being a black teenager in South Africa in 1977, or any other year. Maybe I'm judging WILD YOUTH too harshly with the clarity provided by hindsight, but there's nothing in this CD to lead me to think otherwise. (AM)
(Fresh Music)

ZIPPERS TO NOWHERE – "Take it Easy" LP

It is impossible to write this review without mentioning THIS BIKE IS A PIPEBOMB. Not only because this band features two thirds of TBIAPB (Terry and Rymodee), but also because they sound very similar. But there is a very pronounced (and important) difference. This album is what I always *wished* TBIAPB would sound like. Towards the end of their existence, PIPEBOMB would play live shows where they would have distortion on their instruments and play way faster. And all these weird crusty kids would mosh their little hearts out. And I loved it. I would think, "Yes! This is how these songs were meant to be played." And when I got home, I'd put on their record and it'd be like a cold shower. It was too acoustic, too slow (and I know this is gonna sound really lame) but it just wasn't punk enough for me. But this is different. This record captures what I loved about seeing late era PIPEBOMB. The songs are fast, loud, distorted, catchy and just a little bit jangly. These songs could have very well been written to be PIPEBOMB songs, but I like them way better as ZIPPERS TO NOWHERE songs. So even if you stopped believing in the Bloomington dream, or were turned off by that awful *awful* "documentary" (in quotes for a reason) Plan-it-X made a few years back, you should still check out this album. It will renew your faith. Hot showers! (FS)
(Plan-it-X South)

V/A – "Dead Broke Rekerds Four Way Split Vol. 3" EP

This little record collects four bands from Japan who play straightforward, earnest pop-punk in the style of No Idea records. My favorite of the four is the BECAUSE, who offer up a fucking solid bouncy punk song that somehow reminds me alternately of JOE JACKSON and the CLASH. Coming in a close second is YOUR PEST BAND, who soldier on with their mind-bogglingly bizarre lyrics and a region rock/pop-punk style that is beyond superb. GLEAM GARDEN and BROWNTROUT on the A-side didn't do too much for me, but they compliment the other bands nicely. Regardless of my feelings on this record, you should buy it since $1 from every record sold goes to the Japanese Red Cross for tsunami disaster relief. (GH)
(Dead Broke)

V/A – "KKLRD" EP

A four-way split between northern Iberian peninsula hardcore punk bands ZINC (from Madrid), HUMILITATE (from Basque country), ESTRICALLA (I believe also from the Basque country) and MOSTROS (from Majorca). This heavyweight white EP is named after the little comic book it comes with, four pages of fragmented, black and white wordless narrative, depicting a very grim idea of the future, designed by comic artists Josevinsky, Lazaro Yak Boldo and Bonberenea collective. The bands on here all have very different sounds and I appreciate a mini compilation created based on a concept and not necessarily the bands' musical similarity. ZINC, who've been around since 1995, start of with heartfelt, melodic punk rock with female vocals, pounding drums and catchy hooks; then ESTRICALLA jump in with street-cred, Molotov-blazing hardcore punk, with tight drumming, mean and sharp guitars and an SNFU feel, just with a more fuzzed out sound. On the flipside, HUMILITATE thrash and burn with a killer song ("Libia Champions League") that makes a critique on how television turns both war and football violence into a show—at least this is what I could gather from my rough Basque translation. To close off this comp is a more JOAN JET-esque tune, with female vocals and a sing-along chorus. Overall an endearing effort that samples some cool bands and looks neat! (LA)
(KKLRD / Bonberenea Erintzar)

V/A – "We are BXHell" CD

This is a CD sampler of bands out of Brussels, Belgium. They're seemingly working together on this, as there is no label info anywhere, however each band has contact info along with band info in the insert. This is kind of rad—all kinds of different bands playing different styles of loud/fast/punk/metal, what-have-you. Spanning the spectrum are: ELEVEN!, the MIGHTY PROGERIANS, SONS OF DISASTER, TROUBLE KIDZ, ZINQ, the RATZINGERS, SPORT DOEN, COUBIAC, IMMIGRANTS, MY DILIGENCE, FURIOUS, the ULER'S, BUTCHER BOOGIE, LOVEGANG SS, SPEEDCORPSE, SIAMESE QUEENS and EVERY STRANGER LOOKS LIKE YOU. (BD)
(No info)

CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO

12XU: 3005 S. Lamar Blvd D109-403, Austin, TX 78704, www.12xu.net
24 Hour Service Station: www.24HourServiceStation.com
Adagio 830: Marchlewski Strasse 107, 10243 Berlin, GERMANY, www.adagio830.de
Adaptive Reaction: www.adaptivereaction.net
Almost Ready: 313 President St #2, Brooklyn, NY 11231
Alternative Tentacles: alternativetentacles.com
Amputee Fetish: www.myspace.com/mobileartun
Answer Key: info@answerkeyrecords.com, www.answerkeyrecords.com
B.I.A.: base.in.asia@live.jp
Baby Ghosts: babyghosts.band camp.com
Baiseball: www.baiseball.free.fr
BlahLL!: www.blahllrecs.com
BLVD: www.blvdrecords.com
Bonberenea Erintzar: www.bonberenea.com
Bong: maakun@riseup.net
Boss Tuneage: PO BOX 74, Sandy, SG19 2WB, UK, www.bosstuneage.com
Brolester: PO box 286, Des Moines, IA 50301
Cabeza De Vaca: cabezadevacarecs@gmail.com
Can't Stand Ya!: cantstandyarecords@gmail.com
Chanmax: www.chanmaxrecords.com
Chaos Rurale: www.chaosrurale.com
Chaos Rurale: www.chaosrurale.com
Cipreste Negro: www.ciprestenegro.com
Coffin Cut: PO Box 298, Maylands, West Australia 6931, ASUTRALIA, coffincutrecords.blogspot.com
Coletiva Discos: www.coletivadiscos.tumblr.com
Contra: Dresdener Str. 40 04808 Wurzen, GERMANY, www.contra-net.com
Cowabunga: 311 Stearn Dr., Genoa, IL 60135, cowabungarecords.com
Crackbox: crackboxxx@gmail.com
Creepsylvania: www.creepsylvania.com
Cretin: www.tonyjones.org
Cricket Cemetary: ian@cricketcemetery.com, www.cricketcemetery.com
Dead Broke Rekerds: 139 Huber Ave Holbrook, NY 11741, deadbrokerec@gmail.com
Dead Broke: www.deadbrokerecords.com
Death Crisis: www.deathcrisis.com
Debauch & Mood: 1360-19 Nakagamicho Akishimashi, Tokyo 196-0022, JAPAN, debauchmood@gmail.com
Deranged: www.derangedrecords.com
Destructors: www.destructors666.com
Dirt Cult: 713 Stagecoach Dr., Las Cruces, NM 88011, dirtcultrecords@gmail.com
Disagree: www.disagreerecords.com
Distro-y: medistro@yahoo.co.uk, www.distroyrecords.com
Distroy: www.distroy.com
Doom Town: www.doomtownrecords.com
Drunken Sailor: www.drunkensailorreords.co.uk
Durty Mick: www.durtymickrecords.com,
Epidemic: epidemic_distro@hotmail.com
Ex Abrupto: A.P.1375, C.P.64001, Monterrey, NL MEXICO, exabrupto80@hotmail.com
Fat Wreck Chords: www.fatwreck.com
Feio: fernando_sub@hotmail.com
Feral Ward: www.feralward.com
Filthy Rat: www.betternotborn.bandcamp.com
Firestarter: www.firestarterrecords.com
Fresh Music: www.freshmusic.co.za
Full Force Hardcore Destruction: fullforcehardcoredestruction.blogspot.com
Fysisk Format: www.fysiskformat.tigernet.no
Gestalt: www.gestalt.pagesperso-orange.fr
Ghostbot: www.ghostbotrecords.com
Give Praise: PO Box 494, Barnstable, MA 02630-0494, givepraiserecords.com
Goin' Ape Shit: www.goinapeshit.blogspot.com
Goodwill: www.goodwillrecords.net
Grow Your Own: anthrax_uk@hotmail.com
GTD: www.goodtodierecords.bigcartel.com
Hang Up: www.hanguprecords.com
Hardcore Victim: dbeat_holocaust@yahoo.com
Havoc: www.havocrex.com
Herd of Wasters: herdofwasters@gmail.com
Hovercraft: 300 NW 8th #401, Portland, OR 97209, www.hovercraftpdx.com
Human Audio: www.humanaudio.bandcamp.com
Inflammable Material: mikeinflammable@gmail.com
Ionik Recordings Company: 1235 1st Ave #20, New York, NY 10065, www.ionikrecords.com
Kalashnikov: Stefano e Alessandro SARTORI, Via Morghen 13, 20158, Milano, ITALY, annapuj@tiscali.it, www.kalashni.net
Kämäset Levyt: www.punkinfinland.net/kamamen, Iisakintie 18, 37560 Lempäälä FINLAND,
Karasu Killer: www.karasukiller.com
Keith: www.myspace.com/townbike, town_bike@hotmail.co.uk
KKLRD: www.kklrd.com
Läjä: www.laja.com.br
Longshot Music: 1301 17th Street, San Francisco, CA 94107, www.longshotmusic.com
Lost Cat: PO Box 2121, St. Cloud, MN, 56302, www.lostcatrecords.org
Manicomio: www.manicomiorecords.blogspot.com
Mass Production: www.massprod.com
Meth Mouth: 1004 Montana St., Orlando, FL 32803, www.methmouthrecords.com
Mind Melt: www.mindmeltent.com
Munchausen: www.munchausen.bigcartel.com
Nada Nada Discos: www.nadanadadiscos.com
Nitwits: www.nitwits.bandcamp.com
No Balls: www.no-balls-records.com
No Reason: www.noreasonrecords.com
Noseke: www.nosekerecords.webcinradio.com, nosekerecords@gmail.com
O Bricoleur: www.facebook.com/OBricoleur
Opaqus: www.opaqustapes.blogspot.com, www.opaqusrecords.bigcartel.com
Overground: P.O. Box 1NW, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne, NE99 1NW, UK, overgroundrecords.co.uk
P in a Circle: 2 Elgin Park Drive, Box 10023, Uxbridge, ON, L9P OB5, CANADA
Pain of Mind: info@pain-of-mind.com, Haltenhoffstr. 14, 30167 Hannover, GERMANY
Parade of Spectres: www.paradeofspectres.blogspot.com
Phobia: order@phobiarecords.net
Pirates Press: www.piratespressrecords.com, 1301 17th St, San Francisco, CA 94107
Prison Tatt: www.prisontatt.com
Puzzle Pieces: 170 New York Ave. Apt. 25, Brooklyn, NY 11216, puzzlepiecesrecords@gmail.com
Queen of Swords: www.queenofswordsrecords.storenvy.com
Quemada: www.quemadarecords.blogspot.com
Rad Girlfriend: www.radgirlfriendrecords.com
Rainy Road: www.rainyroadrecords.com
Ratbone: c/o Luc Ardilouze, B.P. 40011, 33023 Bordeaux Cedex, FRANCE, nightbrings@yahoo.com,
Reacharound: www.reacharounds.bigcartel.com
Residue: www.residue-records.com
Riots: www.riots-oslo.bandcamp.com
Rock Mutante: www.myspace.com/rockmutante
RSR: www.hate-ape.blogspot.com
Rumbletowne: PO Box 663 Olympia WA 98507, www.rumbletowne.com
Salinas: PO Box 32257 Detroit, MI 48232
Scarlet Beast: www.facebook.com/pages/Scarlet-Beast/189736251047733, artindemuy@yahoo.ca
Scavenger of Death:
Sensibles: www.reverbnation.com/thesensibles, thesensibles@gmail.com
Senton Bombs: www.facebook.com/sentonbombs
Seven Eight Life: seveneightlife.com
Shield: Blazoenstraat, 32 5021 DM Tilburg, THE NETHERLANDS
Shogun: www.shogunrecordings.com
Sicksould: gakosevilla@gmail.com
Slut River: www.slutriver.bandcamp.com
Snappy Little Numbers: www.snappylittlenumbers.blogspot.com
Social Disease: JohnBDev@yahoo.com
Sophomore Lounge: PO Box 8, Jeffersonville, IN 47131, www.sophomorelounge.com
Spicoli: www.myspace.com/spicolidiscos
Spookshow: www.spookshowrecords.com
Squidhat: info@squidhatrecords.com
Squirmy: 870 W Euclid Ave, Stockton, CA 95204
Strength: www.strength-records.com
Sweet Rot: www.sweetrotrecords.com
Sydney Town: www.sydneytown.bigcartel.com
Tankcrimes: PO Box 3495, Oakland, CA 94609, www.tankcrimes.com
Teenage Impotents: eenageimpotents@gmail.com
Teenager in a Box: www.teenagerinabox.com.br
The Communion: thecommunion.bandcamp.com
Thrillhouse: 3422 Mission St, San Francisco, CA 94110, thrillhouserecords@gmail.com
TKO: 18948 Brookhurst St, Fountain Valley, CA 92708, www.tkorecords.com
TNS: www.tnsrecords.co.uk
Toxic Pop: 2619 Guilford Ave, Baltimore, MD 21218, www.toxicpoprecords.com
Transcendence: transcendence666@gmail.com
Ugly Pop: www.uglypop.bigcartel.com
Underground Movement: The Gate Lodge, St. Gabriel's, Johnstown Road, Cabinteely, Dublin 18, IRELAND, info@underground-movement.net
Uniao E Resistencia: www.uer-records.com
Viral Age: www.viralagerecords.blogspot.com
Voltage: www.voltage-shop.com
We are BXHell: www.facebook.com/BxHellFamily
Win Htein: winhteinrecords@gmail.com, www.winhteinrecords.blogspot.com
Wir Wollen Wulle: www.wirwollen.tumblr.com
World Trade: www.facebook.com/pages/World-Trade-Records/122957167813642
XTraumaX: xtraumaxrecords@yahoo.com.br

DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Lydia A., Matt Badenhop, Justin Briggs, Greg Harvester, Max Levine and Heath Row.

ABJECT PAX – The first song on this tape is really strong—it's a tense and plodding UK-anarcho-esque track with a genuinely eerie chorus. After that they pick up the pace a bit and crush through 6 more aggressive mid-paced tracks, and I still hear a dark '80s UK influence like ICONS OF FILTH. I bet the best is yet to come from this Halifax quartet. Great tape! (Matt) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, 5653 Cornwallis St, Halifax, NS, B3K 1B6, Canada)

ABRASION – Apparently in existence since 2009, ABRASION has just finished a "mini-tour" of Indonesia and Malaysia from their home-base in Singapore. The hours and miles show on this trippy-looking mini-CD embedded in a normal-CD-sized plastic ring. The contents is brutal metallic grindcore. Fifteen songs in 13.3 minutes. Tight, mean blasts, burly mid-paced mosh parts and breakdowns, vocals from the "angry Yeti" and "tortured Gnome" schools of grind voicing all executed masterfully. Consider the mosh brought in Singapore. (Max) (15-song mini-CD with pin. $6 ppd. Blk 102, Pasir Ris Str 12 #03-37, Singapore 510102, setpeacenow@hotmail.com.)

ACTION PATROL – *On Patrol* – Time warp here, and, let's be real, when this band was rolling strong, I was just shy of seeking out a matching orange jumpsuit just like the ones they wore on stage. In the mid '90s this Richmond, VA band really blurred the line between pop punk, hardcore, emo-ish-'90s-whatever-ness, and dare-I-say dub, with a finesse rarely seen in any decade since of mixed-genre nonsense. I honestly have no idea how to talk about this band other than proclaiming, in a faux-Ogre brogue, "*Nerrrrds!!!!!*" God I loved this band. Fast-forward fifteen years…Jesus Christ, it's been fifteen years… and I'd say about 50% of these tunes still hold up. The ones that seemed way out there and stood out then, are still the best. Such a weird phenom of a band. (Justin) (22-song cassette, lyrics included, www.tfultra.com)

ADULTS – *Vol III* – When I listened to this band's second demo, I emailed them to order their first demo before the tape was even over. Now on their third tape in less than a year, ADULTS continue to relentlessly pound out catchy, perfectly hooky punk songs. In the first song, they play a slow number for possibly the first time in the band's history, but quickly pick up the pace to breakneck speed for the rest of the tape. Their sound seems informed by the DICKIES and the RAMONES but filtered through a broken 4-track and the Oakland basement punk scene. Like their two previous tapes, this is excellent and there's not a bad song on here. (Greg) (10-song cassette, no lyrics, chiesaram@yahoo.com)

AGATA – Three disillusioned, passionate, mid-tempo songs of 2012 hardcore are delivered by these Bay Area thrashers. Their singer reminds me of the guy that sings for OI POLLOI at his most growly and that's a good thing. Each song flows so well into the next that it almost feels like one movement for 8 minutes. Along with the awesome packaging, this makes for a pretty killer demo. (Greg) (3-song CD-R, lyrics included, agataindustries@gmail.com)

A TOWN SLUTS – This shit is fucking stupid. Boring, unimaginative, rape fantasy punk played by untalented hacks. If your band tried harder to write one decent song, I would try harder to write a decent review. I broke the CD in half before throwing it away. That was more entertaining that listening to it. (Greg) (9-song CD-R, no lyrics included, www.myspace.com/allentownsluts)

BLACK FEET – Yes, it is another band from Sweden that plays smooth melodic punk with female vocals and catchy single string guitar leads. Yes, it is good. This band is more RIVER CITY TANLINES and LOST SOUNDS than the usual Swedish poppy faire. Lyrics are sung in English. (Greg) (3-song CD-R, no lyrics included, www.facebook.com/blackfeet.sweden)

BLOOD SUMMER – Sometimes inflected with blues, sometimes with Oi!, BLOOD SUMMER plays rock'n'roll reminiscent of outfits like US BOMBS. The redneck 4-SKINS with a heaping side of nihilism fueled by America's broken promises of a meaningful life attained by following the rules? Only you can decide for sure. (8-song cassette, 14 Mount Clare Ave, Asheville NC, 28801)

BURN/IT/OUT – Fast and pissed political hardcore from Germany. Most of the time they blast out three- and four-chord riffs at the blazing speed of a new Porsche on the Autobahn. But, they're quick to vary it up, especially with some memorable moshy breakdowns. Overall a passionate document of DIY hardcore punk. (Max) (10-song cassette, www.burnitouthc.blogspot.de, $7 ppd at www.kink-records.de or ralf@kink-records.de)

BURNT OFFERINGS – *Songs about Sex* – It should be no surprise that a band sharing a name with a CHRISTIAN DEATH song falls under the dark, goth-y umbrella. Ten tracks of creeping, sample-heavy, '90s styled, industrial synth compositions. For fans of velvet curtains, velvet dresses, candelabras, and men in platform boots. (Justin) (10-song cassette, lyrics included, www.myspace.com/sevensevenrecords, pissarmy138@yahoo.com)

BUTT PROBLEMS – I wish space permitted me to share every lyric on this demo with you because it is, by far, the dumbest shit I've heard in years. It's got to take some sort of special talent to consistently write god-awful stupid lyrics, right? The music itself sounds like mid-30's drunk guys who picked up guitars because they think GG ALLIN is cool, but couldn't actually go all the way and be complete scum-fucks. In other words, it's boring three-chord punk that is completely devoid of emotion. Well, that's not totally true because boredom is actually an emotion. They're trying to be offensive but it just comes off as sounding sad. Sample lyrics: "Everyday I wake up and look at my balls and get real mad". "My dick is little man. I don't give a fuck. My dick sucks but I put it in your asshole." "A lot of people don't know this, but when a girl has to take a dump, her boobs fill up with poop." "Tits are gross. Girls are gay." This is a joke, right? (Greg) (7-song CD-R, lyrics thankfully included, www.buttproblems@gmail.com)

CELLULAR CHAOS – This music is grating, experimental, atonal (at times) and pummeling in a glorious no-wave tradition. An extremely tight and efficient rhythm section give the guitarist and vocalist a lot of room to experiment and freak out. The female vocals soar over the whole thing like a maniac Lydia Lunch on speed. This is excellent. (Greg) (3-song CD-R, no lyrics included, www.ugEXPLODE.com)

CLEPTO – *Kebab Live Off the Grill* – Okay, so this one is hard to explain. First off,

it comes packaged in a full size, tri-fold, full color menu for a fake (?) restaurant called the STINKY CLOVE. It's really pro looking. As for the music, it's all over the map. There are acoustic ballads, metal-tinged burners, Fat Wreck-sounding punk songs and a lot of stuff in between. It's impossible to nail down completely. Sometimes, their humorous approach to some of their songwriting could be compared loosely to YOUR MOTHER and LOVE SONGS. I would say that this one is for fans of the aforementioned bands as well as MR BUNGLE and folks who like their music to be a little schizoid. (Greg) (23-song CD, no lyrics included, facebook.com/cleptopunk)

COCHINAS – Live, this San Pedro, California-based band is intense: over-the-top 5.6.7.8'S-meets-STOOGES-styled girlcore (although the band is two-fourths male—with wigs!) that's very catchy but near-inscrutable. On this too-brief demo, sleeved in a page torn from a magazine, the sound is a little cleaner and cooler—less hot, but no less awesome. Opening with a shout, "Kittens" is a love song about, well, ahem; by comparison, "Easy" is surprisingly gentle and poppy. "Grrls" is most reminiscent of '60s garage rock, bringing the SHITBIRDS and the OSCILLATORS to mind. But "Omaha," the closing track, is the most impressive, with Mary Anjelica Yurko's vocals cooing and curdling in equal measure. Because don't forget; there are two sides to being crazy cute. COCHINAS is cute, but they're also crazy. The scary kind. (Heath) (5-song CD-R, www.facebook.com/cochinas)

COLLICK – I would like this much better if I could hear the snare! Without it it's a bit hard to follow, but I get an early SST hardcore punk vibe from this tape. HÜSKER DÜ open guitar chords, bumbling basslines and harsh hollering all culminate to create a great batch of dynamic tunes. COLLICK are from the DFW/Denton Area and feature members of ANS, STYMIE, KOJI KONDO, and are a band to watch out for. (Matt) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, Chris Reeves, 608 Middle Cove Dr., Plano, TX 75023)

COMMUNION OF THIEVES – Fuuuuck yes. These El Paso wackos have hit the nail on the head hard with their rich and impassioned blend of crust and black metal with searing political vocals. The epic depth of melodic blackened riffage compliments their heavy and raw aesthetic. This may actually be the best band you've never heard of, but a recent jaunt up the left coast also allowed me to see them blow away a room full of West Oakland's most discerning crusties live. (Max) (7-track CD-R, no contact info given, www.facebook.com/pages/Communion-of-Thieves/150111081711829)

CONCRETE ASYLUM – *Social Anxiety* – This is the epitome of fast and chaotic hardcore. This could have been generic and unmemorable, but instead it fucking rips! Interesting rhythm and vocal hooks and creative riffs are their strengths. It's their second demo and is recommended for fans of shit like HERESY and ELECTRO HIPPIES. (Matt) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, rawdistort@gmail.com)

CRACKS – Über-basic suburban hardcore about backwards livin' and how you're living in a shithole, but you're part of that shithole. Two songs here, one about living in the 'burbs and how it sucks and the other about hanging out at a gas station as a way of mitigating the suck via cheap thrills and mean-spirited pranks. Not doing anything that wasn't done decades ago, but it's sincere and demented, so I'm down. (Max) (2-Song CD-R, Slipping Grip Productions, pizzachew@hotmail.com)

CRACKS – Four times the length of their other CD-R this shows off a significantly more developed version of CRACKS. With the feel of more experience and practice it's cool to hear these kids really grab the USHC sound by the horns. This is totally clone-core, kids aping what they love because it makes them feel good, and their success on those terms is shown by the feel of the release: it's angry, awkward, and full of nervous energy in a tired and defeated suburban environment. Feels like an artifact in a way that few CD-Rs do. (Max) (8-Song CD-R, Slipping Grip Productions, pizzachew@hotmail.com)

DIRTY MOUTH – I really like DIRTY MOUTH'S first demo, so I was happy to see a second tape by these three women from Ohio. On this one, they stick to their foolproof formula of scrappy, hooky pop-punk with a wildly exciting range of vocal octaves. As before, the lyrical content is socially conscious and political in the personal ways. I have to say that I was a little disappointed that out of six songs, two of them were re-recorded from the first tape, but that still doesn't detract from making this an excellent release. (Greg) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, dirtymouthcbus@gmail.com 2623 Neil Ave., Columbus, OH 43202)

DIRTY WORK – Here's some frantic hardcore punk from Kansas City that reminds me of ACID REFLUX. Lyrics tackle loathing everyone, loathing yourself, feeling bad and being bad. Nice drawing of a criminal looking punk with a hands-tied, crying frat boy in a headlock—complete with a football stuck with a knife! Nice. (Matt) ($2, 4-song cassette, lyrics included, Eat the Life, 1719 W Albion Ave., Chicago, IL) 60620)

DRAPETOMANIA – *Cabesas de Odio* – DRAPETOMANIA are one of my favorite punk bands around these days! Side A features four unreleased songs of tough punk from the gut, all sung in Spanish (one is a cover from the Chilean band ANARKIA). They're still playing a masterful blend of the best sounds of South American punk with some touches of old French Oi!—but make no mistake, this is from fucking Compton! Side B contains a sound from their recent 7" and three songs from their first tape. Every song has a catchy chorus or guitar part or bass line to demand repeated listens. Top quality DIY punk sounds and layout that we've all come to expect from these LA punkers—you will not be disappointed! (Matt) (8-song cassette, lyrics to side A included, staticopunx@gmail.com)

ERROR – This tape comes packaged in an oversized hard-shell case and contains some brutal, hoarsely screamed grindcore. ERROR fluctuates between slow, doomy parts and precise, stabbing blast-beats that destroy everything. Vocals predictably grow from a high-pitched scream to a throaty growl within the tempo changes. The packaging on this is awesome, the songs are great and you should get this. (Greg) (8-song tape, lyrics included, eatapes@gmail.com)

GOLDEN RULERS – Loose, wild and free region rock from the unfuckwithable town of Chattanooga, TN. Female and male vocals take turns on the mic and sing about losing hope, throwing shit off the roof, shit jobs and getting black out drunk. Most of the songs stay at a mid-tempo pace and the band plays punk that is sometimes melodic, sometimes angry and fierce. If you're a fan of the long tradition of region rock and Chattanooga punk, get this now. (Greg) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, 316 Delmont St. Chattanooga, TN 37405, doyahearwe.com)

HIGH HORSE – Pop-punkers from Illinois who aren't afraid to slow down the tempo at times and dip their toes into proggy breakdowns and indie meandering. Actually, it's the reverse. They're more of an indie-prog band that flirts with pop-punk. Either way, if you have more than one song that's over six minutes (which they do), I'm going to be bored to tears unless you are TELEVISION. (Greg) (5-song CD-R, lyrics included, hi-horsey@hotmail.com PO Box 38, Carterville, IL 62918.

IMMIGRANTS – The first song is about giving AIDS to women. The second one graphically portrays priests fucking ten-year-old boys. The third makes fun of people with disabilities. The last song is about masturbation and fades out with the singer making heavy breathing noises. There's a drawing of an ejaculating penis on the cover. The thing about these bands that try so hard to be offensive is that their music *always* sucks. Come on! Make it difficult for a reviewer to simply write you off as shitty hardcore with bro-down solos and gruff vocals. This shit blows. (Greg) (4-song CD-R, lyrics included, immigrants666@gmail.com)

THE INDOORS – Interesting dark tunes from this Reno band. The guitar playing is quite awesome in a creative, sassy, and unpredictable way that you usually don't get in punk. I believe the word "haunting" would suite. I can't help but think of a more guitar-driven, less violent-sounding LOST SOUNDS. Great stuff. (Justin) ($4 ppd, 4-song cassette, no lyrics included, 1195 Wesley Dr., Reno, NV 89503, theeindoors@gmail.com)

J CHURCH – *Four Track Demo* – Well, holy shit! I could tell you all about how J CHURCH was/is a huge influence to me and how they changed my life, but I don't get four pages for my reviews. I will say that I met Lance Hahn a handful of times and I consider myself lucky to have shared some time with someone who was so committed to punk, so inspirational, full of life and genuinely nice to so many folks. He will always be missed by people from all corners of this planet. Getting to this tape, it compiles 19 songs that Lance was working on for J CHURCH at home on his four track at the time of his death. He played all the instruments on the recordings and it has a real basement DIY feel to it. Some of the songs feel like pastiches of former works while others feel like a voyeuristic peek into Lance's private notebook, much like many of the best J CHURCH songs. Other songs showcase Lance's innovative and brilliantly understated guitar work along with his stream-of-consciousness style of vocalization. If you're already a fan of J CHURCH, I would say that you should definitely pick this up. If not, start with any of their LP's. Lance Hahn is one of the most prolific songwriters in the history of punk (look up his discography and pick your jaw up off the floor) and defined his own style of pop-punk along the way. Ultimately, this release makes me incredibly sad because it really drives home the fact that there will never be another new J CHURCH release and he will never write another theme song for our lives. Still, this is amazing. The tape is professionally dubbed and printed. It comes with a button, patch, informative insert about the demos and a download code. Also, it's limited to 200 copies, so don't sleep on this one. (Greg) (19-song cassette, no lyrics included, $7 (shipping included) to Keith Rosson, 3100 SE Ankeny St, Apt 11. Portland, OR 97214, www.tfultra.com)

LOS MONJO – *Sencillos* – This tape compiles LOS MONJO's discs up until now: *Cerdos* 7", *Cobardes* 7", *Mexicanos al Grito de Mierda* 7", a track from *V/A – Brutales Matanzas*, and the split 7" with RULETA RUSA. Most of you should already know this band, but for those who don't, LOS MONJO is a great, stripped down punk band from Guadalajara, Mexico and have been consistently churning out killer punk tunes for years now. This tape is of excellent quality and features great cover art of a wolf eating a soldier, drawn by Guillem of DESTINO FINAL/INVASION fame. Fucking *punk*. (Matt) (12-song cassette, lyrics included, $5 + $2 for shipping, Cabeza de Vaca records, Rafael Manrique 2620 Glen Dr., Vancouver BC, V5T 4B5 CANADA)

LOW CULTURE – LOW CULTURE is a new band from Las Cruces, NM that was started by members of SHANG-A-LANG and MARKED MEN. This first demo tape by them is outstanding and they have a great knack for hook filed harmonies and energetic songs. Parts of it obviously remind me of the members' past efforts as well as NAR (that could be the clean, jangly guitar) and even slightly of SCARED OF CHAKA. This band has completely won me over with this short little tape and I will wait eagerly for anything that they put out next. (Greg) (4-song cassette, no lyrics included, www.deadbrokerecords.com)

LUDE BOYS – Members of Boston's MALE NURSES throw out five songs of RAMONES influenced, straightforward punk on this tape. Stuff like this can be pretty hit or miss if it's not done right, but these guys are definitely doing it right. Catchy choruses, strong guitar lines and a tight as fuck rhythm section make this tape exceptional. Track this one down! (Greg) (5-song cassette, no lyrics included, ludeboys@gmail.com)

MENTALLY AXED – Fairly decent grindcore/crust with cookie monster style vocals. Luckily, lyrics were included because I thought they were singing about walking the dog, but in reality, they were saying "Armed with a deadly cock. Fuck all the living... never stop!" Five songs in about five minutes. You know the drill. They're coloring within the lines here. "A quick rest...time to fuck again!" (Greg) (5-song CD-R, lyrics included, mentallyaxed@gmail.com)

THE MIGHTIES – Smooth garage rock from Italy that sounds like a slicker MAKERS. As far as garage rock goes, this is pretty good. Snotty vocals, three chords and a solid beat. What more do you want? (Greg) (5-song CD-R, no lyrics included, get@themighties.it)

MÜLLTÜTE – You wouldn't know it by listening to their music by MÜLLTÜTE are fucking sweethearts. They're a two-piece band from Berlin that actually started in Portland, OR in 2010. They play straightforward, noisy, chaotic hardcore punk with snotty vocals. They sent *MRR* a one-song demo, which seems totally ridiculous since they had to pay the postage for it to get here from Germany, but I'm glad they took the time. In just over one minute, they destroy most of the stuff that lands in our demo box with a short, fast, angry song about contemplating suicide. Totally raging. Totally crucial. (Greg) (1-song CD-R, lyrics included, boitel333@hotmail.com)

THE NEW FLESH – Knowing some of the parties involved with the NEW FLESH, I feel this sound is the perfect potpourri of influences to suite the people in this band. I'm aware that means nothing to the readers who don't know any of these folks, but it's kinda hard for me to think about em in any other way. Think early KILLING JOKE, the MOB, BAUHAUS, LACK OF KNOWLEDGE, and you'd be close. In some ways the chorus'd (?)/flanged (?) bass tone and overall-dreary atmosphere have similar effect as other bands going this route these days, like BELLICOSE MINDS and the like, but where most of those bands just lurk in the morose, THE NEW FLESH takes it upbeat, and, dare I say, poppy, which is way more unsettling and effective at creating an aire of gloom. Fantastic musicianship, to boot. (Justin) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, 1629 16th Street, Oakland, CA 94607, www.thenewfleshoakland.blogspot.com)

THE NEW HUSSEINS – Bouncy, burly, Fosters can-crushing punk rock from Australia. Plenty of gang-shouted woahs and sing-song refrains about life's woes. These Aussies clearly know what's up for pub-friendly streetpunk. (Max) (8-Song CD-R, $10 ppd, antimachine@yahoo.com)

NO MISTAKE – *Connect the dots... Complete the puzzle* – Stomping, canon USHC from San Jose, featuring members of GO!, IN DISGUST and PERMANENT RUIN. This release is eleven tracks of no-frills hardcore, with dynamic drumming, disdainful vocals, frantic guitars and songs that never stretch the two-minute mark. Complete with some youth crew style chorus parts, politically charged lyrics and simple old school hardcore aesthetics; it also includes two cover songs, by SSD and NEGATIVE APPROACH. I bet they rip it live because their drummer is sick! (Lydia) (7-track CD-R, lyrics included, PO Box 59321, San Kose, CA 95159, www.nomistake.bandcamp.com, nm@designbymike.com)

PARANOID – *Hardcore Addict* – Six tracks of blown-out d-beat with echoed vocals featuring a spikey-haired, studded skelepunk on the cover. SHITLICKERS, ANTI-CIMEX, BOMBANFALL blah blah blah... (Matt) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, dbeatrawpunk.blogspot.com)

PAZAHORA/DAIGHILA – A split tape of two bands from Singapore and Malaysia, respectively. PAZAHORA offer up two ragers in the tradition of early TRAGEDY in the best way possible. DAIGHILA sing in Indonesian and are sorta metallic-screamo hardcore—too mathy and screamo-ey for my taste, but played with fierce precision. Pro-manufactured tapes and covers and top-notch recordings—a great effort from these Southeast Asian DIY punks. (Matt) (5-song cassette, lyrics included,

epidemic_distro@hotmail.com)

PIZZA CHEW – Super primitive fuzzy USHC that sounds like it was played out of some truly tortured combo amps. Bare bones tunes about being young and alienated in suburban 'merikkka and how it sucks when girls like, break your heart, man. Reminds me in equal measure of NECROS AND THE SHAGGS. (Max) (6-Song CD-R, Slipping Grip Productions, pizzachew@hotmail.com)

RATBITE – Six tracks of catchy punk rock with just a touch of crusty metallicism. Throaty lyrical reflections on our bleak state of existence are barked over blaring instrumentals that hang together especially well on nice, warm cassette tape. Legit. (Max) (6-song cassette, Aborted Society, 1122 E. Pike St. #1377 Seattle, WA 98122, www.abortedsociety.com)

SEXY NEIGHBORS – This band is from Brooklyn and plays spastic garage rock mixed with indie influences. Parts of it sound like a side project of the TOYS THAT KILL guys and other parts of it sound like a lively backyard beach-themed party, possibly due to the ever-present organ. (Greg) (4-song CD-R, no lyrics included, Kings Highway records, 100 Starr St #4R, Brooklyn, NY 11237. sexyneighbors@gmail.com)

SHOCK TROOPERS – Okay, so I wasn't expecting this CD called "Too Fast For Sleeves" featuring a definite skate-thrash look to sound like 90's pop-punk, but here it is. Lots of "whoa-oh's" and lots of "hey baby" type of lyrics. They're somewhere between NEW BOMB TURKS and SWEET BABY JESUS with a fraction of the energy or hooks. They float somewhere between "pretty good" and "not terrible". (Greg) (4-song CD-R, no lyrics included, www.shocktroopers.bandcamp.com)

SLIPPING GRIPS – *Rural Blues* – This is a recording project by one guy out in the middle of nowhere in Illinois where he sings as well as plays the drums and guitar. Most of the songs are blown out and manic with screamed lyrics. It sounds like a super primal OBLIVIANS or a stripped down JAY REATARD at eleven years old. These songs would *really* benefit from a full band, but maybe he is a one-man band out of necessity. Rocking and pissed off! (Greg) (10-song CD-R, lyrics included, Slipping Grip Productions, P.O. Box 49, Kewanee, IL. 61443, pizzachew@hotmail.com)

SOUNDS FROM THE CESSPOOL – Asheville, NC has a rich, varied punk history lurking just under the surface of their brick-lined sidewalks that has persevered through moldy punk houses, redneck dive bars and full-on fights with cops. This CD compiles 38 (!!) local bands from the past and present who offer up crust, metal, punk, indie-rock, hardcore, weirdo vibes and way more. Some of the high points to me on this comp are COMMON VISIONS, POX AMERICANA, GROUCH, BLOOD SUMMER, KAKISTOCRACY, DEAD THINGS, DESCOLADA, and SWAMP APE. Like I said, the genres are all over the map, but I think this is a great document of the deep history of punk in this sleepy little mountain town. My only complaint is that there isn't an insert containing information about the bands on the CD, but it's probably difficult to gather information from that many deadbeat punks. Still, this is a great compilation. (Greg) (38-song CD, no lyrics included, cesspoolsounds@gmail.com)

STABBED CLERKS – This sounds like a mix between '90s alternative radio (think CREED, ALICE IN CHAINS, etc), pop-punk, screamo and all the worst elements of post-grunge punk. I'm looking for a redeeming quality here, but I can't find it. Sorry, guys. This is awful. (Greg) (9-song CD-R, no lyrics included, stabbedclerks@gmail.com)

SWAMP APE – SWAMP APE is the moniker of a one-man recording project by B. Menace (also of BLOOD SUMMER and formerly BOMB THREAT) in the hills of Asheville, NC. Influences come from all over, but the most prominent ones are early rock n roll and metal as filtered through the mind of a whiskey-soaked werewolf. The reverb-y vocals and insistent stomp of the songs swagger between the feel of a 5 am John Lee Hooker singalong and a creepy DIY punk version of Tom Waits. Perfect music for your next night alone with a bottle of whiskey. (Greg) (9-song tape, no lyrics included, blairmenace@gmail.com)

SWEET PUPS – Like with their last tape, SWEET PUPS are more of a straight up pop band than a pop-punk band. It sounds like the GO-GO'S and HOLLY AND THE ITALIANS as re-imagined by young women dreaming about the beach in 2012. They seriously sound just like a band that would be playing in the background of a smoky club in an '80s coming of age movie set in Long Beach starring Mary Stuart Masterson (with short hair). They have a keytar player. (Greg) (5-song CD-R, no lyrics included, sweetpups@yahoo.com)

TORBEN – TORBEN, from Kansas City, is three women who play creeping, yet insistent grunge/sludge that sounds dirty and witchy. It lies somewhere between DOGJAW and SWORD OF THE ANCIENT while incorporating some of those gloomy Northwestern vibes, even though they live over a thousand miles away from that region. All three female voices join together to shout and sing each song with a touch of reverb. This is a good demo and I'm sure this band will get better with each release. (Greg) (4-song CD-R, no lyrics included, torbenrules@gmail.com)

TRAUMA HARNESS – *The Way You Press On Harder…* – Really good darkwave/goth stuff from Illinois. There's a lot of this stuff out there right now, but this sounds really full and the songs are memorable. Lots of the riffs remind me of more '80s new wave stuff like FLOCK OF SEAGULLS and MODERN ENGLISH, which I prefer over bands that just ape CHRISTIAN DEATH or something. Side B on mine is a little warped, but this is fucking great! (Matt) (10-song cassette, lyrics included, traumaharness.bandcamp.com)

TRIANGLE FIRE – TRIANGLE FIRE, on their first demo, plays raging, straightforward hardcore punk…well, for the first two songs. They trade off between direct female vocals and growling male vocals. On the third song, they switch gears into some out of tune ska-punk that sort of lost me, even though the chorus is pretty catchy. They close it out with a slow-to-build, crusty rager. Their sound is a little spastic and lo-fi, but it works for them. (Greg)(4-song CD-R. No lyrics included. Trianglefireofficial@gmail.com)

TRIANGLE FIRE – *Nothing Lasts Forever* – This is the second demo from this TRIANGLE FIRE this month and even though I'm only 30 seconds into the first song, I already like it better than the first demo. The production is a lot better and the songs are more raging. They keep it simple and play fast hardcore punk with split female/male vocals. There's some moments of crust thrown in, but they mostly stick to tried and true formula of the southern take on anarcho-punk. (Greg) (4-song CD-R. no lyrics included. trianglefireofficial@gmail.com)

URBAN DOGS – *Bonefield* – Charlie Harper of the UK SUBS and Knox of the VIBRATORS put out an acoustic CD. Sometimes it sounds like a cheap BOB DYLAN. Other times, it just sounds like bad folk at an open mic night. Along the way, they completely massacre some songs by their old bands and destroy any credibility that they might have had. Avoid. (Greg) (11-song CD, no lyrics included, timematterrecordings.bigcartel.com)

VIOLENT END – Daaaamn… Hateful, discontent hardcore done with a distinctly American style, but noisy and raw enough to conjure up other thoughts. In my mind people are definitely moshing…as they should be. (Justin) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, 2048 N. Albany Ave., Chicago, IL)

WEALD – Downtuned, metallic crust with deep gruff vocals from Connecticut. Kinda like a more political/punker version of BOLT THROWER. My metal knowledge is pretty bad, but that's what came to mind hearing this. Though not my cup o' tea, this is some solid and heavy stuff. (Matt) ($4 ppd, 4-song cassette, lyrics included, Will Toftness, PO Box 4626, Wallingford, CT 06492)

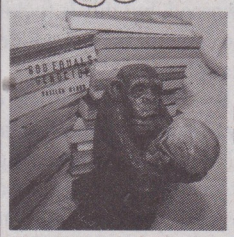
RAZORCAKE RECORDS

THREE NEW LPS

PO Box 42129
LA, CA 90042

Distributed by
No Idea,
noideerecords.com

http://www.razorcake.org/razorcake-records



God Equals Genocide, *Rattled Minds*

LP comes with bonus EP!

Summer Vacation, *Condition*

Clear blue vinyl!

Crusades, *The Sun is Down and the Night is Riding In*

Gatefold! In its 2nd pressing!

TAANG! PRESENTS 50 OF IT'S TITLES LIMITED VINYL EDITIONS
(here are the First 15)

LP'S

ADICTS
Smart Alex
YELLOW VINYL

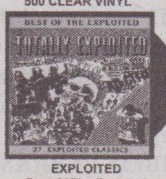
ANTI HEROS
1000 Nights Of Chaos
500 CLEAR VINYL

BATTALION OF SAINTS
Second Coming
GATEFOLD EDITION

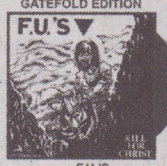
BRUISERS
Cruisin For A Bruisin
500 RED VINYL

DROPKICK MURPHYS / BUSINESS
Mob Mentality
500 CLEAR VINYL

DYS
Brotherhood
RED VINYL / 180 GRAM



EXPLOITED
Best Of The Exploited
DOUBLE LP RED VINYL



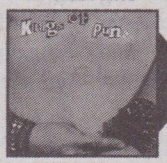
F.U.'S
Kill For Christ + 10 Extra Songs
GREEN VINYL

GANG GREEN
Another Wasted Night
500 GREEN VINYL

JERRY'S KIDS
Is This My World?
RED VINYL / 180 GRAM

NEGATIVE APPROACH
Nothing Will Stand In Our Way
w limited Edition POSTER

POISON IDEA
Record Collectors Are Pretentious Assholes
CLEAR VINYL



POISON IDEA
Kings Of Punk
CLEAR VINYL

SLAPSHOT
Olde Tyme Hardcore
500 GREEN VINYL
500 180 GRAM

STREET DOGS
Savin Hill
600 GREEN VINYL

LP'S $10
$5 shipping

DOUBLE LP $20
$6 shipping

7 INCHES $4
$2.50 shipping

7 INCHES

GANG GREEN
I Fear

NEGATIVE APPROACH
Friends Of No One

SLAPSHOT
I Believe

TAANG! RECORDS
3834 5th Ave
San Diego CA 92103

info
taangmusic@gmail.com

PRANK

P.O. BOX 410892
SAN FRANCISCO,
CA 94141-0892 USA
WWW.PRANKRECORDS.COM

PRANKREC@MINDSPRING.COM

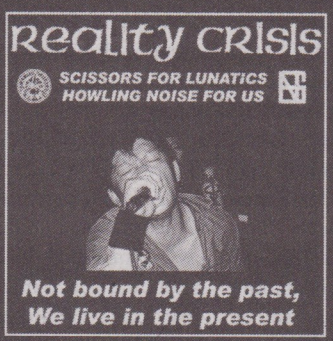
PRANK WEB STORE AT:
PRANKRECORDS.BIGCARTEL.COM

PRANK BLOG AT:
WWW.PRANKRECORDS.BLOGSPOT.COM
LOOK US UP ON FACEBOOK, MYSPACE
TWITTER

WHOLESALE FROM: HAVOK, EBULLITON,
NO IDEA, REVOLVER USA.

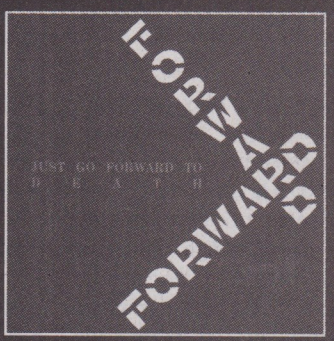
WRITE FOR MAILORDER PRICES,
COMBINED SHIPPING, ONLINE
PAYMENTS OR COMPLETE
MAILORDER LIST.

NO STATIK "EVERYWHERE YOU AREN'T LOOKING"
LP NEW 10-SONG LP

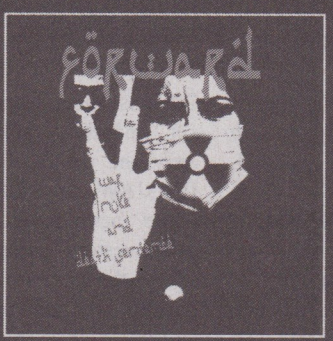


REALITY CRISIS "NOT BOUND BY THE PAST WE LIVE IN THE PRESENT"
LP NEW RECORDINGS OF CLASSIC TRACKS!

IRON LUNG "SEXLESS / NO SEX" LP
REISSUED ON COLORED VINYL



FORWARD "JUST GO FORWARD TO DEATH"
LP RE-ISSUE



FORWARD "WAR NUKE AND DEATH SENTENCE" LP NEW FORWARD LP

FORWARD "WHAT'S THE MEANING OF LOVE" LP SINGLES COLLECTION LP

COMING SOON: ASTA KASK RE-ISSUES, EFFLUXUS 7", HERATYS 7", REPLICA 7", IRON LUNG NEW LP.
STILL AVAILABLE: BORN UGLYS 7", ICE NINE 7", HIS HERO IS GONE RE-PRESSES,
SLANG "LIFE MADE ME HARDCORE" LP ON TOUR: IRON LUNG WEST COAST OCTOBER 2012.

ZINES

Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.

Reviews by:
(AR) Arlian Amend-All
(MB) Mariam Bastani
(JB) Julia Booze
(EC) E.Conner
(AE) Amelia Eakins
(FF) Francesca Foglia
(DG) Dan Goetz
(LG) Layla Gibbon
(BG) Bob Goldie
(SL) Sam Lefebvre
(BL) Brad Lambert
(MM) Marissa Magic
(KM) Kevin Manion
(JM) Jeff Mason
(LA) Lydia Phelps
(CR) Casey Ress

ALLEYWAYS / $4
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 50 pgs
Photoshop and press releases are not what Baltimore is known for. John Waters and scary drugs is more like it. This is a themed literary zine series. This issue focuses on *Alleyways*. I'd rather be in one. You know, drinking a beer, making out with a boy like five or ten years younger than me. Giving him a hickey and then shitting on a cop car. *Whatever*. This zine complies such seedy events. *Real or not real? I don't know!* (EC)
www.eightstonepress.com

BAITLINE #36 / free
8.5 x 11 – copied – 8 pgs
In passing, I'd heard this Bay Area-centric zine described as "craigslist for weirdos," but this is the first issue I've actually laid eyes on. That description certainly proved accurate, as there are flyers for upcoming events and workshops, ads from inmates seeking pen pals, a few things for sale and some subversive style news blurbs. A cool little resource for local folks. (KM)
74A Coleridge St. / San Francisco, CA 94110

BALD CACTUS #29 / ?1.00
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 32 pgs
A decent effort, but an ultimately unremarkable zine. What could have been a fascinating interview with Welly of *Artcore* fanzine got sidetracked by Welly clarifying things in the face of questions that are stupid, presumptive, or have nothing to do with the zine. There's also a sort of point-counterpoint regarding rioting as an effective political strategy and, while this debate generally has the insight of, say, a would-be argument between creationists and Democrats, it was at least an interesting approach to interviewing people with opposing perspectives, though the author makes his side known. There are interviews with Lebakko, the Rebel Spell and Danger!man, that are better than the Artcore interview, and a quick piece on the "zine scene." The layout is nothing special and the text is way too small. This would've made a better full-size zine and/or could have been edited more tightly. (DG)
baldcactus@gmail.com

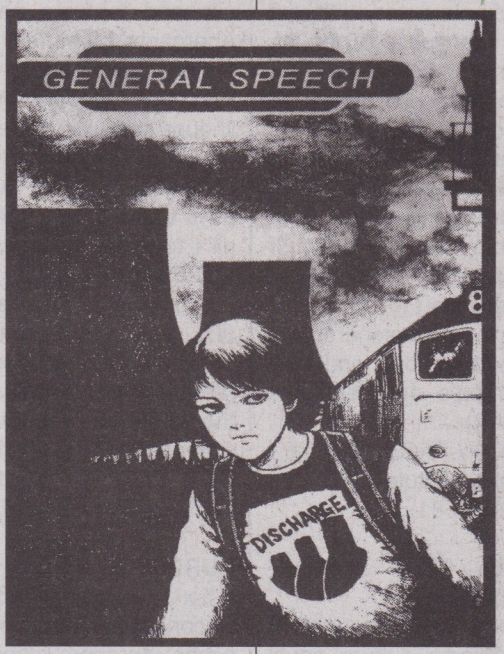
BLINKO'S ARMY #2 ?/ $4 ppd
8.5 x 11 – copied – 36 pgs
It's really difficult to do a fair review of something that represents a very different sub-genre than the one you are part of. This is a fanzine with interviews with T.O.A and Ripcordz, a report-back of the 2012 Las Vegas Punk Rock Bowling fest, an Athens, GA scene report, as well as some book and zine reviews. It's very street punk. If you are interested in that kind of thing, you might be into this zine. In fact, If you are the kind of punk who care about this scene, I encourage you to check this zine out as there are two prisoners who are actively part of writing for it and they would both like pen-pals and feedback about their project. (AR)
Brody Davis #F573379 / FAC 4b-3c-106 / California Correctional Institute / PO Box 1906 / Tehachapi, CA 93581

BROKEN PENCIL #56 / $5.95
8.5 x 11 – printed – 65 pgs
The last time I reviewed this zine, I sort of dismissed it as "DIY/Indie culture navel gazing" for the kind of people that would consider Etsy a "DIY cultural phenomenon," but this issue is considerably better. Despite the professionalism of it, this issue of this straight up magazine has an interesting article on the rise of food carts as an indie culture phenomenon and the parallels between them. There are also a few decent how-to guides, including how to make a tiny zine without staples, how to marble paper and how to make ones own board games, as well as seedling pots. There are also reprinted pages from a few different zines, as well as a lengthy review section of various printed materials, most of which exhibit good writing. (DG)
PO Box 203, Station P / Toronto, Ontario M5S 2S7 / Canada / brokenpencil.com

BURP! #1 / 50 cents
8.5 x 11 – copied – 10 pgs
Reprint of an early '80s Midwest zine done by John Brannon and Todd Swalla (under pseudonyms). While I'm hesitant to call this "seminal" stuff, it does give some insight into the mentality of then young punks who are now universally known in our subculture. This first issue is fairly juvenile and features news about Negative Approach, Meatmen and other now legendary punk bands, a bunch of top ten lists, and a couple reviews of shows with lineups that will make you drool. It's also got a bunch of cut and pasted pics, some of bands, some of dumb stuff that these guys found funny at the time. Pretty much all I took from this issue is that Brannon and Swalla were way into punk, hated the Fix, but loved the Misfits and McDonald's (the band and restaurant). From what I could gather, these issues of *BURP!* were reprinted to coincide with a reprinting of the Detroit hardcore book, *Why Be Something That You're Not*. (KM)
www.wbstyn.blogspot.com/2010/05/from-archives-of-burp-fanzine.html

BURP! #2 / 50 cents
8.5 x 11 – copied – 18 pgs
Second and last installment of this old school hardcore zine. This issue is a bit meatier than the first; in addition to news, show reviews and pics of weird shit, there are scene reports from Reno, NYC and Phoenix, and "skate news" blurbs. *BURP!* was definitely a zine by and for young punks in the '80s, as there isn't a lot to grab onto. I'm sure that back then kids were stoked that their peers were doing a print zine, and it is cool to hear Brannon and Swalla shit-talking different bands and types of people, but there were far better zines at the time. These reprints are worth tracking down for the nostalgia aspect, but don't expect any interesting writing, or even show pics you haven't seen before. (KM)
www.wbstyn.blogspot.com/2010/05/from-archives-of-burp-fanzine.html

CHEER THE EFF UP #3 / $3 trades OK
5.5x11 – copied – 32 pgs
A rudimentary cut'n'paste zine that's written as if it's a letter to his child, which is a bit of an irritating construct, but since it seems to be a zine that this guy had to do for therapy and he seems to be in a bad place, I'll leave it at that. This is a zine about getting older and feeling the same sort of disconnect that you did as a teenager, about missing rambunctious teenage hardcore shows and diner hang outs, but finding a cool group of punk women to hang out with that keep you sane and laughing through the misery. This is written by a guy who refers to his partner as "allowing" him to hang out/go to a show etc, which makes sense, they have a child together, maybe she wants him to babysit sometimes, let her take a night off, but it just read as passive aggressive… Again I think it's because of the letter to a child format though; it's just a bit awkward and maybe it would seem less weird if he was just writing it…naturally?! Anyway, this is a perzine about going to see the Raincoats, #Occupy, his (female) friends getting assaulted at protests, alienation, the paradox of cops, vegan treats, inside jokes and it's all centered around being depressed and middle aged. I read the whole thing and if you enjoy perzines you should send Jonas a trade. I liked the scrawled out cover art. (LG)
Jonas / PO Box 633 / Chicago, IL 60690



EN LOS NERVIOS #1-4 / $?
8x5.5 – copied – various – Spanish
Cool zine from an Uruguayan punk label that I think comes with an accompanying compilation CD. It's all in Spanish, which I don't speak, but this is obviously a fucking rad project so you should send off for it if you are interested in Uruguayan punk! The first issue has interviews with Halo, Disaster, Setiembreonce, and a retrospective interview with Asfixia. The zines all seem to cover a wide range of music, from rockabilly to hardcore, metal to crust and punk. The second one has a rockabilly focus, with interviews with Los Granos, Culpables, and Ufesas, the third has Breakfasts, Vellocets and Bokor Business and the fourth features Los Caidos, Sonido Caganera, Avitacion 101 and Disidencia. Most of the bands featured are from Uruguay, some from Argentina; I like this sort of localism! It's what makes punk cool… There are articles in all of the zines, and it makes me wish I wasn't monolingual so I could get more from these. They look really cool, with a sort of comic book/Suicidal style line drawings scattered throughout. (LG)
Andres Delgado / Montevideo Uruguay / Barrio Buceo / PTE Oribe 1755 Apt 303

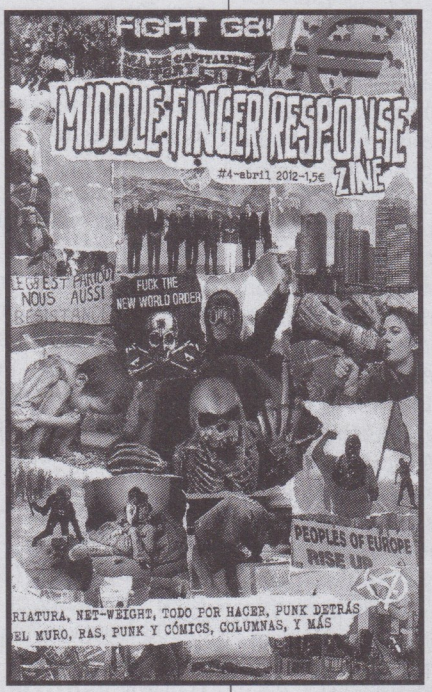
EXXXPOSED Summer of Lust edition 2012 / contact for pricing
8.5 x 11 – copied – 4 pgs
First off—Happy fifteenth Anniversary of unionization to the Lusty Lady! As you may have guessed, this is the Lusty Lady zine edited by one of the dancers, Minnie Von Mercury. This is rad! This edition has an interview with the creator of *Search and Destroy* zine V.Vale, an article about psychosomatics with material provided by JFK institute professor Sue Martin, a short story by former Lusty worker DJ Dirt, mini interviews with the bass player from Femteen and the drummer from Big Drag, including why they support the Lusty Lady. The letter from the editor reveals that the Lusty Lady is having some financial trouble and I really hope that things pick up for them, because in an industry that can be exploitative and unsafe, the Lusty is an absolute. This zine shows just a fraction of the many interests and dynamics of the ladies performing and the communities to which they belong. The fact that they *have* a zine that covers punk among its pages is a true testament to the DIY commitment that this place has. Whatever opinion you may have of the Lusty, you have to admit that this is cool and besides, when was the last time you made a fucking zine? (MB)
lustyxxxposed@gmail.com

FASTCORE PHOTOS #3 / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 54 pgs.
In this issue of *Fastcore Photos,* Will Butler, the industrious man behind To Live A Lie records, interviewed an array of bands, in addition to printing his own photographs of the groups in action on stage. There are more than fifteen bands interviewed and more than twice as many pictured. It is laid out in a straightforward, computer generated fashion that showcases the photography, which is appreciated, because many photo zines are inexplicably printed terribly. Given the sheer amount of bands featured, it's not surprising that the same set of questions is used for each group, but it does become a laborious read. That said, this issue is at tome, providing a snapshot of grind, power violence and hardcore from around the globe. Readers likely won't learn anything new about a group they're already infatuated with, but they will certainly stumble across a hitherto unfamiliar one. A small sampling of the bands featured includes Punch, Tenement, Sectarian Violence, No Power, Coke Bust, Sick/Tired and Torch Runner. (SL)
Will Butler / 2825 Van Dyke Avenue / Raleigh, NC 27607
www.fastcorephotos.blogspot.com

GENERAL SPEECH #4 / ?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 20 pgs
I always like to read zines hailing from scenes that are small and struggling to endure, because they usually feel more genuine and heartfelt. *General Speech* is one person's attempt to keep the scene going in Lexington, Kentucky by being both a zine and a record label. The two main features comprising the bulk of the issue are commendable interviews with Norway's Dishonorable Discharge and the band Teargas from Australia. But my favorite portion—maybe because I'm not too familiar with the bands covered—is the introductory column of scene updates and personal reflection written by the guy who put this together. There are also a couple of pages of music and zine reviews that I found myself reading all the way through, despite not really being into the genre of music being covered. I would say *General Speech* would appeal mostly to those into the heavier side of hardcore punk (those who have Sweden and Japan heavily represented in their record collection), but this cool effort is worthy of respect by all. Check it out. (BG)
PO Box 24842 / Lexington, KY 40524 / generalspeech@gmail.com

GENEVA13 #17 / $2 ppd
5.75 x 8.75 – printed – 60 pgs
Newest edition of this "zine of the local" from Geneva, NY. The theme of this issue is "neighborhoods" and the various contributors, most of whom are excellent writers, try to piece together the history of their tiny upstate New York town using old news clippings, statistics and personal memoirs from townspeople. At points it was hard to remain interested in the demographics and overall story of a place I've never been to (or heard of), but I wholly understand why the minds behind *Geneva13* would go to great lengths to research the history of their town. Geneva seems to have been part of the rust belt, in the sense that manufacturing was once an important part of urban development in the area, but has since all but died out. Being from the Baltimore area, I can definitely identify with that. However, whereas Baltimore is slowly devolving, Geneva seems to be on the upswing, mainly due to the fact that people actually care about preserving their community. I was really into a piece that talked about how neighborhoods get to be labeled as "unsafe" and the many fallacies and prejudices at work when an area takes on that reputation. There's also some highly relevant discussion of the importance of small businesses, not just to create local jobs, but also to maintain a sense of community. *Geneva13* #17 also features an interview with the head of a local skateboard club and some terrific record reviews. While I wasn't entirely ecstatic about this issue, there were parts that definitely grabbed my attention and I'm looking forward to checking out the next installment of this zine. (KM)
PO Box 13 / Geneva, NY 14456

MIDDLE FINGER RESPONSE #4 / 3.5 ?, email for World rates, trades OK
8.3 x 5.8 – printed – 84 pgs – Spanish
This is the fourth edition of this very dense, extremely well done zine. It's much like the format of this zine, with columns, articles, interviews and reviews. The content in this issue has music on equal footing with political content. My faves in here are the interview with melodic HC band Criatura, the article about DIY punk television series "Y tu que Miras Gilipollas," an extensive article about punk during the days of communist Russia and an article about punks in comics! The writing is in depth, the interviews well done and the reviews are well written. The columns are always interesting and entertaining. I have to comment on two columns here. One: It is true that *MRR* is widely read on the toilet and oddly an average of four punks read one copy of *MRR*, so I hope you are all washing your hands. Two: Maiaprou Kouskaya, one of the masterminds behind this great zine, has a column in this issue that I largely and respectfully disagree with in its examination regarding the separation of punks and punk by sex, orientation, race and other designations that do not fall into the "white hetero male" stereotype, proclaiming that such language of differentiation in punk is counter productive. While the sentiment can be true in some sense when the "white hetero male" is the only point of view available to you, I suggest being wary of your critique in regards to the identity of marginalized peoples and punks. Who are you to say how punks should define themselves? Punk does not erase culture or the struggles of a culture, and please realize that the struggles of different cultures and/or orientations are not the same, so to deny the history of such *self*-identification of any persons is not for you to decide. If a punk band wants to identify as a queer punk band, who are you to deny them? Perhaps you need to examine the cases in which punks who are largely marginalized or oppressed, carve out their own space where anyone is able to join in without "othering" themselves. Sometimes the language that you think is counter-productive is about being inclusive and not exclusive. Not everyone who uses such language is comparing themselves to a "white hetero male"; sometimes queer Latino punks just want to find other queer Latino punks, not to be exclusive, but to find people who can relate on levels beyond music. Who we are may not define what we produce, and it is no one's business to assign a label to our music, gesture, art, etc, but it is undeniably informed by it. With that, I have to state again that this is a great zine, one of the best around. If you are a Spanish speaker or aspiring to learn the language, pick this up. (MB)
M. Ruiz c/ Corredera Alta de San Pablo 4-2A / 28004 Madrid, Spain / proukouskaya@gmail.com / www.lacasadelabomba.blogspot.com



NEUROPUDDY #1 / $3
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 36 pgs
Comix zines are usually a mixed bag and this debut issue of *Neuropuddy* is no exception. Although the stories are each illustrated by a different artist, they have the same writer in common, which is interesting considering how disparate the tales are. I always dig the amateur punk house comix depicting rock and roll loser life, so my favorite story is the one of some punk roommates having to learn basic cooking skills (boiling spaghetti) after being turned down by all local pizza delivery joints; the card-playing cockroaches won't even go near what results! The card-playing cockroaches had me cracking up and looking forward to the rest of the issue, but the next couple of tales—though drawn well—didn't really do anything for me and I started losing interest. The last story however, depicting a few moments of life for a surly but sensitive punker hanging out the corner, was a blast. Overall this first issue looks promising and I would say that true fans of punk comix (usually other illustrators) would be unwise not to grab a copy of this. (BG)
www.neuropuddy.bigcartel.com

NEW TO EVERYTHING #9 / $1 or trade
4.25 x 5.5 – copied – 40 pgs
For some reason I begrudgingly like this. Like, I have to admit to myself that there is some really real shit going on, even though the majority of the stories seem to have no point or are too self-reflective. The cover is a little bit deceptive: it's a shiny silk-screened comic smattering of characters who do not appear within, half of them rolling their eyes, like a teenager's binder notes…which made me think I was in for something snotty and funny instead of what I got: a tight little collection of interior monologues with a theme of "learning through growing up," alcoholic courage and beautiful coincidence. Despite feeling like maybe I walked into the middle of a conversation, never seeing past issues, I am reminded that this person has a perspective and is thinking things that are worth saying. The piece on not believing in love is obviously a truly important issue to

the writer, as is the really short outcry about grief over a lost friend. I bet she's an awesome pen pal…(JB)
Leanne / 1799 W 5th Ave. #368 / Columbus, OH 43212

NOWHERE #2 / $3 / trades
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 96 pgs.
This is an all-encompassing punk zine. A certain vitality and charm permeates its writing and layout. It's evident from the vast amount of content and zeal in *Nowhere,* why its publisher was selected to coordinate *Maximum.* It was published in Greece and serves as one of the more enlightening sources of information on the Greek punk scene I've come across. Between earnest columns in the beginning and an enormous recap of Greek punk shows over the summer season, *Nowhere* touches on the country's social unrest and radicalism in art and music. It honestly articulates frustration and the nature of art's struggle amidst the country, but the will to persevere is evident. Coverage isn't strictly limited to Greece, however. A thoughtful interview with Sweden's Terrible Feelings, in which the interviewer has clearly analyzed the group's lyrics and aesthetic and drafted her questions accordingly. This issue also contains a think-piece on Muslim punk that could easily stand alone in its own publication. Such investment in the subjects at hand is really what characterizes *Nowhere* and sets it apart. (SL)
Nowhere Zine / PO Box 460760 / San Francisco, CA / 94146 /
info@nemesisknox.com /
www.nemesisknox.com/nowhere-zine

REVERSE COUGAR YEARS #3 / $2 US/CA, $3 world or trade
5.5 x 4.5 – printed – 24 pgs
To paraphrase the author, I hope that it does not take her another seven years to write her next zine. It has been a long time since I have read a zine this poignant and heart wrenchingly real. The author talks about being a woman in a predominantly male profession (sound technician) while at the same time dealing with mental health issues. She describes sometimes feeling ashamed and confused for taking anti-depressants and seeing a psychiatrist. She relays her confusion with being a punk and others judging her decisions to take medication as a sign of supporting pharmaceutical conglomerates. She also talks about being in a relationship with a partner who also has mental health issues, and how he deals with them in a vastly different way. The hardest part of being a woman with mental health issues, is that people are quick to judge you or confine you in a box and brush off your problems as just "woman's hormonal" problems rather than a real chemical imbalance. Kudos to Maxx, for rising above, continuing to work sound, write and find like-minded communities of support as outlets that keep her grounded. (DJ)
Maxx / 443 Kent St. / Ottawa, ON / K2P 2B4 / Canada

STUDENT INSURGENT Vol 23, #3 / $15 for one-year sub, free to prisoners
8.5 x 11 – printed – 24 pgs
This is the Prison Issue of this student-produced zine out of the University of Oregon. It has a mix of prisoner and student penned material. The highlight is the article "The 'Justice' Industry" which describes how the University contracts for prisoner-produced dorm furnishings. This kind of specificity is missing from the other student's contributions. And somebody cited Wikipedia—fuck that. Prisoners discuss their situations and provide poetry. A UO class taught inside the state penitentiary in Salem, which both inmates and "outside" students attend, is described. I'm glad to see these issues raised in a publication, which should only broaden its appeal to the incarcerated. (JM)
1228 University of Oregon / Eugene, OR 97403 / www.ouinsurgent.blogspot.com

TOINEN VAIHTOEHTO #240 / 1,5 ?
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 16 pgs – Finnish
Another cool issue of this long-running Finnish punk and hardcore zine. Like in every issue, this zine delves into the world of Skandi-crust, hardcore and punk, being a good rep of its region. This issue has a killer-looking interview with Doom and a Sotatila Japanese tour report, which, as part of my 'learn new languages' course, I am reading by typing it into Google translate! Other methods I have come up with so far are reading Mariam's Spanish zines, downloading Swedish subtitles to sitcoms, watching Balkan punk documentaries without subtitles at all and thumbing through a second-hand French bootleg book on the Velvet Underground. Back to the zine; it has a small report on Porco Dio's Swedish (*Ruotsi*) and Danish (*Tanska*) mini tour, a bunch of *levyt* (record) reviews from the latest cream of the crop punk and hardcore, *kirkjat lehdet* (books, magazines) reviews and six pages of local gig reviews! In fact, I spotted my name in one of the *MRR* reviews and it appears they liked my *Kreikka-skeneraportti* (Greek scene report)—I feel chuffed! Tämä zine saa minut haluavat oppia! Kiitos! (LA)
PL 1 / 65200 Vaasa / Finland /
tv@punkinfinland.net /

UPHEAVAL #15 / $4 US, $5 Can/Mex, $6 world, trades accepted
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 36 pgs
Yes! Most of these pages are given over to obscure hardcore thrash bands from around the world, lovingly—at times manically—described by the editor, Craig. The bands Co-Arse (Manila, Phillipines) and Overkill for Profit (Baku, Azerbaijan) are interviewed, as is one-time Wrecking Crew bassist Keith Bennett, a friend of the editor's for 20 years now. Keith has a bad name these days as a result of his (at one point) embracing National Socialism and talking mad shit online when he was wasted. Being of Jewish descent, Craig deals with these issues head-on while still sympathetic to his subject. Keith is quite self-effacing and admits to having fucked up many times in the past. All the interviews in here are very well done. I love this zine—you should trade for it. (JM)
upheaval.fanzine@gmail.com

VIOLIN OUTBREAK #17 / $? ppd or trade
8.5 x 11 – copied – 16 pages
This slapdash cut'n'paste style zine is filled with random tidbits of amusing yet seemingly useless information. Random clipped-out comic strips from fifties snuff magazines are interspersed with reviews of three very non-punk/DIY bands (one band is on Vice records). The main piece in this issue is a very thorough and thoughtful six-page interview with NYC local pop punkers the Hecklers. (DJ)
Tony Arena / PO Box 1502 /
Old Chelsea Station / New York, NY / 10113

WOMANINMALISATIC #2 "Coochie Party" / $?
8.5 x 5.5 – printed – 18 pgs
Caroline is an under-represented legend. As most women in any field, she's a well kept secret. This new issue of *Womanimalistic* strays from the more comic/textual president of the previous issue and is a collection of her simple, bright, funny, line drawings. The visuals are full of corporal biological realities of cis-gendered women. Lots of titties and pussy. Notes on the Patriarchal Death Culture float around faceless cockmen. This zine is an assembly. Written during Caroline's residency at the Anchor Archive Zine Library in Halifax. Caroline's risograph printed publishing house, Pegacorn Press, is something to watch out for. (EC)
Caroline Paquita / 442-D Lorimer St. #230 / Brooklyn, NY 11206

SAN FRANCISCO'S PUNK RECORD STORE

THRILLHOUSE RECORDS

Vinyl, Tapes, Zines
Bought, Sold, Traded
Open
Noon to 8 Every Day
3422 Mission St., SF CA 94110

New Releases Available Now

HARD FEELINGS 7"

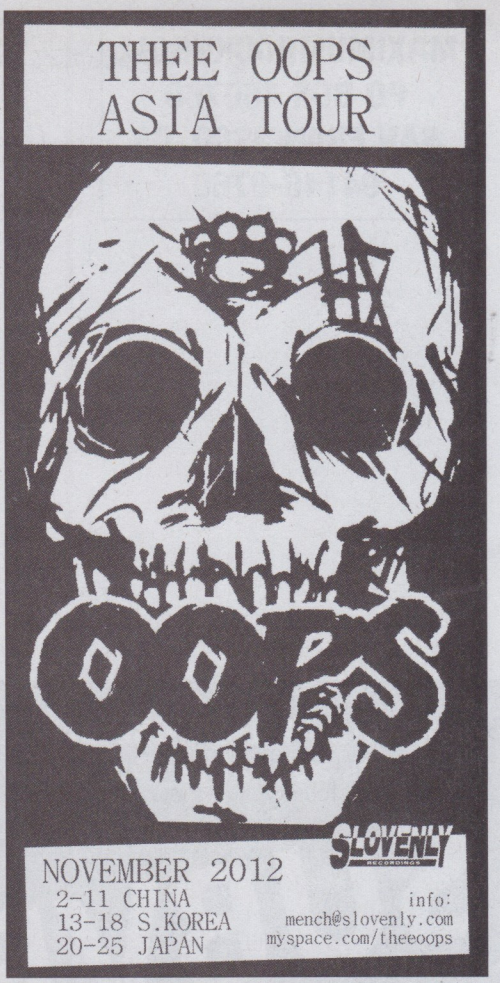
Trashy pop-punk
from Duluth, MN
Totally destroys!

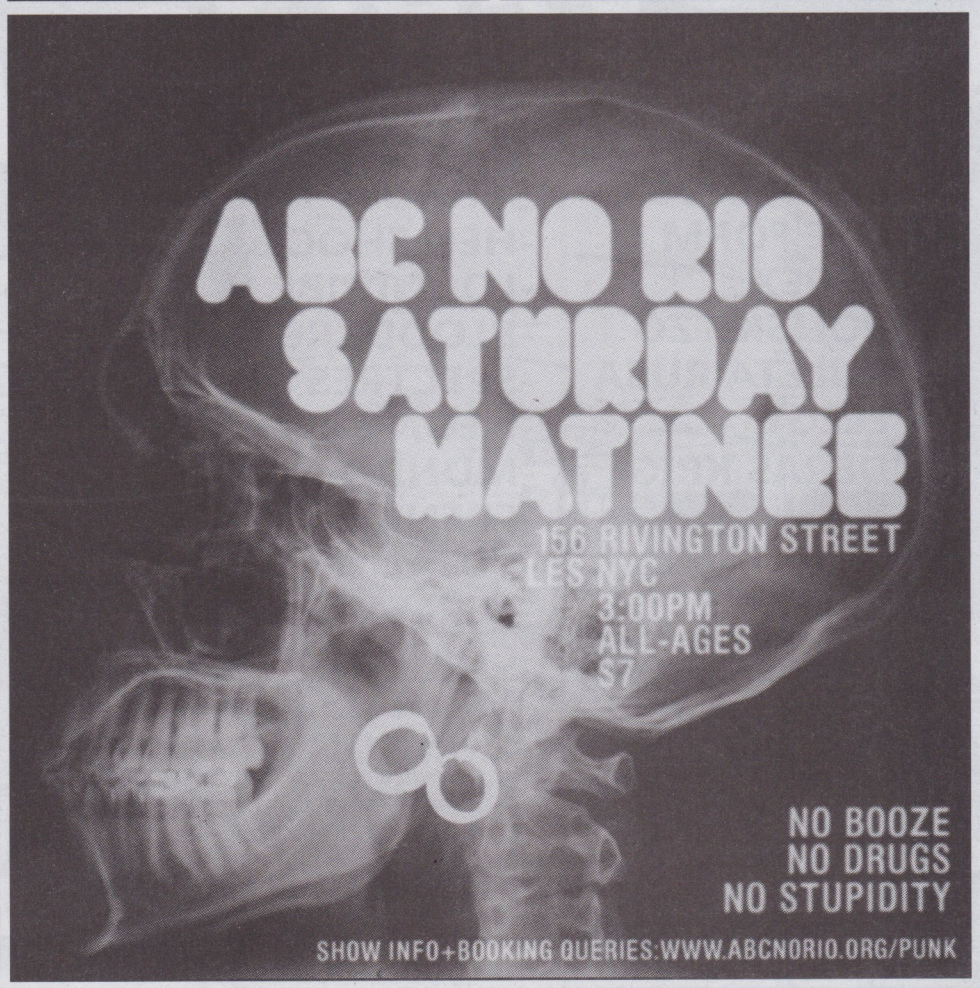
APOGEE SOUND CLUB 7"

ex-50 MILLIOIN,
THE REACTION,
HICKOIDS

WWW.THRILLHOUSERECORDS.COM

Thrillhouse Records is an all volunteer run, not for profit record store.
All proceeds are reinvested in the store and the San Francisco punk community.





MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
PO BOX 460760
SAN FRANCISCO, CA
94146-0760

PRESORTED
FIRST CLASS
US POSTAGE
PAID
FOLGERGRAPHICS